

LAKE ERIE COLLEGE

A GIFT IN HONOR
OF ITS SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
AND IN MEMORY OF
LAVINIA ELIZABETH STOCKWELL DAY
WHO WAS BORN IN PAINESVILLE OHIO
8 DECEMBER 1852

BRITISH BALLADS FROM MAINE

PUBLISHED ON THE FOUNDATION
ESTABLISHED IN MEMORY OF
OLIVER BATY CUNNINGHAM
OF THE CLASS OF 1917, YALE COLLEGE



MRS. MARY SOPER CARR

1793-1869

whose old ballads and ballad airs,
traditional in the Soper Family,
are now preserved in this book.

British Ballads from Maine

THE DEVELOPMENT OF POPULAR SONGS

WITH TEXTS AND AIRS

BY

PHILLIPS BARRY

FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM

MARY WINSLOW SMYTH

*Versions of Ballads included
in Professor F. J. Child's Collection*



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THE OLIVER BATY CUNNINGHAM
MEMORIAL PUBLICATION FUND

THE present volume is the eighth work published by the Yale University Press on the Oliver Baty Cunningham Memorial Publication Fund. This Foundation was established May 8, 1920, by a gift from Frank S. Cunningham, Esq., of Chicago, to Yale University, in memory of his son, Captain Oliver Baty Cunningham, 15th United States Field Artillery, who was born in Chicago, September 17, 1894, and was graduated from Yale College in the Class of 1917. As an undergraduate he was distinguished alike for high scholarship and for proved capacity in leadership among his fellows, as evidenced by his selection as Gordon Brown Prize Man from his class. He received his commission as Second Lieutenant, United States Field Artillery, at the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, and in December, 1917, was detailed abroad for service, receiving subsequently the Distinguished Service Medal. He was killed while on active duty near Thiaucourt, France, on September 17, 1918, the twenty-fourth anniversary of his birth.

To

MRS. SUSIE CARR YOUNG

and

MRS. ANNIE VIOLA MARSTON

*whose stores of old songs and ballads,
handed down in their families for generations,
have greatly enriched this collection.*

Acknowledgments

WE are first, and most deeply, indebted to the ladies to whom this book is dedicated. In her knowledge of old songs, Mrs. Annie V. Marston might well be the rival of Gavin Greig's Bell Robertson, who remembered more old songs, it is said, than anyone else had ever known. But Mrs. Susie Carr Young, in addition to an almost equal number of texts, has contributed a very large number of airs, some of them traditional in her family for upward of a century and a half, and perhaps for a much longer time. Our frontispiece is the portrait of Mary Soper Carr, the grandmother from whom Mrs. Young learned many of the songs and airs she has given us.

Aside from the two principal contributors, whose assistance has been much more extensive than this book indicates, there are many others to whom we acknowledge indebtedness in the various texts to which their names are prefixed. It is only by the kindness of these willing helpers that we have been able to gather the old ballads here presented.

The musical side of the work gets much of its value from the interest shown by some of the summer residents of Northeast Harbor, but for whom many of the best airs would have been lost. In August last, through the kindness of Mrs. Eugene S. Bristol, of New Haven and Seal Harbor, a meeting was arranged between the two editors nearest and a group interested in folk-music. Mr. Thomas W. Surette of the Concord Summer School of Music, then in Northeast Harbor, was present and urged that the musical side of the work be stressed. He felt that the traditional airs of the old ballads ought to be recorded in a way to satisfy the most exacting critics. Miss Mary Cabot Wheelwright of Boston and Northeast Harbor, as clear-sighted and practical as she is enthusiastic, instantly volunteered her help and amply financed the whole work of having Mr. Surette's suggestions carried out.

But on account of previous arrangements with the publishers, the

work, if done at all, must be done within a month. At Mr. Surette's suggestion, Mr. George Herzog, an expert in musical notation, was summoned by telegram from an Indian reservation in North Dakota to come at once to Maine and to spend what time he could among the singers whom the editors had found. From the prairies of Dakota to the cold coast of Maine, to go tossing about in a small boat in a half-gale of wind and rain among the islands outside of Mount Desert, was a change of scene indeed; but Mr. Herzog's relish for hard work and his indifference to the discomforts of bad weather, whether upon the sea or upon the winding country roads along the border, made it a pleasure to go with him and the results justified the undertaking. To Mr. Herzog, and to Miss Wheelwright, whose prompt action made it possible to secure his services, everyone who enjoys "Lamkin," or "Hind Horn," or "Johnny Scot," or many another fine old ballad air, which would have been lost but for them, owes a debt of gratitude.

Special thanks should be given to Miss Lucy E. Broadwood of London, for twenty-eight years the editor of the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, for favors and for her warm recommendation of the little-known posthumous work of the late Gavin Greig, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads*, published in Aberdeen by the Buchan Club. Among all the books on balladry this stands next to Professor Child's in importance.

Our gratitude is due in large measure to Prof. George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard University. By his generous permission, we have been enabled to print, from Professor Child's Manuscripts, the unpublished American text of "Fair Annie," and to make quotations from the manuscript texts of *Folk-Songs Collected in the Appalachian Mountains*, presented to the Harvard University Library by the late Mr. Cecil J. Sharp. We are likewise most grateful to Prof. Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., of the University of Virginia, Archivist of the Virginia Collections of Ballads, who has graciously rendered in advance of publication, information concerning his unprinted texts of "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." To Mr. Mellinger E. Henry also, we are indebted for the privilege of ex-

amining his text of "Lamkin," soon to be printed in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

We thank Miss Ruth Benedict, Editor of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, for permission to reprint in full numerous texts and tunes of British ballads published in the *Journal*, and, in our comments on the ballads, to quote passages from other texts in the *Journal* and the *Memoirs*, for comparison. To Miss Ethel Kidson of Leeds, England, we are most grateful for permission to reprint from *Traditional Tunes*, edited by the late Mr. Frank Kidson, the fine old melody to "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow."

To Mrs. Lillian A. Hall, Custodian of the Theatre Collection at Harvard University, we are indebted for access to the resources of this invaluable repository of stage songs of other days, and for kindly assistance in tracing the history of English popular ballads, as sung by American and English concert and music-hall singers.

We wish to thank Mrs. Edith B. Sturgis and G. Schirmer, Inc., for permission to use her text of "The Half-Hitch," from *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*; G. P. Putnam's Sons for permission to quote from Campbell and Sharp's *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians* and from Miss Mary A. Owen's *Ole Rabbit's Plantation Stories*; and Boosey and Company for permission to use the text of "The Two Brothers," from Josephine McGill's *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*. To the Harvard University Press, we would express our gratitude for the privilege to reprint copyrighted matter from Prof. W. R. Mackenzie's *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, from Prof. J. H. Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South*, from Prof. Reed Smith's *South Carolina Ballads*, from Prof. R. P. Gray's *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*, and from Miss Dorothy Scarborough's *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*. To Longmans, Green and Company, we are gratefully indebted for the right to reprint the text of "The Lover's Ghost," from *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, edited by the late Dr. P. W. Joyce.

We express, particularly, our thanks to Houghton, Mifflin Company for permission to print texts and quotations from Prof. Francis J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

To Col. Charles E. Banks, M.D., the expert historian and genealogist, we have applied for help which we needed, and have received information which books could not give. With the same freedom in asking, we have sought and received from Mr. William Otis Sawtelle of the Islesford Museum, Inc., local genealogical and historical information which no one else could have bestowed.

We are deeply grateful to Senator Irving R. Todd of Milltown, New Brunswick. By his kind assistance, we were fortunate in securing one of the airs to the ballad of "Hind Horn." To him also is due a large measure of our success in making the acquaintance of some of the best ballad singers of Charlotte County, close to the international border, and obtaining from them excellent versions of texts and melodies.

To Mr. D. A. Nesbitt, also, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, we wish to express our gratitude and appreciation. As a result of his conscientious work in recording them for us, we are able to include in this volume, a number of very desirable melodies, including the air to "Willie of Hazel Green."

As always with research workers, the librarians have been among our best friends. In the Yale University Library, Mr. Andrew Keogh and his assistants, Miss Anne S. Pratt, Miss Emily H. Hall, Mrs. J. W. D. Ingersoll, and Miss Emily M. Richmond, have conferred innumerable favors. During a period of several months Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman of the Brown University Library, Providence, permitted unlimited freedom of search in the great Harris Collection of American Poetry. Mr. William E. Foster of the Providence Public Library, during the same period, gave us the freest use of the Williams Collection of broadsides and books on folk-song. Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, has been unfailingly kind. In Worcester, Dr. Clarence S. Brigham, of the American Antiquarian Society, made the few hours we could spend upon the Isaiah Thomas Collection of American Broad-sides as profitable as possible. The Boston Athenaeum has showed us its rare broadsheets, and the Boston Public Library has displayed its collection of old American broadsides.

The fine collections of rare early American ballad-sheets owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society have been shown to us by the Librarian, Mr. J. H. Tuttle and his assistants. At the Harvard University Library, Mr. William C. Lane, Mr. Alfred C. Potter, and Mr. Walter B. Briggs have given access to and the use of their rarest possessions in balladry and folklore, including the thirty manuscript volumes left by Prof. F. J. Child to the Library. What such privileges mean to the student can best be understood by other students. To us it has given the opportunity to see for ourselves the greater part of all the early broadsides and songbooks known to have been published in this country. One particular aspect of the value of this opportunity may be appreciated by all who have raised the question of the influence of print on American ballad tradition. We know, because no libraries possess any printed texts from which they could have been derived, that these folk-songs of New England are as purely traditional as those that have been recorded in the Southern Highlands. We know also, because the Maine texts prove it, that illiteracy is not a necessary factor in traditional balladry.

To all those named, and to others unnamed but remembered, we return thanks for kindnesses received.

THE EDITORS.

*Brewer, Maine,
April, 1929.*

Foreword

A JAPANESE proverb says that the darkest spot is at the foot of the lantern. So few old ballads have been reported from New England—although it has long been the beacon-light of all students of balladry—that it has been taken for granted that they do not exist here. Our presentation of fifty-six of the ballads recognized by Prof. Francis J. Child, besides eight so-called “secondary ballads” (some of them regarded as genuine Child numbers), with traces of about twenty-five more heard of, or actually familiar to singers, but not yet textually recovered, indicates rather a lack of effort on the part of collectors than a lack of ballads in New England. With the exception of what Mr. Barry has contributed, all our collecting has been done in the past four and a half years, most of it in only the three southeastern counties of Maine. In the course of our work we have duplicated nearly all the songs of British origin that have been reported from the South, and we feel that there is still a hopeful field for future search in New England. To illustrate the richness of the musical field in Maine, it may be said that in September last Mr. George Herzog took down 199 desirable old airs, some of them very rare, in only eleven days of actual field work at Bangor, Mount Desert, and near Calais.

This collection of ballads builds a New England superstructure upon Professor Child’s well-laid foundations. We do not ask why he accepted or rejected his titles, but we try to square our work to his lines and to agree with his conclusions wherever possible. Sound critical work upon Child’s own lines has been the objective.

Yet in some respects it has been impossible to be bound by Professor Child. The study of ballad music was outside his chosen field. Though he gathered some records of melodies with his texts, he did not weigh them. Now, for the first time, except in the late Gavin Greig’s *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads*, and in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, the ballad is regarded as an organic whole, text and melody receiving equal attention.

Furthermore, Professor Child confined himself to the English and Scottish variants of the ballads. He printed very few texts from Irish sources. But in Maine the Irish element is very strong and often very old. In calling these "British Ballads" we have enlarged the field of study.

Again, it has been of great advantage to us that since Professor Child's death thirty years ago, important collections of American broadsides and songbooks have become available for study. For example, though Professor Child knew fifteen versions of "Young Beichan," all but one of them were Scottish. Had he known the early texts printed in Boston as "Lord Bakeman," his treatment of the ballad might have been somewhat modified. In order to familiarize students with such texts, out of reach of most field-collectors, we have occasionally reproduced a printed American text of importance. The "jury-texts," so-called, are ballads which we have not found in Maine but which we feel sure will yet be recovered if attention is directed to them. Many of the texts which we present have been found by this method of specialized search for a particular ballad.

By providing this body of northern texts for comparison with the southern forms already printed, we believe that students will undertake more hopefully the study of the problems of the dispersion of ballads and of the age of texts. Hitherto there has been no considerable body of northern texts for comparison. It is a surprise to find them so numerous, so old, so excellent in purity and condition. We believe that the American texts are often the oldest known. When, upon the outer islands of the Maine coast and in the Appalachian Highlands of the South, we find not only the same form of an old ballad but identical minute particulars (like "King Henry" being "gone to Redemption"), we have to admit that the northern and the southern texts are not only equally old but that they must have arrived about the same time from England, brought over the sea by people who knew the same version, and therefore most likely coming from the same locality. Such coincidences did not occur through the chances of later commercial intercourse, and the ballads

in which they do occur are always the oldest. The finding of identical ballad texts, lines, and phrases in Maine and the Southern Highlands is of prime importance in determining some of the most difficult ballad problems.

In the names assigned our ballads we have sometimes definitely departed from Professor Child's usage. The law of priority in nomenclature, which he usually, but not invariably followed, is not so easily enforced in ballad study as it is in the natural sciences. In Maine, where the singers are all literate and often well educated, it is disturbing to find the ballad they have always known as "Lord Bateman" listed under "Young Beichan." Why should we call a song "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight" when there is no Lady Isabel in it and no Elf Knight? We have preferred to give it the common local name of "The False-hearted Knight," with the identification tag of "Child 4," which every ballad student understands.

Still, we do not make a fetish of consistency. At times, as in "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard," we have been forced to fall back upon the Child title because we have found so many names for the ballad that no one of them is significant.

Again, we sometimes yield a point of consistency when it will convenience those who deal with alphabetical arrangements. Cataloguers, for instance, will appreciate our saying "Lizzie Lindsay," where the singer said "Leezie Lindsay"; and writers who have to verify details will see why "The Broom of Cowden-Knowes," with Child, is better than the contributor's "The Broom of *the* Cowden-knowes."

So much for conformity. On the other hand, it seems bad taste to make "The Twa Sisters" the title of a group of exclusively English texts. And when we have ourselves taken down the song of "Johnny Scot" from the singer, why should we not spell it "Johnny" instead of "Johnie," as in Child? There is a limit to blind following of the precedents. The time has arrived when the American texts should not longer be stretched upon the Procrustean bed of "braid Scots." Though standardization of titles is desirable, there needs to be a revision to suit present-day American necessities.

There may be some question of the propriety of our smuggling in New Brunswick songs under the general name of Ballads from Maine, unless we offer a word of explanation. We went to the border, expecting to collect upon the Maine side; but we found that under the expert guidance of Mr. Ernest Sprague of Milltown, New Brunswick, we could accomplish so much more in the short time at our disposal, that, although we ate and slept in Calais, Maine, all our collecting was done on the Canadian side of the International Line. However, had evasions been desirable, every singer could easily have been brought over to the Maine side and the song taken down upon Maine soil. Probably only the "unco guid" will be shocked at our not refusing "Hind Horn" and "Johnny Scot" and "Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon" because they were found two or three miles by crow-flight on the wrong side of a purely imaginary line! Without question they must have been sung on Maine soil also. The only songs to which any real objection could be made are those of Mrs. James McGill, which are of recent importation. Yet Maine people will learn Mrs. McGill's songs, and unless their known source is recorded, the time will come when collectors and editors will desire to know how and when they reached Maine.

The necessity of doing work which should meet the requirements of specialists has made this volume often technical and dry. But the melodies should remain, like babbling brooks under leaves dappled with sunlight, pleasant to memory when the dry-as-dust criticism has been forgotten.

Brewer, Maine,

April, 1929.

The Music of the Ballads

THE present volume has been compiled, not only to preserve a large and interesting corpus of folk-song, traditional in Maine and along the borders of the British maritime provinces, but also to provide a handbook for the field worker. It will be well, then, at the outset, to stress the first lesson which the field worker should learn, namely, that folk-song is *song alive*, a living organism, subject to all the conditions, and manifesting all the phenomena of growth and change. In the case, for example, of a ballad long current in oral tradition, there are of it many different textual variants, each with a history of its own, which can in some instances be traced, but no single *textus receptus*, beside which the others are without the stamp of authority. Each textual variant is sung to its own melody. Of the total number of melodies associated with the textual variants of a ballad or folk-song, many, if not all, may be variants of a single air. Yet no single variant possesses exclusive authenticity. Thus every obtainable version of text and melody, however imperfect or fragmentary, has the right to be recorded.

Music and text, moreover, form an organic whole. The tune is "the life of the ballad,"—so much so, that no ballad can survive, if it cease to be sung. The text of a ballad or folk-song, apart from the music, is a lifeless thing. It is at best, if we may use the figure, in the nature of an herbarium specimen only. The botanist, of course, may, *faute de mieux*, accept the herbarium specimen as a substitute for the living plant, subject to the extent to which the collector has kept a record of color, odor, and other attributes lost to the specimen in the process of drying. The student of folk-song, however, who has only the texts to work with, is placed at a serious disadvantage in so far as he is out of touch with the fact of folk-song as living song. Hence the failure of the eighteenth-century collectors of English popular ballads to preserve the melodies is being realized as little short of tragic, since it may be demonstrated that, only by

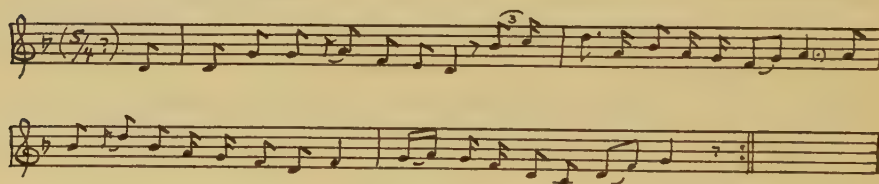
a study of each version of a ballad in its entirety, consisting of text and melody, can one reach conclusions from which a large margin of possible error has been eliminated.

In passing from such general considerations to certain specific aspects of the music of the songs, with which the field worker is likely to be impressed, we would say, particularly, that in its melodic content and technical structure, the music will reveal the conservatism and good artistic judgment of the singers. There are, of course, to be found among the airs which are traditionally current, all shades and degrees of melodic worth. The careful field worker, as has been said, will keep a record of everything he finds. In the course of his researches, he will at times discover himself forced to take down melodies of such a character that they deserve being recorded only to keep the files complete. The rarity of such experiences, however, will be gratifying, for the reason that the percentage of tawdriness in folk-music is very small indeed. By far the larger part of the folk-music which he will note down, will be a monument to the critical discrimination and good taste of the singers who have transmitted it. Moreover, there will be in every field worker's files, more than a fair percentage of melodies, which, artistically judged, will be pronounced exquisitely beautiful. Such a melody is the following air.

Greenwood Side. (Child 20.)

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 68. Mrs. S. C. Young.

Dorian Mode.



A goodly number of melodies, equally charming, are included in the present collection.

Of conservatism, as an aspect of good taste, there will always be

abundant evidence. Elaborate modulations will be very exceptional, so rare in fact, that the field worker will find reason to observe how well our English folk-music has kept faith with the style of the old classic Greek music, which, as we know, combined beauty with great simplicity and sincerity of expression. The familiar major seventh of the harmonic minor scale almost never occurs in folk-melodies. When it does, it may generally be taken as evidence, either of a temporary intrusion from art-music, or, especially when found in printed collections of English folk-music, as proof that the hand of an injudicious and unappreciative editor has been at work.

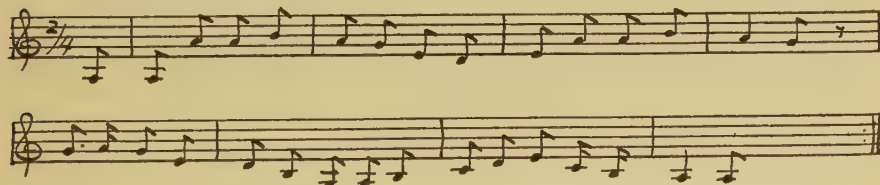
The melodies recorded in Maine furnish numerous evidences of the conservatism of the singers. Some of these evidences are such as to require detailed notice.

It is, of course, well known that Scots singers have a liking for melodies cast in the so-called gapped scales, having but five or six tones, instead of seven—relics, no doubt, of an ancient system of tonality,—as well as for melodic progressions admitting the skip of a full octave, or even of a larger interval. We have such a typically primitive air in the melody to “The Trooper and the Maid,” evidently a bagpipe air:

The Trooper and the Maid. (Child 299.)

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 76. Mrs. J. McGill.

Hexatonic.



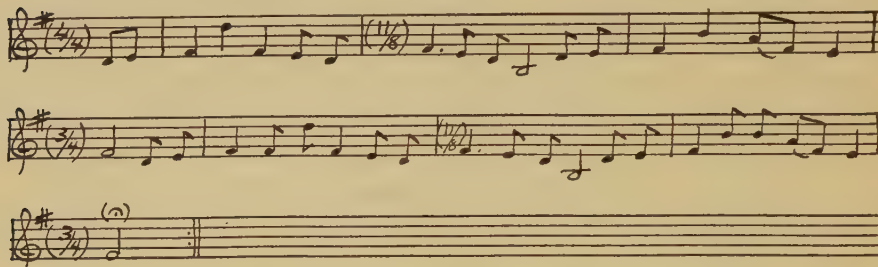
Such structural peculiarities, as well as the Irish cadence, that is, the twice repeated iteration of the closing note of a melody, are of the class of musical archaisms.

A relic of a tonality, however, even more archaic, is in use in Maine. The following melody will serve as an illustration.

The House Carpenter. (Child 243.)

 $\frac{1}{4} = 92$. Mrs. S. C. Young.

Ancient Greek form.



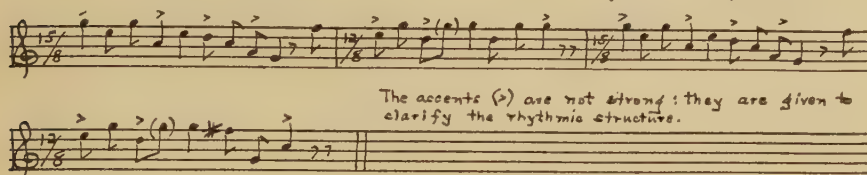
In this air, the tonic serves as a kind of musical center of gravity, to which the melody from time to time returns, before coming to a daring, and quite unexpected close on the dominant. It has preserved a relic of a tonality which takes us back to the best days of the classic Greek music, in which the usage of the best composers, while it required a close on the dominant, made the tonic a melodic center of gravity, as it is in the foregoing folk-melody. Though so archaic, not to say exotic, this little air has something hauntingly beautiful about it,—a rare charm of its own, which fixes itself in the memory.

A far more frequent evidence of conservatism is seen in the use of the so-called ecclesiastical modes,—Dorian, Phrygian, Aeolian, Lydian, and Mixolydian. The lay student of folk-music may conveniently remember that the scales representing these modes are rendered by the white keys of the piano. The Dorian begins and ends on D, the Aeolian on A, while the Phrygian and the Mixolydian begin and end, respectively, on E and G. The very rare Lydian mode begins and ends on F, thus admitting the harshly dissonant interval of the augmented fourth, formerly called “the devil in music.” The following melody illustrates the cautious, but highly effective use of this bizarre modality.

The Golden Dagger.

 $\frac{3}{4}$ = 88. Mrs. V. Campbell.

Lydian Mode; in cadence.



The accents (>) are not strong: they are given to clarify the rhythmic structure.

Scale, representing the Lydian Mode, as introduced in the final cadence:



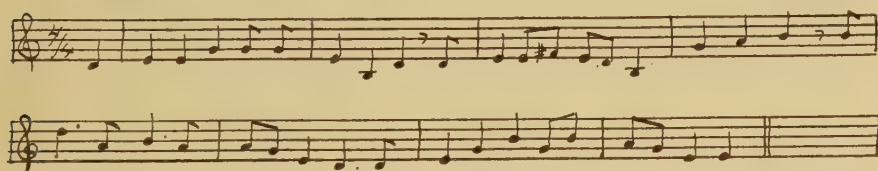
A fine air in the Dorian mode, as set to the ballad "The Greenwood Side," has already been presented. The Phrygian mode is rare, though not so rare as the Lydian,—the Aeolian, not uncommon. The Mixolydian mode, which is nothing but a form of our common major mode, differing from it only in having a minor seventh, is a great favorite with Irish singers, though by no means their exclusive possession.

Not infrequently, one meets with melodies of the ecclesiastical type, but cast in a gapped scale. Such an air is the following, one of the gems of the collection.

The Old Beggar Man. (Child 17.)

Mr. F. Nesbitt.

Hexatonic.



Airs of this type lack the second or sixth tones, or both, so that the precise mode in which they are cast, cannot in every case be determined.

Another form of melodic structure is illustrated in a few airs of

the bimodal type. In such airs, the melody may shift from one mode to another; a melody may start, for example, in the Dorian mode, then, abandoning the characteristic major sixth of the Dorian, may pass into the Aeolian mode, in which a minor sixth is its distinguishing feature. Such shifting of melodic structure is a kind of simple modulation, involving no change in key, but only of modality. It is to be observed, however, that, though the several types of modal structure are more or less interchangeable, the folk-singer usually keeps true to the minor seventh of the Mixolydian mode. Sometimes, however, a minor seventh may intrude into an air cast in the major mode. The same sense of interchangeability of modal structure within the limits of a given air, accounts also for the fact that different versions of the same air may show not only tonal, but also modal variations.

The simplicity also, of folk-melodies, regarded from the viewpoint simply of phrase-mechanism, as it may be called, is another matter to be observed. Such melodies consist, as Sharp and other critics of English folk-music have observed, generally, of four phrases, which in the case of ballad melodies, correspond to the four lines of the typical English ballad stanza. For convenience, therefore, this form of melody may be called the *ballad type*. As melodic refinements, the use of accidentals, the harmonic major seventh of the minor mode, and elaborate modulations, all characteristic of art-music, have been slow of adoption in folk-music, so, elaborate patterns of structural form are rare. The subject, which calls for treatment in a volume by itself, is far too large to be dealt with here in more than a brief and cursory manner. There are certain varieties of structure, however, illustrating, as they do, the simplicity of English folk-music, with which the field worker should be familiar, and to which it is worth while to give more than passing notice.

One form, for example, of the melody of the ballad type, when analyzed, resolves itself into a series of developments of one or two simple themes, according to a fairly consistent formula. A good specimen of a melody in which this kind of structure is used is the following air:

Pretty Polly. (Child 4.)
Mr. M. H. Osborn, Vineland, N. J.

MS Collection of P.B.
Harvard University Library.

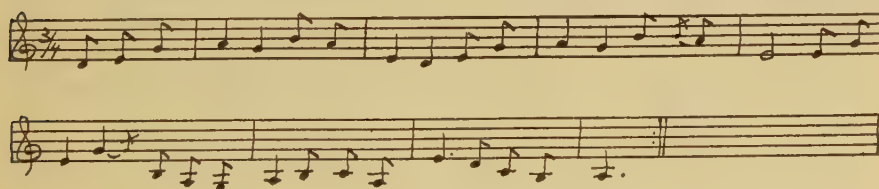


The first phrase of the air gives the theme, which in the second phrase, is simply repeated in a shorter form. In the third phrase, we have a second theme, built up, as it were, around the octave of the tonic, the highest note of the first phrase. In the final phrase, there is a reversion to the original theme as it was in the first phrase, the last three notes of which are used as the cue for a progression to the closing cadence. Such a melodic formula is fairly frequent, and serves to give coherence to the melody as a whole. Not always, of course, is the second theme built up around a high note. There are cases in which the cue note for the second theme may be either the third or fifth of the tonic,—or, again, if the first phrase contains a high note, the second theme may be built up around a lower, but generally harmonically related note. Such an air is the charming melody which follows:

The Drowsy Sleeper.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 100. Mrs. S. C. Young.

Hexatonic.



A particularly fine and clear effect is to be noted in the structure of the following air, which illustrates yet another variety:

The Butcher Boy.

From P.B. "Folk-Music in America."

JAFL, XXII, 78.

MS Collection of P.B.

Harvard University Library.



In this air, the second theme is built up around the third of the tonic, which is the highest note of the second phrase, while the closing phrase has, for its cue, the first two notes of the first phrase.

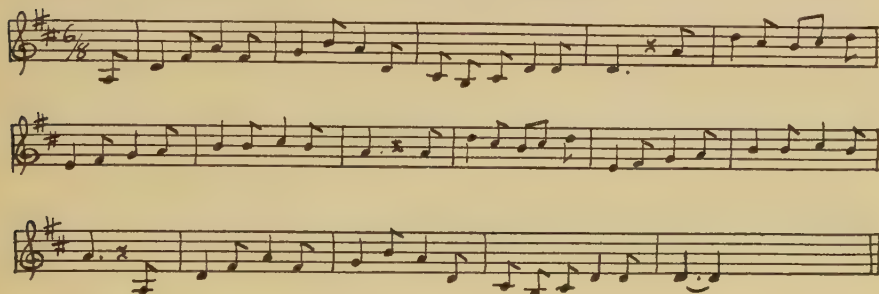
Though the structure of folk-melodies is, for the most part, quite simple, it is not without certain artificialities, which have firmly established themselves. There is a type of melody which Sharp has found to be a general favorite with English singers, but which is nevertheless so characteristic of Irish folk-music, as illustrated not only in the printed collections of Petrie and Joyce, but also from my own experience, that it may be called, for convenience, the "*come-all-ye type*." In this form, artificiality is very evident. At its best, the type consists of two strongly marked and quite distinct musical themes, which are arranged in the order corresponding to the formula A, B, B, A. Not invariably, of course, are the second and third phrases, note for note identical. Instead of a repetition of the first phrase, the fourth phrase, which carries the cadence, may be a variation of the first, or even an entirely new theme, so that the melody as a whole would be represented graphically, by the formula A, B, B, C. Nevertheless, though the form admits of variety, it is fairly constant, and may be a survival of an early artistic convention in folk-music. If Bunting was right in ascribing the familiar Irish air "The Dawning of the Day," which is an air of the *come-all-ye type*, to the celebrated harper O'Conallon, it would be interesting to know whether O'Conallon invented the form, or merely imitated a type of structure already existing in the folk-music of his people.

A particularly fine air of the come-all-ye type, traditional in Maine is "The Stately Southerner":

The Stately Southerner.

Capt. A. S. Spurling.

Recorded by Mr. George Kemmer, Islesford, 1927.

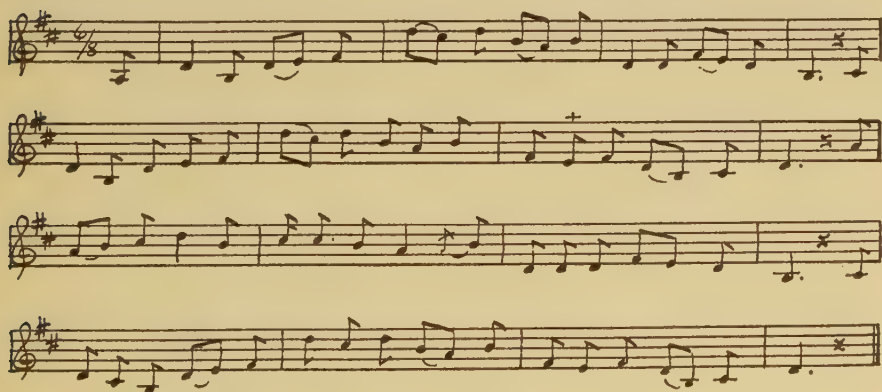


The melody, so simple, yet with its touch of artificiality, fits admirably the words of the grand old sea song.

Another variety of musical structure, occasionally found in Irish airs of the come-all-ye type, is characterized by what may be called, for lack of a better name, the use of interlocking phrases. Such an air is the following:

Lord Barnswell's Lady. (Child 81.)

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 52. Mrs. J. McGill.

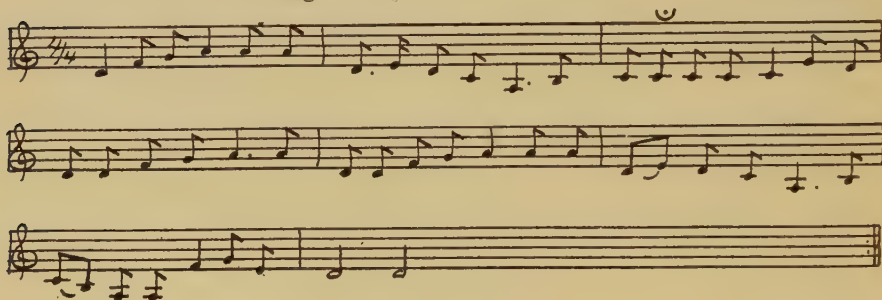


Such a melody should not be represented graphically by the formula A, B, C, B, but rather by the formula Aa, Ab; Aa, Ac; Ba, Ab, Aa, Ac. A different form of the interlocking phrase structure is found in the interesting melody to one of the versions current in Maine, of the curious ballad "Young, but Growing."

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 132. "Young, but Growing."

Mrs. S. C. Young.

Dorian Mode.



In this air, the structure is rendered by the formula Aa, Ab; Ba, Aa; Aa, Ab; Ca, Cb. The variants in the theme of the ballad, shown by collation of the texts, clearly indicate that the ballad is yet in a fluid state, and has not reached its final form. Of the five other melodies to this ballad, derived from American tradition, all of which are related to the foregoing air, namely, two from the South (Sharp MSS, Harvard University Library), one from Vermont printed by Mrs. Sturgis in *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, and two others from Maine, only the Vermont version, and one of the Maine versions have this structure in a form approximating to that of Mrs. Young's version. None of the versions of the air, as published by the English Folk-Song Society, have as clear a development of this form of structure as is found in the Maine and Vermont airs. The evidence is not conclusive, and requires corroboration from a larger number of texts and melodies of the ballad than are as yet available. Yet it seems to point to a progressive development, side by side, of the content of the text and of the structure of the melody.

To the field worker, a close attention to such melodic forms as have been outlined, will be helpful in the matter of recording the airs. In many cases, he will learn, after a manner, to anticipate the forms. Yet it is of the utmost importance, also, to use scrupulous care to make and keep a record of changes in the form and notation of the melody, stanza by stanza, as the ballad is sung. It is precisely through the tradition of these variations, slight, or noteworthy, as the case may be, that different versions of a melody are assisted to be developed in the course of traditional singing. Thus, for example, if a ballad show variations in the melody, as set to the first and fourth stanzas, when sung, these variations may undergo fixation independently in the memory of different persons who hear the ballad sung, so that, as a result of learning the ballad from a singer who varied the air in different stanzas, other singers will set the whole ballad to one or another of the variations. The process will go on indefinitely,—each singer will vary the air as he sings the ballad, stanza by stanza, and, no doubt, quite unconsciously. The melodic forms, as briefly described, constitute a real ballad style in music, quite as much so as the unintroduced dialogue, incremental repetition, and relative-climax form a distinctive literary style in the texts. We are not in a position, as a result of lack of documentary evidence, to prove that the process of traditional re-creation of a ballad, admittedly responsible for the spread of variants of text and melody, is responsible for the origin of the *ballad styles* as well. It is a fact, however, that some melodies of known authorship, once having entered popular tradition, do indeed, as a result of the selective editing and revising process of traditional singing, exercised by an indefinite number of individual singers over an indefinite period of time,—the process, namely, which is to be understood by the phrase "*communal re-creation*,"—come to conform to something like the structure and content of folk-melodies. The field worker, therefore, should pay particular attention to the recovery of such airs from tradition.

So much, then, for the melodic and structural aspects of the music of the songs, which the field worker is likely to encounter. It

remains to consider what assistance the study of the music and the text of the songs as an organic whole may render in solving some important problems relating to the tradition and the distribution of ballads in general.

The first of these problems relates to certain matters bearing on the character and degree of change which takes place, as a result of traditional singing, in the text and melody of a ballad. That there should be a different rate and degree of change possible for both text and melody, is inevitable. A text may undergo the widest possible changes,—it may be recomposed, with names, localities, and historical contacts quite altered. Yet if the theme remain the same, and the situations be left unchanged, the ballad is still the same, and not a different ballad. No such wide range of variation is possible in a melody, for, any change in it which would cause it to break away from the underlying harmonic structure, would make of it a different air. Yet within the limits thus set, the range of variation is sufficiently wide to permit, as in the case of a traditional air to which "Lord Bateman" and a number of other ballads are sung, the development of a surprisingly large number of variants from a single original, set off from each other by both modal and tonal differences. As to the relative rate of change to be observed in text and melody, when each is dealt with for purposes of comparison as a separate entity, there is apparently some slight evidence to show that, in the case of a ballad which is widely known and sung, the text is apt to show a greater rate of variation than the melody. On the other hand, in the case of a ballad which has had no such wide currency, the melodic changes may be more noticeable than the changes in the text. Such a statement bearing on the question of any law of relative change in text and melody, should be, and is, in fact, made only tentatively, and to stimulate research.

That the music of a ballad may serve as a factor in the actual re-composition of the text, however, is more easily demonstrable. There are many ballads, of which the texts have come down to us in one or more groups, each set in a distinct metrical form of its own. Thus, in the case of "The Golden Vanity," Child distinguishes three such

groups, under the headings A, B, C. Of the oldest, or A-group, no melody is known to have come down to us, though we learn from an early broadside of the text, that it was directed to be sung "to the tune of the Sailing of the Low-land." In Glover, Vermont, during the early part of the last century, a version of "The Golden Vanity" was sung to the following fine old Scottish air:

The Little Cabin Boy. (Child 286.)

From P.B. "Traditional Ballads."

JAFL, XVIII, 125.

MS Collection of P.B.

Harvard University Library.

There was a Ship, in the Northern Countries: All in the Lowland low: The

name of the ship was "The Gold China Tree", All in the Lowland, low, low low.

Sailing the Lowland, low, low, low. Sailing the lowland low.

This melody, which in the refrain of the ballad is set to the words "Sailing the Lowland," will fit the words of Child's A-text rather closely, and may well be an actual traditional descendant of the original air referred to in the broadside. The text, however, of the Vermont version, shows more affinities with the texts of Child B. Yet it cannot have been derived from any form of the B-group, since the latter, a traditional development, according to Child, from the A-text, is cast in a different meter, and is sung to an air which will not rhythmically fit the text, either of Child A, or of the Vermont version. It is necessary, then, to conclude that versions of the text, more or less in the meter of Child A, but in content more akin to Child B, set to appropriate melodies, possibly traditional variants of the original air, were in oral circulation prior to the recasting of the ballad in the metrical form characteristic of the pattern text of the B-group, and fitting only the rhythmical form of the air to

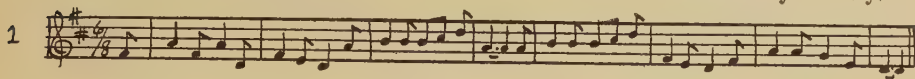
which such B-texts are sung. To this early stage of the re-created form of Child A, rather than to Child B, the Vermont version should be referred.

The second problem has to do with the geographical distribution of ballads in tradition. This, too, is a problem of large compass, with many ramifications, so that it can here be dealt with only briefly. Certain texts and melodies, however, in the corpus of Maine folk-song, may be mentioned for the evidence they throw in the direction of a tentative and partial solution.

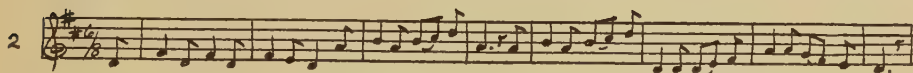
Two of the texts herewith printed, of "The False-hearted Knight" (*Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight*, Child 4), that is, B and C, though quite different from one another in content, are sung to closely related variants of the same air. We may, then, rightly conclude that we have here a case of the actual meeting in tradition, at some time in their history, of two distinct versions of the ballad, with the result that, though no apparent interaction of textual influence took place, the singer of the C-form abandoned a traditional melody associated with C, in favor of a melody hitherto and still associated with B. The air in question, moreover, is sung in a form somewhat different from the form associated with our B and C, to a text of "The False-hearted Knight" in Nova Scotia. No record of the ballad from Vermont exists, as far as is known. Yet the air must have been current there early in the nineteenth century. We have versions of it from many parts of the country, set to the ballad "Fair Charlotte," the text of which was composed by William Carter of Benson, the son of one of the first Mormon apostles. The form of the air to which "Fair Charlotte" is sung, has, in most, but not in all instances, developed a hymn-tune-like cadence, a feature which accounts for the subsequent adoption of the air as the basis of the hymn tune "Golden Hill," a so-called "western melody" of unknown authorship. The following diagram of four versions of the air, reduced to a common tempo and key, will show the character and extent of the variations.

Pretty Polly. (Child 4.)
Mrs. A. W. B. Lindenberg.

MS Collection of P.B.
Harvard University Library.

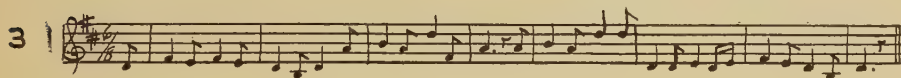


Pretty Nancy. (Child 4.)
Mrs. S. C. Young.

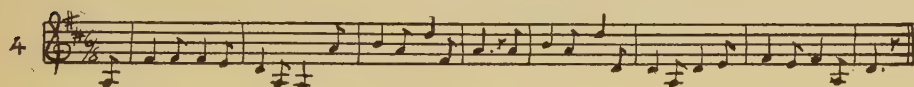


Fair Charlotte.
L.P.S., Warren, Ohio.

MS Collection of P.B.
Harvard University Library.



Fair Charlotte. (A Missouri variant.)
From P.B. "The Origin of Folk-Melodies," JAFL, XXIII, 443.



Since versions of "Fair Charlotte" are found most frequently in localities not far removed from early Mormon settlements, we may be allowed the inference that Carter was an important agent in the distribution of the ballad.

The air itself is clearly of Irish origin, since it is structurally of the come-all-ye type. A curious variant of it, number 795 in the Petrie Collection, the "Tune of the old English Ballad 'Lord Robert and Fair Ellen,' as sung in Mayo," shows a dislocation of the phrases. That is, the first and third phrases have had their positions interchanged,—not improbably due to an error in transcription. We have thus a history of the wanderings of an air,—set in County Mayo to a text of an English ballad, probably a version of "Prince Robert" (Child 87), in Nova Scotia and Maine to "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight" (Child 4), transferred in Vermont to "Fair Charlotte," and carried over a large part of the country.

There is another air, the old-country source of which may be traced with a tolerable degree of accuracy. This air is sung by Mrs. Young to a curious farrago, the fourth stanza of which is an intrusion from "The Braes of Yarrow" (Child 214). It is in the Dorian mode, and related to the melody which forms the second strain of "The Boyne Water." The oldest printed variant of "The Boyne Water" was published in 1719 by Tom D'Urfey (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, V, 112) as the melody to a text of "The Baffled Knight" (Child, 112, B). Yet Mrs. Young's version of the air, which is purely traditional, is by its form shown to be actually an older, as well as a better set than D'Urfey's. Kidson, in *Traditional Tunes*, page 22, prints a text of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," with a melody so close to the Maine air that their descent from a common, and not very remote, source is certain. The two airs are as follows:

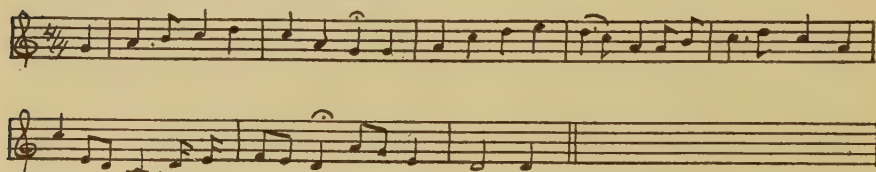
The Dowie Dens of Yarrow. (Child 214.)

From F. Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 22.



The Braes of Yarrow. (Child 214.)

Arr. from MS of Mrs. S. C. Young.



Kidson says in a note: "I obtained this traditional version of the ballad, as well as the fine old tune, from Mrs. Calvert of Gilnochie in Eskdale, where, and at Liddesdale, it is occasionally heard. Mrs. Calvert originally obtained it on the braes of Yarrow from her

grandmother, who was the celebrated Tibbie Shiel, the humble friend of Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg." We have then, in Mrs. Young's ballad mosaic, not only a relic of a lost version of "The Braes of Yarrow," but also, through the relation of the air to the melody which Kidson traces back to Tibbie Shiel, evidence which serves to bring the tradition of the songs still current in Maine, in one instance, at least, back to the best tradition of eighteenth-century Scottish balladry. Elsewhere, however, the air in question has become dissociated from the text to which it properly belongs. One version of it, slightly nearer to Kidson's than to the Maine version, is in Nova Scotia (Mackenzie, p. 391) set to a text of "The Cruel Mother" (Child 20); another, to "Sir Neil and Glengyle," (*ibid.*, p. 395).

PHILLIPS BARRY.

5 Craigie Circle,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Notation of the Airs

IN the notation of the airs, Mr. Herzog has adopted certain usages, devised originally by Professor Dr. Erich M. von Hornbostel of Berlin, which differ somewhat from the ordinary practices of musical notation. These usages, together with certain of the signs employed, were especially adapted for the notation of folk-music, and have, accordingly, been retained by the musical editor of the present volume.

The following signs are used to signify deviations from strict melodic or rhythmical regularity, affecting single notes or bars:

- + for higher intonation, approximately higher by a quarter-tone.
- for lower intonation, approximately lower by a quarter-tone.
- ⊖ for prolongation, if the prolongation is less than half the noted time value.
- ⊕ to indicate a shortening of time, if such shortening is less than half the noted time value.
- () to signify that the occurrence of a tone, rest, or other sign, so enclosed, is arbitrary.
-  for grace notes of distinct rhythmic value, rendered with less dynamic stress than the other tones.
-  to indicate that the occurrence of such grace notes is arbitrary.
- ∨ for a short rest, without any rhythmic significance (*"Atempause, Phrasierungspause"*).
-  for a grace note of uncertain pitch.

Such additional signs, however, are given, "only in the cases in which these modifications occurred at the subsequent repetitions too."

The sign ⊖, which, in ordinary musical notation, signifies a prolongation of indefinite value, always denotes, when used by Mr. Herzog, a prolongation of less than half the time value indicated by the note as written. Thus, for example,  means for the particular note, an actual time value somewhat less than . Similarly,

the sign $\cup$, when attached to a note, signifies that the particular note suffers a shortening to a degree less than half its value as written. In the case, however, of airs which were not recorded from singing by Mr. Herzog, but have been sent in in manuscript copies by various contributors, or reproduced from printed sources, the sign has, of course, the same significance as in the ordinary musical notation.

In writing the time-signatures of the airs, also, Mr. Herzog has been obliged to depart somewhat from the customary practice. Some folk-singers, it is true, sing their songs in strict time. Others, however, and it may be that they are in the majority, show a very decided tendency toward *rubato*. Indications of rhythmical irregularity are shown, for example, by writing the time-signature in parenthesis. Thus, ($\frac{6}{8}$) signifies that the underlying tempo of the air is $\frac{6}{8}$, yet some of the bars may be actually $\frac{5}{8}$ or $\frac{7}{8}$. "In general," as the editor is informed by Mr. Herzog, "an additional eighth or quarter beat for an additional syllable, producing occasional irregular bars, does not upset the singers at all; such bars are rendered with just as much ease and precision as the other ones. In some cases, however, a rest or prolongation, which breaks the regularity of the rhythmic structure, may be slurred or given arbitrarily." Such irregularities, however, are for the most part indicated by the placing of the time-signature in parentheses, unless they are consistently retained in a given bar at each repetition of the song. Sometimes, especially if the variation from the indicated time-signature is rather bold, it may be indicated in the bar in which it takes place. Such indication, however, is qualified by placing the figures in parentheses if the variation is simply arbitrary, and not repeated in the course of subsequent renditions of the passage.

The notation of the airs has been usually, but not invariably, taken from the rendition of the first stanza of the ballad, in each case, according to the singer's own version of the text. Variants of the melody, brought out at subsequent renditions of the first stanza, or of succeeding stanzas, have, as far as time and other circum-

stances permitted, been recorded with scrupulous care. This method, which has been used to some extent in the notation of British folk-melodies by Mr. Percy Grainger, and Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, should be norm for all future workers in the field.

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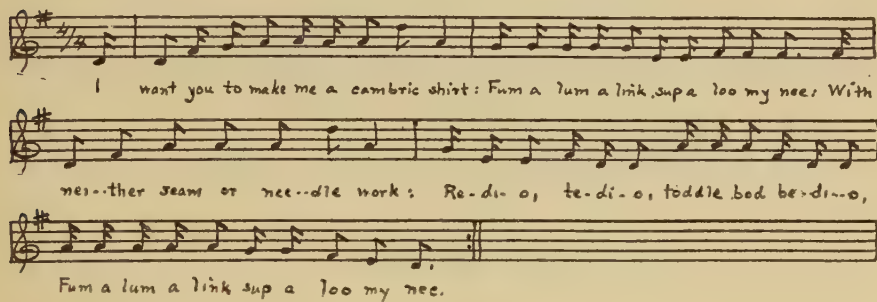
THE ELFIN KNIGHT

(Child 2)

A.

"REDIO-TEDIO." Sent in, 1926, by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, who says she learned this in 1882 from Sibyl Emery of East Corinth. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{4} = 88$.



I want you to make me a cambric shirt: Fum a lum a link, sup a loo my nee, With
nes-ther seam or nec-dle work: Re-di-o, te-di-o, toddle bod be-di-o,
Fum a lum a link sup a loo my nee.

1 (He) "I want you to make me a cambric shirt,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee,
With neither seam or needle-work,
Redio-tedio, toddle-bod-bedio,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee."

2 (She) "I want you to buy me an acre of land,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee,
Between salt water and the sea-sand,
Redio-tedio, toddle-bod-bedio,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee.

3 "Plow it o'er with an old buck's horn,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee,
Plant it o'er with one peppercorn,
Redio-tedio, toddle-bod-bedio,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee.

- 4 "Reap it down with a peacock's feather,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee,
Bind it up with the sting of an adder,
Redio-tedio, toddle-bod-bedio,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee.
- 5 "Thrash it out with a mouse's tail,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee,
Cart it in on the back of a snail,
Redio-tedio, toddle-bod-bedio,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee.
- 6 "When you have completed your work,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee,
Come to me, you shall have your shirt,
Redio-tedio, toddle-bod-bedio,
Fum-a-lum-a-link, sup-a-loo-my-nee."

This most unusual version of "Scarborough Fair," or "Whittingham Fair," is a distinct addition to the many variants of that old riddle song.

B.

"YOU SHALL BE A TRUE LOVER OF MINE." Sent in August, 1925, by Justin DeCoster, Buckfield, who wrote, "It is a very old song."

- 1 As I rode out one morning in May,
(Let every rose grow merry in time)
I met a fair maid and to her did say,
"You shall be a true lover of mine."
- 2 "I want you to make me a cambric shirt,
(Let every rose grow merry in time)
Without any seam or needlework,
Then you shall be a true lover of mine.

- 3 "Go, hang it out on yonder hill,
(Let every rose grow merry in time)
Where dew never wet nor rain never fell,
Then you shall be a true lover of mine."
- 4 "Now you have asked me questions three,
(Let every rose grow merry and fine)
I suppose I can ask as many of thee,
Then you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 5 "I want you to buy me an acre of land,
(Let every rose grow merry and fine)
Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand,
Then you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 6 "Oh, plow it up with a crooked ram's horn,
(Let every rose grow merry and fine)
Sow it all over with one pepper corn,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 7 "Go, smooth it over with a peacock's feather,
(Let every rose grow merry and fine)
Go, reap it all over with the sting of an adder,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 8 "Now, when you have done your work,
(Let every rose grow merry and fine)
Come to me and you shall have your shirt,
Then you shall be a true lover of mine."

We observe that the burden of the man's part varies from that of the woman's part; he says, "merry in time," and she says, "merry and fine." This seems intentional.

C.

"LOVE LETTER AND ANSWER." An old broadside in the Harris Collection of American Poetry, in Brown University Library, imprint: "Sold with

a variety of other articles by Hunts and Shaw, N.E. Corner of Faneuil Hall Market, Boston." Dated, 1836-1837 (G.L.K., JAFL, XXX, 284, n. 2). Not listed by Ford. Though not a Maine item, this is strictly a New England text and should be preserved for comparison with other forms.

- 1 O where are you bound, are you bound to Lynn?
Let my rose grow merry and fine;
O give my love to a young woman,
In token she's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 2 Tell her to weave me a yard of cloth,
Let every thread be even and fine;
And touch not a shuttle into the cloth,
In token she's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 3 Tell her to make it into a shirt,
Let every seam be made neat and fine;
And not put a needle into the work,
In token that she's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 4 Tell her to wash it out in a dry well,
And cause it to look both neat and fine;
Where there never was a drop of water fell,
In token that she's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 5 Tell her to hang it out on a green thorn,
Let every rose grow merry and fine,
That never bore a bud since Adam was born,
In token that she's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.

- 6 O where are you bound, are you bound to Cape Ann?
Let every rose grow merry and fine,
O give my love unto a young man,
In token he's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 7 Tell him to buy me an acre of land,
Let every rose grow merry and fine,
Between the salt water and the sea sand,
In token that he's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 8 Tell him to plough it up with a cat's horn,
Let every rose grow merry and fine,
And plant it all over with one pepper corn,
In token that he's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 9 Tell him to reap it before it shall grow,
Let every rose grow merry and fine,
And tread it all down with the sole of his shoe,
In token that he's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 10 Tell him to gather it into his barn,
Let every rose grow merry and fine,
Where it may not take any harm,
In token that he's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.
- 11 Tell him to thrash it with a goose quill,
Let every rose grow merry and fine,
And clean it and put it in one egg shell,
In token that he's been a true lover of mine,
True lover of mine.

- 12 Now tell this young man when he's done all his work,
 Let every rose grow merry and fine,
 Send him to me he shall have his new shirt,
 And still he may be a true lover of mine,
 True lover of mine.

A comparison of our texts shows that stanzas 1, 2, and 6 of the broadside are peculiar to it; that stanza 3 of DeCoster's is lacking in Mrs. Young's, and that stanza 4 of DeCoster's is in neither of the other two; while he lacks the stanzas on reaping and storing found in the others. Stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 of Mrs. Young's text are found in all three copies. The singular "sting of an adder," in DeCoster's and Mrs. Young's texts, is not found in any of the Child versions except M, in his additions and corrections, I, 484, and in a text quoted in V, 284; yet our two copies came from places far apart.

The broadside version appears to be the base of both our A and B texts. It also seems to be the original of Child J, "communicated by Rev. F. D. Huntington, Bishop of Western New York, as sung to him by his father in 1828, at Hadley, Mass.: derived from a rough, royster-ing 'character' in the town." This is a fragment of fourteen lines, against twenty-four lines in the broadside (exclusive of refrains in both), and it coincides both in the general trend of the song and in the particular mention of "going to Cape Ann" and the phrase "since Adam was born." It is safe to say that Child J is derived from the old broadside.

But the broadside is linked to Child F (from the Kinloch MSS, I, 75), which begins, "Did ye ever travel 'twixt Berwick and Lyne?" This in the American broadside becomes, "O where are you bound, are you bound to Lynn?" This, in turn, accounts for the broadside reference to Cape Ann, not far from Lynn. Both have the identical phrase "since Adam was born," and the trend of the story is similar. DeCoster's refrain stands fairly close to that of Child F, while the nonsense burden of our first version corresponds well in length with that of Child J. It seems probable that the American form obtained from the same original as the Kinloch MSS text, in which the lover is human.

The supernatural branch of this ballad stock, represented by Child A with its burden, "The wind hath blown my plaid awa," where the lover is an elfin knight seeking to delude the maiden by riddles, has never been

found in this country, unless in the secondary form of a song with a similar refrain, but a different story. This, however, is a recent introduction from abroad,—represented by a single stanza from a County Down singer, living in Boston, and by a fuller text of Scottish origin, from New Brunswick.

Whether the American broadside, given as text C, was traditional or not, is not known; but at least Professor Child found no European original of it and we know no other copy. Certainly, in New England, the song has been traditional for several generations. In the "Notes and Queries" of the *Boston Evening Transcript* (Sept. 8, 1923), a correspondent who signs himself "Doce," says that his grandmother, born in 1819, who used to sing it, recognized it as a riddle song. The shirt "washed with water that never ran" and "dried in sun that never shone," was washed in the dew and dried before the fire. The burden of this text was,

As every grove grows pleasant and fine.

In the same copy of the *Transcript*, "L.G.H." gives another fragment as sung by an old servant:

I walked out one mornin' in May—
 (Ivery rose grows merry in time)
And I met a fair maiden all clothed in green,
 And she said she would be a true lover of mine.

Thin sez I to this maiden in green,
 (Ivery rose grows merry in time)
"Just sew me a shirt without stitches and seam,
 And it's thin ye will be a true lover of mine."

"Plow me five acres of land under ground,
 (Ivery rose grows merry in time)
And harrow it with a rake, where the teeth's all ground down,
 And it's thin ye wad be a true lover of mine."

This ballad seems to have been brought over early and to exist in purely traditional form. Yet, since it does not show the "split" which marks certain ballads, like "The Two Brothers" and "Little Musgrave," where texts from the Appalachian Highlands show identical peculiari-

ties with the New England texts, we may question its being among the earliest imported ballads. It is very well known in New England, but southern texts are lacking, except one from Georgia, reported in JAFL, XIII, 120-122. It has been found in California by Mrs. R. F. Herrick, JAFL, XIX, 130-131; in Missouri (originally from Vermont), by H. M. Belden, JAFL, XXIII, 430-431; in Texas (originally from Ireland), by G. L. Kittredge, JAFL, XXVI, 174-175. Professor Kittredge also reports a text from Maine, JAFL, XXX, 284-285, and there is an excellent text in Jane G. Austin's *Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters*, pp. 314-315.

D.

"STRAWBERRY LANE." From *Ballads and Songs*, edited by G. L. Kittredge, in JAFL, XXX, 284-285. "Communicated in 1914, by Mr. E. Russell Davis, as remembered by his mother and himself from the singing of his grandfather, Mr. William Henry Banks (born 1834), a vessel-owner of Maine."

As I was a-walking up Strawberry lane. Eve-ry rose grows
mer-ry and fine: I chanc'd for to meet a pretty, fair maid, Who
said, she would be a true lover of mine.

- 1 As I was a-walking up Strawberry Lane—
Every rose grows merry and fine,—
I chanced for to meet a pretty, fair maid,
Who wanted to be a true-lover of mine.
- 2 "You'll have for to make me a cambric shirt,—
Every rose grows merry and fine,—
And every stitch must be finicle work,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.

- 3 "You'll have for to wash it in a deep well,—
Every rose grows merry and fine,—
Where water never was nor rain ever fell,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine."

The man goes on to make several more conditions. Finally the girl turns on him thus:

- 4 "Now since you have been so hard with me,—
Every rose grows merry and fine,—
Perhaps I can be as hard with thee,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.
- 5 "You'll have for to buy me an acre of ground,
Every rose grows merry and fine,—
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.
- 6 "You'll have for to plough it with a deer's horn,
Every rose grows merry and fine,—
And plant it all over with one grain of corn,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine.
- 7 "You'll have for to thrash it in an eggshell,
Every rose grows merry and fine,—
And bring it to market in a thimble,
Before you can be a true-lover of mine."

Variant readings, noted by the editor in footnotes, are: stanza 1, line 4,—“said she would be,”—stanza 7, line 3,—“And take it to market where man never dwelled.”

THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

(Child 3)

“THE FAUSE KNICHT AND THE WEE BOY.” Written down by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, Charlotte County, New Brunswick, who learned it in Galloway, Scotland, when she was a child.

- 1 "O whaur are ye gaun?"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"A'm gaun tae the schule,"
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.
- 2 "What's that on your back?"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"Atweel, it's ma bukes,"
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.
- 3 "What's that ye've gat in your airm?"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"Atweel, it's ma peat,"*
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.
- 4 "Wha's aucht thae sheep?"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"They're mine an' ma mither's,"
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.
- 5 "Hoo many o' them are mine?"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"A thae that hae blue tails,"
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.
- 6 "I wish ye were on yon tree,"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"An' a guid ladder under me,"
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.
- 7 "An' the ladder for tae bre'k,"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"An' you for tae fa' doon,"
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.

* Peat—"carried to school as a contribution to the firing."—Child.

- 8 "I wish ye were in yon sea,"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"An' a gude bottom under me,"
Quo' the wee boy, but still he stude.
- 9 "An' the bottom for tae break,"
Quo' the Fause Knicht upon the road.
"An' ye to be drooned,"
Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stude.

Professor Child found but two texts and a fragment of this little ballad, and it is noteworthy that his principal text—(from Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Glasgow, 1827, reprinted, Boston, 1846, by Ticknor and Co., I, 99-100, of the Boston reprint)—came, like our own, from Galloway. Mrs. McGill explained the rarity of the lines: "I've known it since I could speak; and allow me to say, it is not a song—it is only an old Galloway rhyme, and it is a very common one at home, too."

This is the fifth copy reported from America. Professor Belden found one in Missouri, which had come from Scotland by way of Virginia; Campbell and Sharp reported two from the Appalachian Highlands, and, some years before, Mr. Barry, in *JAFL*, XXIV (1911), 344, gave a fragment, sung before 1870 in Fort Kent by a French girl who could speak very little English, who had learned this song from an illiterate Irish family. The lines recovered were:

"What have you in your bottle, my dear little lad?"
Quo the fol, fol Fly on the road.
"I have some milk for myself for to drink!"
Said the child, who was seven years old.

"Fol, fol Fly," remarks Mr. Barry, "may be 'Foul, foul Fiend.' Fragmentary as it is, this text is interesting as illustrating a survival in America of a ballad long supposed to be extinct." But perhaps it is even more interesting as showing words not intended to be sung, acquiring an air as they passed through another country; or else, as retaining in Ireland a musical form which was lost in one line of the Scottish tradition of the song. Child C, also from Galloway, has kept the air.

A possible trace of "The False Knight upon the Road," or of some other riddle ballad, may be observed in the nursery rhyme:

The man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good:
"As many red herrings as grew in the wood."

(*The Only True Mother Goose Melodies*, Boston, Munroe and Francis, 1833, p. 6.)

THE FALSE-HEARTED KNIGHT

(Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight, Child 4)

A.

"THE CAGE OF IVORY AND GOLD." Sent in, September, 1925, by Mr. Justin DeCoster, Buckfield.

- 1 "Come, bring me down your daddy's gold,
Likewise your mammy's fee,
And two of the best horses in his stable,
Where there are thirty and three."
- 2 She bro't down all her daddy's gold,
Likewise her mammy's fee,
And two of the best horses in his stable,
Where there were thirty and three.
- 3 He mounted on the bonny brown
And she on the tabby gray,
And they rode till they came to the salt sea side
All on a summer's day.

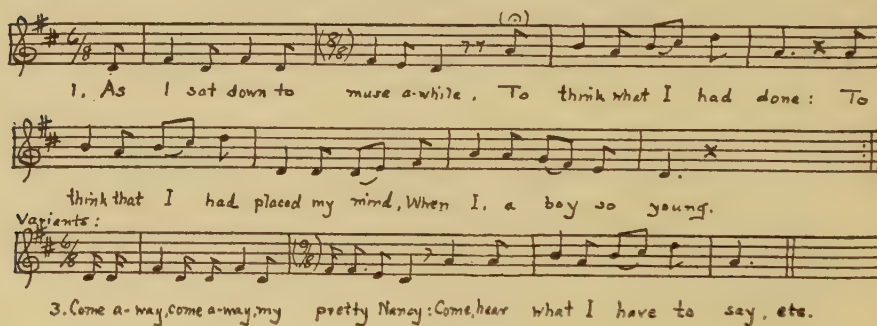
- 4 "Dismount, dismount, my pretty Polly,
Dismount and come with me;
For six knights' daughters I've drownèd here
And you the seventh shall be."
- 5 "If six knights' daughters you've drownèd here,
'Tis not what you promised me,
You promised you'd carry me to merry green land
And there you'd marry me."
- 6 "Come strip, come strip, my pretty Polly,
Come strip as fast as you can;
For it is not fitting that such gay clothes
Should rot in the salt sea sand."
- 7 "Then turn your face to the salt sea side,
Your back to the willow tree,
For it is not fitting that a rebel so vile
A naked woman should see."
- 8 He turned his face to the salt sea side,
His back to the willow tree,
She clasped her arms around his waist
And plunged him into the sea.
- 9 "Lie there, lie there, you vile rebel,
Lie there in the room of me;
For if six knights' daughters you've drownèd here,
Yourself the seventh shall be."
- 10 She mounted on the bonny brown
And led the tabby gray,
And rode till she came to her father's hall,
Three hours before it was day.
- 11 Then up spoke her pretty parrot,
As she in her cage did lay,
Saying, "What is the matter, my pretty Polly,
You are up so long before day?"

- 12 "Lie still, lie still, my pretty parrot,
No tales do you tell of me,
And your cage shall be lined with ivory and gold
And hang on the willow tree."
- 13 Then up spoke her mother dear,
As she in her bed did lay,
Saying, "What is the matter, my pretty parrot,
You talk so long before day?"
- 14 "The old cat came to my cage door
All ready me for to slay,
And I only called to my pretty Polly
To drive the cat away."

B.

"PRETTY NANCY." Written down by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, who learned it in Orland, in 1870. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 84.



1. As I sat down to muse a-while, To think what I had done: To
think that I had placed my mind, When I, a boy so young.
Variants:
3. Come a-way, come a-way, my pretty Nancy: Come, hear what I have to say, etc.

- 1 As I sat down to muse awhile,
To think what I had done,
To think that I had placed my mind
When I a boy so young.

- 2 As I rode by a farmer's door,
A beauty did me surprise,
With rosy blushes on her face
And diamonds in her eyes.
- 3 "Come away, come away, my pretty Nancy!
Come hear what I have to say.
Tonight we will ride over London Bridge,
And married there will be.
- 4 "Go, get some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
The two best horses in your father's barn,
Out of the thirty-three."
- 5 She got some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee,
The two best horses in her father's barn,
Out of the thirty-three.
- 6 She mounted on the milk-white steed,
He rode the bonny gray;
They rode along by the greenwood side
Till they came to the salt sea.
- 7 "Take off, take off that gay clothing;
Take off, take off," said he;
"For six kings' daughters I've drownèd here
And you the seventh shall be."
- 8 "O, turn your back unto the oak,
Your eyes unto the sea;
For it is a pity a man like you
A naked woman should see."
- 9 He turned his back unto the oak,
His eyes unto the sea;
She took him up in her arms so brave,
And flung him into the sea.

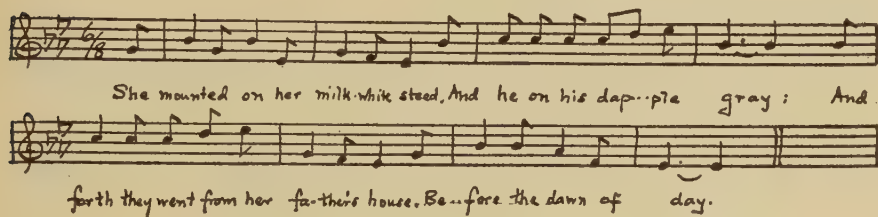
- 10 "Lie there, lie there, my false lover,
Lie there instead of me;
If six kings' daughters you've drownèd there,
Go keep them company."
- 11 She mounted on the milk-white steed,
She led the bonny gray;
She rode along by the greenwood side
And got home before it was day.
- 12 And then upspake the pretty parrot,
Who in his cage did lay,
Saying, "Where have you been, my pretty Nancy,
This long, fine summer day?"
- 13 "O hold your tongue, you saucy thing,
Go tell no tales of me,
And your cage shall be lined with eastern gold,
With a silver lock and key."
- 14 And then upspake the old father,
Who in his bed did lay,
Saying, "What is the matter, my pretty polly,
That you are calling so soon for day?"
- 15 "The cat she lay at my cage door,
She swore she would me slay;
And I have been calling for pretty Nancy
To drive the cat away."

In this text, stanzas 8 and 13 are unusual, while the first two seem to belong to some other song. Stanza 3, with its reference to London and its naming the maid as Nancy, allies this to another version not uncommon in Maine, found a number of times in fragments.

C.

As sung by my sister, Mrs. A. W. (Barry) Lindenberg, Shirley, Mass., 1922. Not traditional in our family.—Phillips Barry.

MS of A.W.L.



- 1 She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And he on his dapple gray,
And forth from her father's house they went,
Before the break of day.
- 2 They rode and rode and rode away
Until they came to the sea,
And here they pulled their horses up
Hard by a willow tree.
- 3 "Now get thee down, my pretty Pollee,
And harken unto me,—
Six pretty maidens I've drowned here,
And you the seventh shall be.
- 4 "Take off, take off that silken gown,
And give it unto me,—
A silken gown is much too fine
To rot in the salt sea."
- 5 "O turn about, O turn about,
And face the willow tree,—
While I take off the silken gown
And give it unto thee."

- 6 He turned about, he turned about,
And faced the willow tree,—
She took him in her lily-white arms,
And threw him into the sea.
- 7 “Lie there, lie there, my false lover,
Lie there instead of me,—
If six pretty maidens you’ve drowned here,
Go bear them company!”
- 8 She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple gray,
And back she went to her father’s house,
Before the break of day.
- 9 The first she saw was the little parrot,—
“O where have you been from me?
O where have you been in the early morn,—
O where have you been from me?”
- 10 “O say no more, my little parrot,—
O say no more to me,
And I’ll give thee a golden cage,
To hang on the chestnut tree!”
- 11 The next to speak was her mother dear,—
“O where have you been from me?”
“I’ve been to church in the early morn,
To say a prayer for thee.”

Though the foregoing text differs very much from Mrs. Young’s text, the tune to which my sister sang it is only slightly different from Mrs. Young’s tune. Here, then, we have an illustration of the diverging degrees of variation in text and melody, as affecting different versions of a traditional ballad.—P.B.

D.

"THE FALSE-HEARTED KNIGHT." Fragment, from the singing of Mrs. Sidney Brockway, Bonny River, Charlotte County, New Brunswick, September, 1928. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 116.

Mixolydian Mode.

"O, give me some of your mother's gold, And some of your father's fee: And
lead me to your father's stable door, Where the horses stand thirty and three.
Variants: 1 2
... mounted her. milk white steed,

- 1 In London lived a false-hearted knight,
A false-hearted knight was he.

: : : : :
: : : : :

- 2 "O, give me some of your mother's gold
And some of your father's fee,
And lead me to your father's stable door
Where the horses stand twenty and three."

O, he mounted her on the milk-white steed
And he on the dapple gray,
And so they rode from her father's house
[Three hours before it was day].

Mrs. Brockway could recall no more just then, but said the girl was named Nancy.

E.

No title. Fragment, from the singing of Mrs. Sarah (Robinson) Black, Southwest Harbor, September, 1928. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 84.$

Bimodal air: Dorian, Aeolian.

3. When she ar-rived at her father's house, Three ho-urs be-fore it was day, The
par-rot, he be-gan to talk, And un-to her did say, 'O'
Nancy, O Nancy, where have you been, All on this long summer's day?
Variants. 1: pretty Nancy,
4 O parrot, O parrot, O hold your tongue, Don't tell no tales of me; Your
cage shall be covered all a-ver with gold, And hung on the wil-low tree.

- 1 "Go get me some of your mother's gold,
Some of your father's fee,
And we will ride side by side,
.
- 2 She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple gray,
When she arrived at her father's house
Three hours before it was day.

- 3 The parrot he began to talk
And unto her did say:
"O Nancy, O Nancy, where have you been
All on this long summer's day?"
- 4 "O parrot, O parrot, hold your tongue,
Don't tell no tales of me,
Your cage shall be covered all over with gold,
And hung on the willow tree."
- 5 The old folks heard the parrot talk
And unto him did say:
"O parrot, O parrot, what makes you talk
So long before it is day?"
- 6 "The old cat stands at my cage door
And threatens [me to slay]*
I'm only calling the pretty Nancy
To drive the pussy away."

Here again, as in the two preceding texts, the lady is called Nancy. Though recorded a long distance apart, they seem to belong to the same form of the ballad. In other texts she is called Polly, and there is no question about its being the maid's name and not the parrot's. The name of the girl may prove an important point in separating two forms of the old ballad. The next text, though not strictly a Maine item, is important because it six times calls the girl Polly, and it also contains the reference to the "nettle" (or "brier") which marks the old Roxburghe text.

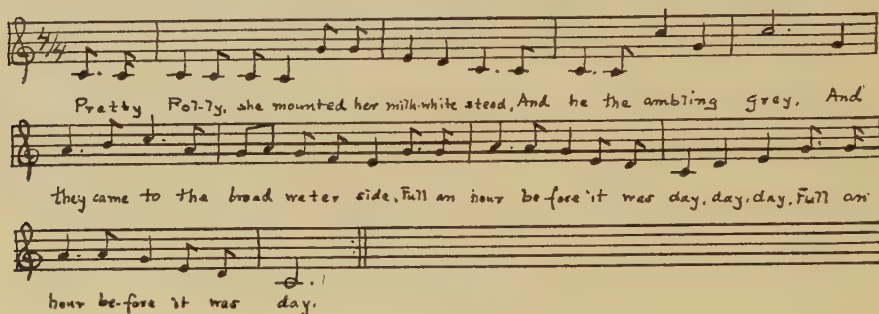
* Sung, "my cage door."

F.

TEXT traditional for three generations in the family of Miss Leslie W. Hopkinson, Cambridge, Mass. MS collection of Phillips Barry (Harvard University Library). Printed by P.B. in JAFL, XVIII, 132.

Pretty Polly. (Child 4.)

From P.B., "Traditional Ballads," JAFL, XVIII, 132.



- 1 Pretty Polly, she mounted her milk-white steed,
 And he the ambling gray,
 And they came to the broad water side,
 Full an hour before it was day, day, day,
 Full an hour before it was day.
- 2 "Now light you down, Pretty Polly," he said,
 "Now light you down," said he,
 "For six Pretty Pollies have I drowned here,
 And the seventh you shall be.
- 3 "Take off your clothes, so costly, so fine,
 And eke your velvet shoon,
 For I do think your clothing is too good,
 For to lie in a watery tomb."
- 4 "Won't you stoop down to pick that brier,
 That grows so near the brim?
 For I am afraid it will tangle my hair,
 And rumple my lily-white skin."

- 5 So he stooped down to pick that brier,
That grew so near the brim,
And with all the might that the Pretty Polly had,
She did tumble the false knight in.
- 6 "Lie there, lie there, false knight," she said,
"Lie there all in my room,
For I do not think that your clothing is too good,
For to lie in a watery tomb!"
- 7 Pretty Polly, she mounted her milk-white steed,
And led the ambling gray,
And she came to her father's stable door,
Full an hour before it was day.
- 8 Then up and spoke her pretty parrot,
And unto her did say,
"Oh, where have you been, my Pretty Polly,
So long before it was day?"
- 9 "Oh, hold your tongue, you prattling bird,
And tell no tales of me,
And you shall have a cage of the finest beaten gold,
That shall hang on the front willow tree!"
- 10 Then up and spoke her father dear,
And unto the bird did say,
"Oh, what makes you talk, my pretty parrot,
So long before it is day?"
- 11 "The old cat came to my cage door,
And fain would have eaten me,
And I was a-calling to Pretty Polly,
To drive the old cat away."

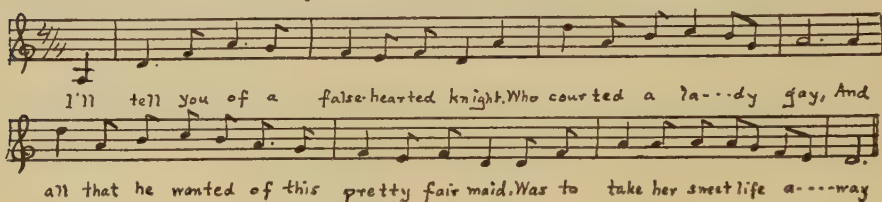
This, though several stanzas shorter than the next text, is the same version of the ballad, or Child F. It is markedly different from the texts already given, but is like the Roxburghe text.

G.

"THE FALSE-HEARTED KNIGHT." From the manuscript of Mrs. Guy R. Hathaway, Mattawamkeag, 1928,—as she learned the song, when a child, of her father, Mr. B. F. Shedd, Mattawamkeag.

MS of Mrs. G. R. Hathaway.

Dorian Mode.



- 1 I'll tell you of a false hearted knight
Who courted a lady gay,
And all that he wanted of this pretty fair maid
Was to take her sweet life away.
- 2 "Go bring me some of your mamma's gold,
And some of your daddy's fee,
And away we'll ride to some foreign country
And married we shall be."
- 3 She brought him some of her mamma's gold,
And some of her daddy's fee,
And two of the best horses in her father's stable,
Where there stood thirty and three.
- 4 She then mounted the milk-white steed,
And he upon the grey,
They rode till they came to a fair river side,
Six hours before it was day.
- 5 "Alight, alight, my pretty fair maid,
I have something to tell unto thee;
For it's six maidens fair I have drownèd here
And you the seventh shall be."

- 6 "Some pity, some pity, my own true love,
Some pity show unto me,
For of all the gold that I ever gave to thee,
I will double it over three."
- 7 "Take off, take off your satin gown,
And give it unto me,
For I do think that your clothing is too gay
To rot in the watery sea."
- 8 She then took off her satin gown
And laid it upon the ground,
And out of this fair lady's pocket
He took ten thousand pounds.
- 9 "Go bring me the sickle, that I may crop the nettle
That grows on the river's brim,
That it may not entangle my curly, curly locks
Nor nettle my milk-white skin."
- 10 He brought the sickle, that she might crop the nettle
That grew on the river's brim,
And with all of the strength that this fair maid had,
She pushed the false knight in.
- 11 "Lie there, lie there, you false hearted knight,
For I think that you've got your doom,
And I do not think that your clothing is too gay
To rot in a watery tomb."
- 12 "Some pity, some pity, my pretty fair maid,
Some pity show unto me:
For of all the vows that I ever made to thee,
I will double them over three!"
- 13 "Lie there, lie there, you false hearted knight,
Lie there instead of me,
For it's six maidens fair you have drownèd here,
And the seventh hath drowned thee."

- 14 She then mounted the milk-white steed,
And home she led the grey,
She rode till she came to her father's stable door,
Three hours before it was day.
- 15 The parrot being up in the chamber so high,
Hearing his mistress, did say:
"What is the matter, my own mistress,
That you tarry so long before day?"
- 16 The maid being up in the chamber so high,
Hearing what the parrot did say:
"O! What is the matter, you silly parrot,
That you prattle so long before day?"
- 17 "The cat she came to my cage door,
And would not let me be,
And I was obliged my own mistress to call
To drive the cat away."
- 18 "Hold your tongue, my own parrot,
And tell no tales on me,
And your cage shall be made of the finest of gold,
And doors of ivory."

In the *Roxburghe Ballads*, reprinted by the Ballad Society, we find a single defective copy of "The False Knight Outwitted"—"the only exemplar noted," says Ebsworth, the editor, who dates it 1765. It is the text printed by Professor Child, which proves that earlier printed copies were unknown to both these students. That some of our Maine texts are earlier than this Roxburghe copy (Child F) seems proved when we compare Mrs. Hathaway's text with the Roxburghe. Hers contains the same singular lines about "the sickle to crop the nettle," but it is six stanzas longer (eight stanzas as originally submitted). In the first copy submitted by her, as in the Roxburghe, the parrot calls his mistress "Polly."

H.

"THE FALSE KNIGHT OUTWITTED. A NEW SONG." "No colophon. In White letter. Woodcut, of a horseman. Date *circa* 1765." *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 383-384.

- 1 "Go, fetch me some of your Father's gold,
And some of your Mother's fee;
And I'll carry you into the North-land,
And there I'll marry thee."
- 2 She fetch'd him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee;
She carried him into the stable,
Where horses stood thirty-and-three.
- 3 She leap'd on a milk-white steed,
And he on a dapple-grey;
They rode till they came to a fair river's side,
Three hours before it was day.
- 4 "O 'light, O 'light! you lady gay,
O 'light with speed, I say;
For six Knights' daughters have I drowned here,
And you the seventh must be."
- 5 "Go fetch the sickle to crop the nettle
That grows so near the brim;
For fear it should tangle my golden locks,
Or freckle my milk-white skin."
- 6 He fetch'd the sickle to crop the nettle,
That grew so near the brim;
And with all the strength that pretty *Polly* had
She pushed the False Knight in.

- 7 "Swim on, swim on, thou false Knight!
And there bewail thy doom;
For I don't think thy cloathing too good
To lie in a watery tomb."
- 8 She leaped on her milk-white steed,
She led the dapple grey;
She rid till she came to her father's house,
Three hours before it was day.
- 9 "Who knocked so loudly at the ring?"
The Parrot he did say;
"O where have you been, my pretty *Polly*,
All this long summer's day?"
- 10 "O hold your tongue, [my pretty] Parrot,
Tell you no tales of me;
Your cage shall be made of beaten gold,
Which is now made of a tree."
- 11 O then bespoke her father dear,
As he on his bed did lay;
"What is the matter [with you], my parrot,
That you speak before it is day?"
- 12 "The cat's [been] at my cage, Master,
And sorely frightened me,
And I call'd down my [Lady,] my *Polly*,
To take the cat away."

In the preceding texts the knight is generally mentioned as coming from London, and is false-hearted rather than foreign; but there are others in which he is distinctly designated as Scotch, or from the northern border, which is the interpretation of "outlandish." The best-known printed American text of this sort seems to be the following.

I.

"THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT." From the *American Songster* (Cozzens, publisher, New York City, n.d.), p. 212.

- 1 An outlandish Knight came from the North Lands
And he came a wooing me,
He told me he'd take me unto the North Lands,
And there he would marry me.
- 2 Come fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the best nags in the stable
Where they stood thirty and three.
- 3 She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee,
And two of the best nags in the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.
- 4 She mounted on her milk white steed,
He on the dapply gray,
They rode till they came to the sea side,
Three hours before it was day.
- 5 Light off, light off, thy milk white steed,
And deliver it unto me,
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,
And thou the seventh shall be.
- 6 Doff off, doff off, thy silken gown
And deliver it unto me,
Methinks it looks too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea.
- 7 If I must take off my silken clothes,
Pray turn thy back unto me,
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see.

- 8 He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green,
She caught him round the middle so small
And tumbled him into the deep.
- 9 He dropped high and dropped low,
Until he came to the side,
Catch hold my hand my pretty Polly,
And I will make you my bride.
- 10 Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me,
Six pretty maidens have you drowned here,
And the seventh has drowned thee.
- 11 She mounted on her milk white steed,
And left the dapple gray.
She rode till she came to her own father's hall,
Three hours before it was day.
- 12 The parrot being in the window so high,
And seeing the lady he did say,
I'm afraid some ruffians has led you astray,
That have tarried so long away.
- 13 Don't prittle nor prattle my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me,
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Although it is made of a tree.
- 14 The king being in his chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot did say,
What ails you, what ails you my pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day.
- 15 It's no laughing matter, the parrot did say,
But so loudly I call unto thee,
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I'm afraid they will have me.

- 16 Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
 Well turned, well turned for me,
 Thy cage shall be of the glittering gold
 And the door of the best ivory.

Except for lacking the two stanzas which bid her pull off her stays and her holland smock, and calling the maid "Polly," this printed copy is almost word for word the same as that in J. H. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (London, 1846), p. 74 (or Child E). DeCoster's text may be regarded as a traditional copy of the same, shorter by two stanzas, but agreeing in most of the essential lines. Mrs. Young's text also follows Dixon (Child E), with a final stanza from Child F and two intrusive introductory stanzas. Mrs. Hathaway's is substantially the Roxburghe copy (Child F). By combining the Dixon and Roxburghe texts we should have a ballad more complete than either, and our I-text, printed above, seems to tie both to an unknown English original of the May Collin type (Child H, of the Abbotsford MSS).

Indeed, the word "Collin" is found in an American copy, printed with the old air, about 1861, in *Charley Fox's Minstrel's Companion* (Philadelphia), as "Tell-Tale Polly. A Comic Ballad." The sixth stanza, of seven given, runs:

"There is a cat at my cage-door,
 And it swears it will have me,
 And I have come to call my Collin dear,
 To drive the cat away,
 To drive the cat away."

That some form of the ballad containing the name of "May Collin," or "Colvin," was known in Maine is proved by a local parody, reported but not as yet recovered, upon the elopement of a girl who lived in Bucksport. We have heard the lines, which are evidently from the opening of some variant of Child H:

In Bucksport town there lived a dame,
 And she was young and fair;
 May Colvin was the lady's name,
 Her father's only heir.

The Maine texts appear to be quite as old as the Roxburghe and the Abbotsford copies of the May Collin type, and to belong to two slightly varying branches of this English version—"The False-hearted Knight" and "The Outlandish Knight." The two strains appear to be fairly well defined; but in our I-text, from the *American Songster*, occurs a curious crossing of two English variants. Its eighth stanza runs:

He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green;
She caught him round the middle so small
And tumbled him into the deep.

This is not a mere mischance of the singer. The fourth line is found in a Somersetshire copy in Broadwood and Maitland's *English County Songs*, while the second line is in a late Manchester broadside, No. 462, of T. Pearson, machine printer, in the Williams Collection, Providence. In the latter copy, "green" was rhymed with "stream"; in the former, "deep" rhymed with "weep"; yet the two lines from different texts were joined with no consciousness of incongruity. It may be that other instances of lack of rhyme could be traced to a similar crossing of variant texts rather than to the singer's lack of ear.

This ballad seems to have been an early arrival in America, as evidenced from its wide dispersion from purely English sources. Mr. Barry has found several Irish copies elsewhere; but we have found none in Maine, and no trace of a Scottish text. Mrs. McGill, of Chamcook, New Brunswick, had heard a song containing the words "We'll gang tae the bonny wells o' Wearie." Mr. Herzog recorded a fragment of the melody from Mrs. McGill's singing:

$\frac{1}{4}$ = 76. The Wells o' Wearie.



"The Wells o' Wearie" has nothing to do with the Child B-text of "The False-Hearted Knight." It is a modern song, from the pen of Alexander A. Ritchie (1816-50), sung to the tune of "The Bonnie House o' Airlie" (Child 199). See Gavin Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, No. 20. Mrs. McGill's melodic fragment has come from a variant of the air to which she herself sings "The Bonnie House o' Airlie."

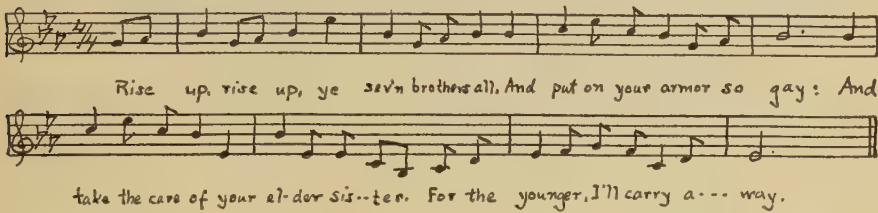
THE SEVEN BROTHERS

(Earl Brand, Child 7)

A.

"LORD WILLIAM AND LADY MARGARET." Sent in, September 8, 1928, by Mrs. Guy R. Hathaway, Mattawamkeag, as remembered by her brother, Mr. Harold J. Shedd, of Mattawamkeag.

From MS of Mrs. G. R. Hathaway.



- 1 "Rise up, rise up, ye seven brothers all,
And put on your armor so gay,
And take the care of your elder sister,
For the younger I'll carry away.
- 2 "Rise up, rise up, ye seven sons all,
And put on your armor so fine,—
For it never shall be said such a saucy young lord
Ever weds a daughter of mine."
- 3 She amounted the milk white steed,
And he upon the grey,
With his broadsword hanging down by his side,
This young lord he went riding away.
- 4 As he looked over his left shoulder
To see what he could espy,
'Twas there he saw her seven brothers all
And her father a-drawing nigh.

- 5 "Alight, alight, Lady Margaret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
While I fight your seven brothers all,
And your father near at hand."
- 6 She stood and she held his steed in her hand,
And never shed a tear,
Until she saw her seven brothers fall,
And her father she loved more dear.
- 7 "O stay your hand, Lord William!" she cried,
"Your stripes are wonderous sore,—
For sweethearts I can many a one have,
But a father I ne'er can have more."
- 8 "You can have your choice, Lady Margaret," he said,
"You can either go or abide."
"How can I stay, Lord William," she cried,
"When you've left me no friend nor a guide?"
- 9 She amounted the milk white steed,
And he upon the grey,
With his bugle horn hanging down by his side,
This young lord he went riding away.
- 10 He rode on and she rode on,
All by the light of the moon,
Until they came to the fair river side,
Where they both lighted down.
- 11 "What is the matter, Lord William?" she cried,
"Your blood flows down the mane!"
"Tis nothing but the shadow of my scarlet robe
That shines in the watery stream."
- 12 He rode on and she rode on,
All by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's gate,
Where they both lighted down.

- 13 "O! Mother dear, pray open your gate
For to admit your son,
For I have received my death wound,
And my true-love and I have come.
- 14 "O! Mother dear, pray make my bed,
Make it both wide and deep,
And lay Lady Margaret beside of me,
That the sounder I may sleep."
- 15 Lord William he dièd at midnight,
Lady Margaret she lived till day.
May all true lovers joined in love
Enjoy more comfort than they.

B.

"THE SEVEN BROTHERS." Sent in, November, 1927, by Mr. Ernest Sprague, Milltown, New Brunswick, taken down from the singing of his father, Mr. John Sprague. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 56.

Rise up, rise up, you seven brothers bold [And put on your ar-mor so gay] [And]

[NB: Words of second line supplied from A. 1.]

take care of your oldest sister dear, For the youngest, I'll carry a-way.

Phrases 3, 4, at second rendition of same stanza:

Ver. 1.

- 1 "Rise up, rise up, you seven brothers bold,
Take care of your oldest sister dear,
For the youngest I will carry away."

- 2 He mounted on his milk-white steed,
She upon the grey,
With his bugle horn hung down by his side,
And this lord he went riding away.
- 3 As he rode on and she rode on,
An' it was by the light of the moon,
He lookèd over his right shoulder,
And there he saw them coming.
- 4 "Li' down, li' down, Lady Marguerite,
And hold my steed for me,
Until I go fight your seven brothers bold,
And your father is at hand."
- 5 She lighted down, not longer did she stay,
Until she saw her seven brothers fall
And her father she loved more dear.
- 6 "O, hold your hand, Lord William," she cries,
"Your wounds look wonderful sore,
For there is many a one I might have had,
But my father I can't have no more."
- 7 She takes her pocket handkerchief,
That was made of the hollan' fine,
And there she wiped her father's bleeding wounds,
That run more clear than wine.
- 8 He mounted on his milk-white steed,
"O will you go with me, Lady Marguerite,
Or will you stay with them?"
"How can I stay, Lord William?" she says,
"I will go along with thee."
- 9 As he rode on and she rode on,
It was by the light of the moon,
He rode till he came to the broad waterside
And so manfully laid down.

- 10 He takes a drink of the water warm,—
 “What’s that shines in the main?”
 “It’s my scarlet grove I’ve just put on
 That shines in the watery main.”
- 11 He mounted on his milk-white steed,
 And she was on the grey,
And his bugle horn hung down by his side,
 And this lord he went riding away.
- 12 As he rode on and she rode on,
 An’ it was by the light of the moon,
He rode till he came to his own father’s gate,
 And so manfully laid down.
- 13 “Rise up, rise up, dear mother,” he says,
 “And let Lord William in;
For he has received his own death wound
 And his lady he has won.
- 14 “Oh, make my bed so fine and soft,
 Put soft pillows under my sheets,
And lay Lady Marguerite down by my side
 That more softly I can sleep.”
- 15 Lord William died in the middle of the night,
 Lady Marguerite before it was day,
And I hope the next couple that does get wed
 Will be sure to [get] married away.

“Earl Brand” was first recorded in America from the singing of D. Littlefield, Thornton, N. H., September 8, 1909. (“The Ballad of Earl Brand,” by P.B., in *Modern Language Notes*, Vol. XXV, No. 4.) Since then the ballad has been found in the South (Campbell and Sharp, pp. 9-15, Cox, p. 18, Perrow, in *JAFL*, XXVIII, 152) and in Nova Scotia (Mackenzie, pp. 9-11). The Maine texts conform to the type of Child B, as do the texts from New Hampshire and Nova Scotia. Less distinctly related to B are the southern texts, with the

exception of Cox's, which conforms more to the norm of B, though not so clearly as the northern texts. In one respect, however, the Maine and Nova Scotia texts agree against both Child B and the New Hampshire text; they lack the "rose and briar" motive at the close, and have instead the wish for better luck to other true lovers.

THE TWO SISTERS

(Child 10)

A.

TAKEN down in Calais, by Mr. Henry Milner Rideout; printed in JAFI, XVIII (1905), 130-132.

- 1 There was a man lived in the West,
 Bow down, bow down,
 There was a man lived in the West,—
 The bow is bent to me,—
 There was a man lived in the West,
 He loved his youngest daughter best.
 Prove true, prove true,
 Oh, my love, prove true to me!
- 2 One day he gave her a beaver hat,
 Her sister she did not like that.
- 3 As they were walking on the green,
 To see their father's ships come in,
- 4 As they were walking on the wharf,
 Her sister she did push her off.
- 5 "Oh, dear sister, give me your hand,
 And you shall have my house and land!"
- 6 "No, I will not give you my hand,
 But I will have your house and land."

- 7 Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she came to a miller's dam.
- 8 The miller he put in his hook,
And fished her out by her petticoat.
- 9 He stripped her off from toe to chin,
And then he threw her in agin.
- 10 Sometimes she sunk, sometimes she swum,
Until she came to her long home.
- 11 Her sister was hanged for her sake,
And the miller, he burned at the stake.

Mr. R. W. Gordon, in 1923, printed, in *Adventure*, a slightly different copy, as sung to him by Mr. Rideout, who said it was sung by his mother in Palermo Center. In this copy, the miller is hanged, and the sister burned.

B.

FRAGMENT, taken down, September, 1928, from Mrs. Sarah (Robinson) Black, Southwest Harbor, who learned it of her mother, Mrs. Abby Kelley, who learned it of her mother, Mrs. Mary (Lurvey) Kelley, of Trenton.

- 1 Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Till she came to the miller's dam.
- 2 Out did run the miller's son,
And he saw the fair maid swimming down.
- 3 "O father, father, draw your dam;
'Tis either a mermaid or a swan."

The refrain was not given by Mrs. Black, nor was the air recorded. These stanzas correspond to Child B 16, 17, 18. Similar stanzas are

in many of Child's texts; B alone makes the miller's son give the alarm, while B, C have the reference to the mermaid. Since C is a conflate version, combined by Scott (*Minstrelsy*, II, 143) from B b (in the lost William Tytler-Brown MS), and fourteen stanzas of a different traditional text, it is possible that the mermaid is a unique feature of the B tradition.

C.

FRAGMENT, from the singing of Mrs. Rose Robbins, Northeast Harbor, September, 1928. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 112$.

The musical notation consists of three staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. The first staff has measures 1, 2, and 3 marked with brackets. The lyrics are: "Sisters, crossing the ri-ver bend, The old-est pushed the youngest in." The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: "True, true, true to my love, My love so true to me." The third staff is marked "Variants:" and shows four different endings: 1) "the miller was", 2) "or also", 3) "Two (sisters)", and 4) "or also".

- 1 Two sisters crossing the river bend,
The oldest pushed the youngest in,
True, true,
True to my love,
My love so true to me.
- 2 The miller he put out his hook
And caught her by the petticoat.
- 3 The miller he was hung for her sake,
They burned her sister at the stake,
True, true,
True to my love,
My love so true to me.

Two years before, in August, 1926, Mrs. Robbins gave a somewhat different fragment.

- 1 There came a young man making love there,
 And he made choice of the youngest fair.
- 2 As they were going down by the river brim,
 The oldest pushed the other in.
 Oh, true to my love,
 My love so true to me.
- 3 "O sister, sister, give me your hand,
 And I will give you my house and land."
- 4 "I will not give you my hand,
 But I will marry that young man."
- 5 "I'll neither lend you my hand nor my glove,
 For all that you want is my true love."
- 6 Then the miller put out his hook
 And caught her by the petticoat.
- 7 The miller got her ring,
 The miller pushed her back again.
- 8 Then the miller was hung for her sake,
 The oldest sister burned at the stake.
 True, true, true to my love,
 My love so true to me.

D.

"THE TWO SISTERS." Taken down, September 8, 1927, from the recitation of Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce of Gott Island, off Mount Desert, aged seventy-four years, who said that this was the way the ballad was sung on that island sixty years before.

- 1 "Sister, let's go down to the stream
And see the ships as they sail in."
- 2 Then they went down to the stream,
And the elder pushed the younger in,
Bow you down to me.
- 3 "O sister, help me out by the hand,
And you shall have my house and land."
- 4 "I will not help you out by the hand,
And I will have your house and land."
- 5 "Sister, help me out by the glove,
And you shall have my own true love."
- 6 "I will not help you out by the glove,
And I will have your own true love."
- 7 First she sank and second she swum
Till she reached the miller's dam.
- 8 The miller reached over with his hook
And caught her by the petticoat.
- 9 The miller stripped her from toe to chin
And then he flung her in again.

All the foregoing texts, except the fragment B, belong to the same version, represented in Child by his texts R, S, T, U, Y, and Z, and still sung in England as "The Berkshire Tragedy," printed in Broadwood and Maitland's *English County Songs*, and in *The Scouring of the White Horse*. Professor Child's U-fragment, credited to "Mr. W. W. Newell, as repeated by an ignorant woman in her dotage, who learned it at Huntington, Long Island," is very close to our A-text.

In Maine this appears to be a song found along the seacoast. Neither Mrs. Young nor Mrs. Marston, both brought up inland, had ever heard the song; nor has anyone else from the interior recognized it. But Mrs.

Joan B. Moore of Seawall, Mount Desert, when in her eighty-ninth year, said she remembered, as a small child living on the Cranberry Islands, that she had heard at school the song of two girls, one of whom drowned the other. And she repeated the lines:

“Sister, take me by the hand,
Bow down,
And you shall have my house and land,
The bow is unto me.”

Yet this is not the only, nor the oldest, form of “The Two Sisters” that was known on the Maine coast. Child A was undoubtedly known to an aged woman who for several summers lived next door to two of the editors. We went to her house daily for milk and often talked with her about old songs. Yet it was only after her death that we knew of her having a unique version of “The Two Sisters,” which she probably thought was “too foolish” to repeat. Her traditional text cannot be given, but there is no question of the identification. Mrs. Fred W. Morse, of Islesford, who cared for Mrs. Stanley in her last years, can distinctly recall having heard Mrs. Stanley repeat stanzas 4, 5, 7, 11, 14, and 16 of Child A. She recalls the “salt and oatmeal,” the “breastbone,” the “violin” (viol), the “treble string,” and the whole of the sixteenth stanza, which she repeated. On the strength of Mrs. Morse’s identification we give as a text these lines from Child A, which derives from copies dated 1656, 1658, and 1682.

E.

“THE TWO SISTERS,” Child A, lines known to Mrs. Nathan S. Stanley, Islesford, who died there January 5, 1927, aged eighty-five years.

- 4 “O sister, O sister, that may not bee,
Till salt and oatmeale grow both of a tree.”
- 5 Somtymes she sanke, somtymes she swam,
Until she came unto the mill-dam.

- 7 What did he doe with her brest-bone?
 He made him a violl to play thereupon.
- 11 What did he doe with her eyes so bright?
 Upon his violl he played at first sight.
- 14 Then bespake the treble string,
 "O yonder is my father the king."
- 16 And then bespake the strings all three,
 "O yonder is my sister that drowned mee."

LORD RANDALL

(Child 12)

This ballad, one of the most widely known in American tradition, offers a field for study to show the relative rates of traditional change, as affecting text and melody. Every text, including fragments, and every tune should therefore be recorded.

A.

FROM the singing of Mrs. Sarah (Robinson) Black, Southwest Harbor, September, 1928. Mrs. Black probably learned this, as she did most of her songs, from her mother, Mrs. Abby Kelley, who learned hers from her mother, Mrs. Mary (Lurvey) Kelley of Trenton. The Lurveys were early emigrants to Mount Desert from the vicinity of Byfield, Mass. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

THE CHILD BALLADS

47

$\frac{7}{8} = 108.$

I

O, where have you been, fair Randall, my son? O where have you been, my fair pretty one? I've been to see pretty Betsy, mother make my bed soon. For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down.

Var. 1)

II

What did you have for your supper, fair Randall, my son? What did you have for your supper, my fair pretty one? I had eels, fried in butter, mother make my bed soon. For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down.

III

Where will you have your bed made, fair Randall, my son? Where will you have your bed made, my fair pretty one? In the north corner of the churchyard, mother, make my bed soon. For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down.

IV-VII

What will you will to your father, fair Randall, my son? What will you will to your father, my fair pretty one? O, horses and oxen, mother make my bed soon. For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down.

Var. II 1. in VII 2. in V. 3. in VI.

mother carrying (es)

- 1 "O where have you been, fair Randall, my son?
O where have you been, my fair pretty one?"
"I've been to see pretty Betsy; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 2 "What did you have for your supper, fair Randall, my son?
What did you have for supper, my fair pretty one?"
"I had eels fried in butter; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 3 "Where will you have your bed made, fair Randall, my son?
Where will you have your bed made, my fair pretty one?"
"In the north corner of the churchyard; mother, make my bed
soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 4 "What will you will to your father, fair Randall, my son?
What will you will to your father, my fair pretty one?"
"O, horses and oxen; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 5 "What will you will to your brother, fair Randall, my son?
What will you will to your brother, my fair pretty one?"
"O, land and houses; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 6 "What will you will to your sister, fair Randall, my son?
What will you will to your sister, my fair pretty one?"
"O, horses and carriages; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 7 "What will you will to your mother, fair Randall, my son?
What will you will to your mother, my fair pretty one?"
"Gold rings and gold watches; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 8 "What will you will to your sweetheart, fair Randall, my son?
What will you will to your sweetheart, my fair pretty one?"
"Hell fire and brimstone; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I want to lie down."

B.

"LORD RANDALL." Received, April, 1927, from Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, Southwest Harbor, who does not name the singer, nor the family in which it came down traditionally.

- 1 "Where have you been, Lord Randall, my son?
Where have you been, my own pretty one?"
"A-hunting and fowling, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."

(The second verse says that he had supper with his sweetheart.)

- 3 "What had you for supper, fair Randall, my son?
What had you for supper, my own pretty one?"
"Eels fried in butter; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."
- 4 "Where did she get those eels, Randall, my son?
Where did she get them, my own pretty one?"
"In a corner of the cellar, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."
- 5 "What will you to your father, fair Randall, my son?
What will you to your father, my fair pretty one?"
"Houses and lands, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."
- 6 "What will you to your mother, fair Randall, my son?
What will you to your mother, my own pretty one?"
"My rings and gold watches, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."
- 7 "What will you to your sister, fair Randall, my son?
What will you to your sister, my own pretty one?"
"My horses and carriages, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."

- 8 "What will you to your brother, fair Randall, my son?
What will you to your brother, my own pretty one?"
"My ships on the ocean, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."
- 9 "What will you to your sweetheart, fair Randall, my son,
What will you to your sweetheart, my own pretty one?"
"Hell and damnation, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I want to lie down."

C.

TAKEN down, September, 1926, from the recitation of Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, Baker Island, off Mount Desert, who said that she had never heard it sung but once, by a cousin, Enoch Gilley, who was drowned, with his intended bride, on Christmas Day, 1865.

- 1 "Where have you been, my own dearest one?
Where have you been, my own loving son?"
"Fishing and fowling ; make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "What have you been eating, my own dearest one?
What have you been eating, my own loving son?"
"Fried eels and boiled cabbage, my favorite dish,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I fain would lie down."

"Then," said Mrs. Stanley, "she asks questions about what he would give his father and mother and brother and sister and sweetheart, and he got so mad that he broke right out swearing and said:

" 'Oh, Hell and damnation ! Mother make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart and I fain would lie down.' "

D.

FRAGMENT, from the singing of Mrs. Rose Robbins, Northeast Harbor, September, 1928. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 64.$



“Oh where have you been, fair Randall, my son?
O where have you been my own loving one?”
“. . . ; mother, make my bed soon,
For I’m poisoned to the heart and I fain would lie down.”

Mrs. Robbins, like Mrs. Black and Mrs. Thornton of the same locality, said that Fair Randall had “eels fried in butter,” and she used the exclamation, “O hell and damnation,” making it fairly certain that the prevailing form about Mount Desert was in the general outline of our A text.

E.

SENT in, September, 1926, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston of West Gouldsboro, who learned it in 1867 of Adin B. Judkins of Orneville, Piscataquis County.

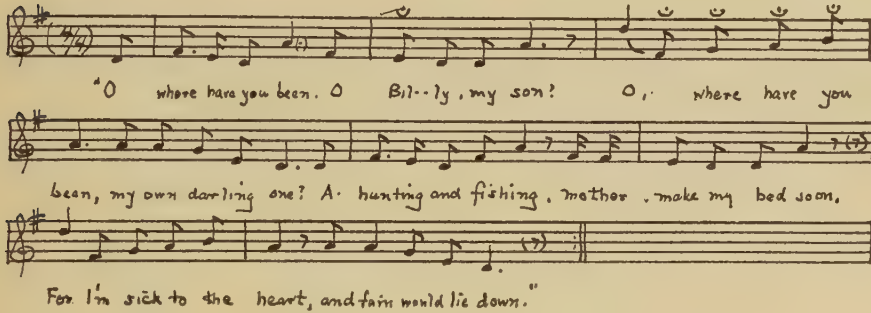
- 1 “O where have you been, dear Wilson, my son?
O where have you been, my own dearest one?”
“I’ve been to see my sweetheart, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I’m sick to my heart and fain would lie down.”

- 2 "O what is the matter, dear Wilson, my son?
O what is the matter, my own dearest one?"
"I am poisoned, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down."
- 3 "O what did she give you to eat, dear Wilson, my son?
What did she give you to eat, my own dearest one?"
"Eels from the hedges, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and fain would lie down."
- 4 "What do you will to your father, dear Wilson, my son?
What do you will to your father, my own dearest one?"
"House and lands, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and fain would lie down."
- 5 "What do you will to your mother, dear Wilson, my son?
What do you will to your mother, my own dearest one?"
"My jewels and love, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and fain would lie down."
- 6 "What do you will to your brother, dear Wilson, my son?
What do you will to your brother, my own dearest one?"
"My dogs and guns, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and fain would lie down."
- 7 "What do you will to your sister, dear Wilson, my son?
What do you will to your sister, my own loving one?"
"My ring, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and fain would lie down."
- 8 "What do you will to your sweetheart, dear Wilson, my son?
What do you will to your sweetheart, my own dearest one?"
"Hell-fire and brimstone, mother ; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and fain would lie down."

F.

CONTRIBUTED, in 1896, by Mrs. Susie C. Young, Brewer, as sung in Orland, Hancock County, by her family, who settled there before the Revolution. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{4} = 156.$



- 1 "O where have you been, O Billy my son?
O where have you been, my own darling one?"
"A-hunting and fishing, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "What have you been eating, O Billy my son?
What have you been eating, my own darling one?"
"Fried eels and a serpent, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down."
- 3 "What's willed to your brother, O Billy my son?
What's willed to your brother, my own darling one?"
"A suit of fine clothing; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down."
- 4 "What's willed to your sister, O Billy my son?
What's willed to your sister, my own darling one?"
"A rope for to hang her; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down."

G.

TAKEN down, 1926, by Mrs. S. C. Young from Mrs. Leary, an aged Irish lady, who learned it in her youth in Ireland. "Billy's wife, who had fried a snake with the eels he had for breakfast, has poisoned him. Knowing that he is dying, she dresses herself to impersonate his mother and gets him to make his will. She did not succeed in her deception, as she found in the bequest to herself." The earlier stanzas are lacking.

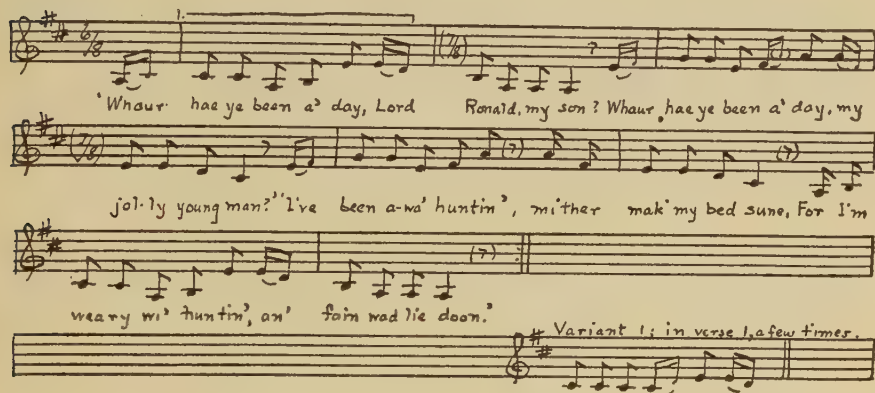
- 1 "What's willed to your mother, my own darling boy?
What's willed to your mother, my comfort and joy?"
"All my love and affection; O mother, I'm tired;
There's a pain in my heart and I want to lie down."
- 2 "What's willed to your father, my own darling boy?
What's willed to your father, my comfort and joy?"
"A coach and six horses; O mother, I'm tired;
There's a pain in my heart and I want to lie down."
- 3 "What's willed to your brother, my own darling boy?
What's willed to your brother, my comfort and joy?"
"Half my gold and my fortune; O mother, I'm tired;
There's a pain in my heart and I want to lie down."
- 4 "What's willed to your sister, my own darling boy?
What's willed to your sister, my comfort and joy?"
"Half my gold and my fortune; O mother, I'm tired,
There's a pain in my heart and I want to lie down."
- 5 "What's willed to your wife, my own darling boy?
What's willed to your wife, my comfort and joy?"
"A noose for the hangman, and let her swing high!
O mother, I'm tired,
There's a pain in my heart and I want to lie down."

Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford says that in Ireland it used to be called "Lord Ronald," and that the young man had "fried eels for breakfast." She used to wonder at his being poisoned by them, as she always supposed them to be good to eat. The false wife, or sweetheart, was willed "hell fire and brimstone."

H.

"LORD RONALD MY SON." Sent in, April, 1928, by Mrs. James McGill of Chamcook, New Brunswick, who says that the text is exactly as she learned it from her mother, in Galloway, Scotland. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 48.$



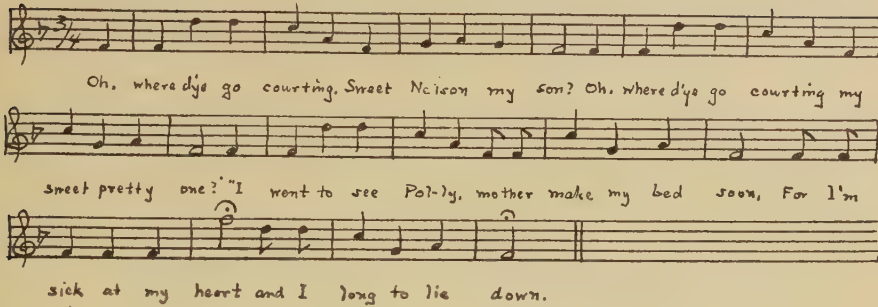
- 1 "Whaur hae ye been a' day, Lord Ronald my son?
Whaur hae ye been a' day, my jolly young man?"
"I've been awa huntin', mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."
- 2 "What'll ye hae tae yer supper, Lord Ronald my son?
What'll ye hae tae yer supper, my jolly young man?"
"I've gotten my supper, mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."
- 3 "What did ye get tae yer supper, Lord Ronald my son?
What did ye get tae yer supper, my jolly young man?"
"A dish o' gold fishes, mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."

- 4 "Where got ye the fishes, Lord Ronald my son?
Where got ye the fishes, my jolly young man?"
"In my faither's black ditches, mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."
- 5 "They hae poisoned Lord Ronald, they hae poisoned my son,
They hae poisoned Lord Ronald, my jolly young man."
"O my heart it is weary, mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."
- 6 "What'll ye leave tae yer faither, Lord Ronald my son?
What'll ye leave tae yer faither, my jolly young man?"
"My lands an' my houses, mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."
- 7 "What'll ye leave tae yer brother, Lord Ronald my son?
What'll ye leave tae yer brother, my jolly young man?"
"My horse an' my saddle, mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."
- 8 "What'll ye leave tae yer sister, Lord Ronald my son?
What'll ye leave tae yer sister, my jolly young man?"
"My box of gold rings, mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm weary wi' huntin' an' fain wad lie doon."
- 9 "What'll ye leave tae yer sweetheart, Lord Ronald my son?
What'll ye leave tae yer sweetheart, my jolly young man?"
"A rope for to hang her on yon gallows tree,
For it's her this night that has poisoned me."

I.

"COMMUNICATED, December 3, 1904, by H.J.C., as sung half a century ago at neighborly gatherings in Hebron, Maine." Printed by P.B. in JAFL, XVIII, 198.

From P.B., "Traditional Ballads," JAFL, XVIII, 198.



- 1 "Oh, where d'ye go courting, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 Oh, where d'ye go courting, my sweet pretty one?"
 "I went to see Polly, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 2 "What d'ye have for your supper, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d'ye have for your supper, my sweet pretty one?"
 "Speckled eels fried in fat, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 3 "What d'ye leave to your father, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d'ye leave to your father, my sweet pretty one?"
 "My farm and farming tools, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 4 "What d'ye leave to your sister, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d'ye leave to your sister, my sweet pretty one?"
 "My purse and my jewels, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 5 "What d'ye leave to your Polly, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d'ye leave to your Polly, my sweet pretty one?"
 "The rope and the gallows. Oh, make my bed soon!
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."

- 6 "Oh, where shall I make it, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 Oh, where shall I make it, my sweet pretty one?"
 "Yonder in the churchyard, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."

The melody is a variant of the "Vilikins" air (see below, page 67). The progression in the second bar, repeated elsewhere, is unusual; we should expect the upward skip of a fifth.*

R.B.C., a Newbury, Vt., singer, sang for Mr. Barry a version in which the young man was named Fair Nelson, and the false sweetheart, Julia. (JAFL, XVIII, 303-304.)

J.

"FROM Mrs. A. Welch, Brunswick, Maine, native of County Clare, Ireland." Printed by P.B. in JAFL, XXII.

- 1 "Where were you all day, my own pretty boy?
 Where were you all day, my heart's loving joy?"
 "I was fishing and fowling, mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart, and I want (or "faint") to lie down."
- 2 "What had you for dinner, my own pretty boy?
 What had you for dinner, my heart's loving joy?"
 "I had salt eels and pizen, mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 3 "What will you leave your brother, my own pretty boy?
 What will you leave your brother, my heart's loving joy?"
 "I leave him my horse and my hounds, mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart, and I want to lie down."

* A copy of the text, sent by H.J.C., to the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "Notes and Queries," July 3, 1903, has in stanza 1, lines 1-2, "courtin," in line 4 of every stanza, "to my heart," with omission of "I," in stanzas 4, 5, lines 1-2, "will" for "leave."

- 4 "What will you leave your sister, my own pretty boy?
What will you leave your sister, my heart's loving joy?"
"I leave her a fortune, mother, make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 5 "What will you leave your father, my own pretty boy?
What will you leave your father, my heart's loving joy?"
"I leave him my blessing, mother, make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart, and I want to lie down."
- 6 "What will you leave your girl, my own pretty boy?
What will you leave your girl, my heart's loving joy?"
"I leave her a barrel of powder to blow her up high!
For I'm sick at the heart, and I want to lie down."

K.

"TAKEN down from Mrs. Griffin, Brunswick, Maine, a native of Ireland." Printed by P.B. in JAF^L, XXIV, 345. Stanza 7 evidently does not belong to the same version of the ballad as stanzas 1-6.

- 1 "What had you for dinner, my handsome fine boy?
What had you for dinner, my heart's loving joy?"
"I had bread, meat and poison, mother, make my bed now,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I want to lie down."
- 2 "What is it you leave to your father, my handsome fine boy?
What is it you leave to your father, my heart's loving joy?"
"My horses and hounds, mother, make my bed now,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I want to lie down."
- 3 "What is it you leave to your brother, my handsome fine boy?
What is it you leave to your brother, my heart's loving joy?"
"My dog and my gun, mother, make my bed now,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I want to lie down."
- 4 "What is it you leave to your sister, my handsome fine boy?
What is it you leave to your sister, my heart's loving joy?"
"My houses and lands, mother, make my bed now,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I want to lie down."

- 5 "What is it you leave to your mother, my handsome fine boy?
What is it you leave to your mother, my heart's loving joy?"
"The gates of Heaven open, mother, make my bed now,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I want to lie down."
- 6 "What is it you leave to your wife, my handsome fine boy?
What is it you leave to your wife, my heart's loving joy?"
"The gates of Hell open, mother, make my bed now,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I want to lie down."
- 7 "Where will you be buried, now, Johnny, my man?
Where will you be buried, my own loving son?"
"Above in the churchyard, mother, I'll take a long sleep,
With a stone at my head, and a sod at my feet."

The fatal meal, in many texts, was of "eels," which are generally described as "streaked," "striped," or "black, striped with yellow." European copies call them eels, fishes, a fish with yellow stripes, a snake and the like, apparently meaning one of the little newts found in damp places and popularly supposed to be poisonous.

The text which follows, representing the Tiranti-, or Tyranna-group (Child I), though apparently slight and defective, is important in the history of "Lord Randall." Professor Child says of his I-text (I, 152, 163) that it is "a version current in eastern Massachusetts [which] may be traced back as far as any" [of the English texts], and that it came from Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, who was born in Maine in 1789 and later removed to Massachusetts, who is supposed to have learned it from her mother during the few years that the family resided in Maine.

In examining the manuscripts bequeathed to Harvard University by Professor Child, Mr. Barry came upon an old letter which stated that Elizabeth Foster was the daughter of Justus Soper. With this much known, it was an easy task to trace her. She was an own sister of Mary (Soper) Carr, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this book, and the grandaunt of Mrs. Susie Carr Young, who has contributed so many texts and airs which had come down in the Soper family. So far from Mrs. Foster's family having lived but a short time in Maine, Samuel Soper came to the Penobscot years before the Revolutionary War and his numerous descendants still occupy the region where he settled.

Samuel Soper and Katharine Ruggles, his wife, had a son Justus, born in 1760, who married Elizabeth Viles of Orland. Their third child, Elizabeth, born in 1789, went when young to Massachusetts, where she was brought up by her aunt Esther Soper; but the family remained in Orland, where her mother died in 1850 and her father in the year following. Elizabeth (Soper) Foster lived in Dorchester and two of her children married into the Pope family there. A granddaughter was Mrs. Lily F. Wesselhoeft, who secured the text for Professor Child.

Now while it was possible for Elizabeth Foster to learn her Tiranti-text from the Soper, the Viles, or the Ruggles families, it was just as possible for her to learn it from someone in Massachusetts. Mrs. Young searched long and faithfully among the Soper kindred in Maine and Massachusetts to find this form of the song, with the even more desired air and finally located our O-text. The form she learned from Elizabeth Foster's sister is entirely different. The only fragment of the Tiranti-form previously reported from Maine is the following, found by Mr. Barry, which came from a New Brunswick source.

L.

"RECOLLECTED, October 16, 1907, by M.L.F., Portland, as sung by a Mrs. Adams, who came from Edmundston, New Brunswick, before 1870, in Fort Kent, Maine." From the manuscript collection of Mr. Phillips Barry, deposited in the Harvard University Library.

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Tyranna, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my own little one?"
"I've been to my true-love's, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "What did she give you for supper, etc."
"Eels, fried in butter, etc."
- 3 "What 'll you will to your father, etc."
"My houses and cattle, etc."
- 4 "What 'll you will to your mother, etc."
"A gold ring and chain, etc."

(Gifts to brother and sister followed,—not recollected.)

- 5 "What 'll you will to your true-love, etc."
 "Hell-fire and damnation, etc."

M.

"LORD RANDALL." "Collected in East Northport, Waldo County, Maine, 1924, by Mr. J. Bartlett Whiting. The first two stanzas were recited by Mr. Whiting and the entire ballad was sung by M. D. Mendall." Both had heard it sung by Enos Benner, born in Waldoboro, of Dutch parentage, about 1826, died about 1900. Printed in JAFL, XXXIX, 81-82.

(The Waldoboro Dutch, as they are still called, were not Hollanders, but German Lutherans, imported as settlers by Gen. Samuel Waldo, after 1730.)

- 1 Where have you been a-walking,
 Fair Andrew my son,
 Where have you been a-walking,
 My own pretty one?
- 2 Down by the green meadow,
 Mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm poison-ed to the *very* heart,
 And I fain would lie down.
- 3 What have you been a-eating,
 Fair Andrew, my son,
 What have you been a-eating,
 My own pretty one?
- 4 Fried eels and eels' broth,
 Mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm poison-ed to the *very* heart,
 And I fain would lie down.

- 5 What will you will your father,
Fair Andrew, my son,
What will you will your father,
My own pretty one?
- 6 My oxen and cart,
Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poison-ed to the *very* heart,
And I fain would lie down.
- 7 What will you will your truelove,
Fair Andrew, my son,
What will you will your truelove,
My own pretty one?
- 8 Hell and damnation,
Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm poison-ed to the *very* heart,
And I fain would lie down.

N.

By way of illustrating the "communal re-creation," the following text is given. It was contributed, June 20, 1922, by M.B.D.L., Shirley, Mass., and now is in the Phillips Barry manuscript collection deposited in the Harvard University Library.

- 1 "Where have you been, Randall, my son?
Where have you been, my dear little one?"
"I've been a-fishing, mother,
Make my bed soon,
For I'm very tired, and I want to lie down."
- 2 "What did you catch, Randall, my son?
What did you catch, my dear little one?"
"I caught an eel, mother,
Make my bed soon,
For I'm very tired, and I want to lie down."

- 3 "What did you do with it, Randall, my son,
 What did you do with it, my dear little one?"
 "I cooked it and ate it, mother,
 Make my bed soon,
 For I'm very tired, and I want to lie down."
- 4 "You've eaten a snake, Randall, my son,
 You've eaten a snake, my dear little one!
 You've eaten a snake,
 And I'll make your bed soon,
 For you're going to die, and you want to lie down."

In Child J, a version of the "croodlin doo" form of the ballad, from Motherwell's MSS, we have the stanza:

"What did ye wi the wee fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?"
 "I boild it in a wee pannie; oh mak my bed, mammy, now!"

In an extended study of "Lord Randall in New England," in JAFI, XVI, 258-263, and XVIII, 195-207, 303, P.B. has given many examples, with an astounding variation of names for the titular character, who is everything from Fair Elson to Tyranty, Sweet William, Terence, Orlando, Philander (Fileander). Texts from the West and South have an equally large variety, with Durango leading the field for oddity. Our four versions, I, J, K, L, were recorded by Mr. Barry in Maine, or derived from former residents.

Professor Child notes, Vol. I, p. 152, that in Italy there is a printed reference to this ballad which dates to 1629, and there is another one of the date of 1658, showing that it was well known then in Italy. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, in her *Essays in the Study of Folk-Song* (1886), has a chapter on "The Diffusion of Ballads." Under the heading "Lord Ronald in Italy," she devotes almost nine pages to the discussion of this ballad, and gives a version of seventeen stanzas, literally translated, which was taken down in Como:

"What supper gave she you?
 My son, beloved, blooming, and gentle bred,
 What supper gave she you?"

"I supped on roasted eel;
O lady mother, my heart is very sick;
I supped on roasted eel,
Alas, alas, that I should have to die."

This ballad, known as *L'Avvelenato*, that is, "The Poisoned Man," is still sung in Italy. An excellent version, taken down in 1915, is printed in JFSS, V, 247-248.

The corresponding stanzas of this Italian ballad are remarkably close to the English texts. "Before parting with Lord Ronald," says the Countess, "it should be noticed that the song clearly travelled in song-shape, not simply as a popular tradition; and that its different adaptators have been still more faithful to the shape than to the substance. . . . Some crime of the middle ages may have been the foundation of the ballad; on the other hand, it is conceivable that it formed a part of the enormous accumulation of literary odds and ends brought to Europe from the east by pilgrims and crusaders. Stories that, as we know them, seem distinctly medieval, such as Boccaccio's 'Falcon,' have been traced to India. . . . We cannot arrive at a certainty even in regard to the minor question of whether Lord Ronald made his appearance first in England or in Italy. . . . There was a steady migration into England of Italian literature, literate, and probably also illiterate, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. The English ballad-singers may have been as much on the lookout for a new, orally communicated song from foreign parts as Chaucer was for a poem of Petrarch's, or a tale of Boccaccio's." (Edition in Everyman's Library, pp. 179-180.)

It is reasonably safe to assert, that, of all English ballads, "Lord Randall" holds in the United States the leading position, as regards the extent of purely traditional currency. "Barbara Allen" and "Lord Thomas," are, no doubt, known to more folk-singers, yet it cannot be said that their popularity is due solely to tradition, since both have been many times reprinted in pocket songsters. On the other hand, we know of no American broadside or songster text of "Lord Randall." The influence on the tradition of this ballad, of the versions in the *Scots Musical Museum* and Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, is to be discounted as negligible.

Of the Maine texts, G, J, K, and probably also C, are derived from Irish tradition. The extent to which Irish singers are responsible for

the distribution of ballads of the Child type is an open question. Our own researches lead us to the conclusion that such ballads are far better known to Irish singers than is generally supposed. In the Irish form of "Lord Randall," a distinct type, in which the hero is not named, but is usually called "my own pretty boy," we have a characteristic feature by which to recognize it. The earliest record of the "pretty boy" form goes back to the middle of the last century, since air No. 330, in the Complete Petrie Collection, from P. W. Joyce, bears the title, "Where were you all the day, my own pretty Boy?" Child's H-text, "Where was you all day, my own pretty boy?" is a Kerry version of about 1868. There is also a Gaelic text of the ballad, published by Douglas Hyde, as recited by an aged pauper. (*Ériu*, II, 77 ff.)

The Maine L-text serves to throw some light on the antiquity of the American tradition of "Lord Randall." The Child I-texts, that is, the Tiranti-group, have apparently come from a common source. The oldest of them is the one sung by Elizabeth Foster. The feature of the Tiranti-group is the substitution of the grandmother, or in one of Child's texts, an uncle, for the false lady-love. Child has seven texts of this form, in which the young man, or child, is called "Tiranti, my son." In the Barry collection are about ten versions which have the name Tyranty, Taranty, Tyranting, etc., of which all but two attribute the poisoning to the grandmother. Of these two, which make the false true-love give the poison, one of them, "Teronto," from Lynn, Mass., has been printed in JAFI, XVIII, 199. The other, "Tyranna," the L-text of the present volume, came originally from New Brunswick, but was sung in Maine before 1870. It is a safe assumption, of course, that at some point in the oral tradition of the version which was the common ancestor of Child I-texts and other recorded Tyranty-texts in which the grandmother is the poisoner, the figure of the grandmother was substituted for the false lady-love. While it cannot be proved that Elizabeth (Soper) Foster learned, in Maine, the text printed by Child as I a, the possibility that she did, is not excluded. The substitution of the grandmother for the false lady-love may have been made at the close of the eighteenth century—possibly not in Maine, for the "grandmother" texts are characteristic of the southern New England tradition of the ballad.

The importance of the Maine L-text is now clear. That is, it belongs

to a stage in the tradition of the ballad which antedates the substitution of the grandmother for the false true-love.

Moreover, it helps to explain the name *Tiranti*, which Child supposed to be a corruption of "Lord Randall." The many forms, "Taranty, Tiranti, Teranis," etc., are all corruptions of "Tyrannus." The name is rare. It is mentioned in *The New England Historic Genealogical Register* (1907), LXI, 285.

The oldest melody to "Lord Randall," printed in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, is a Scots air, of which traditional variants have survived in America. This air, however, is giving way to an Irish melody, one form of which is sung to the familiar comic ballad "Vilikins and Dinah." Three variants of the Irish air are included in Greig's melodies to "Lord Randall" (*Last Leaves*, p. 14). It is to this air, in one form or another, that the ballad is commonly sung in Maine. Mrs. McGill's melody, too, recently imported from Scotland, is a Mixolydian variant of the "Vilikins" air. Still another version of the same air, from Missouri, is printed by Professor Kittredge, in JAFI, XXX, 290, as set to a text of "Lord Randall" described as "genuinely traditional, and running stanza for stanza with Child's A." The earliest record of a variant of the "Vilikins" air, sung to a text of "Lord Randall" (of the Irish, or "pretty boy" type), was made in County Limerick, Ireland, by Joyce, about 1848 (*Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, pp. 394-395).

Mrs. Susie Carr Young of Brewer, who knows both "Lord Randall" and "Vilikins and Dinah," sings the latter of the two songs to the following melody, recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 56$.

As I was a-walking the garden a-round, I saw my fair Dinah, lay
dead on the ground, With a cup of cold pizen that stood by her side. It was by cold pizen that
Dinah had died.

variants or (3)

In this form of the melody, the arrangement of the phrases conforms to the formula A, B, B, C. A closely related variant, in which, however, the fourth phrase has been replaced by a repetition of the first, is sung by Mr. Lawrence T. Smyth of Bangor to a comic ballad "The Prince Edward Island Boys."

Mrs. Sarah Black's air to "Lord Randall" is a variant of Mrs. Young's air to "Vilikins," which is undergoing traditional change. We have had the good fortune to catch these changes in the actual process of formation. As she sings the ballad, the music of the first stanza impresses the hearer as being different from that of the remaining stanzas. The reason for this is easy to account for. The air, as set to the first stanza, is strikingly like Mrs. Young's "Vilikins" air,—in fact, the first phrase in each is note for note the same, while the fourth phrase in Mrs. Black's air differs only very slightly from the corresponding phrase in Mrs. Young's. When, however, Mrs. Black sings stanzas 2 ff. of "Lord Randall," she admits a change in the air analogous to that which has affected Mr. Smyth's version of the "Vilikins" melody, except that in her version, as sung to the second and subsequent stanzas of "Lord Randall," it is the fourth phrase which has crowded out the first, so that, as the first and fourth phrases are thus become identical, the air conforms the more closely to the pattern of the strict "come-all-ye" type, graphically represented by the formula A, B, B, A.

A third stage in the evolution of the Maine music to "Lord Randall" is seen in Mrs. Robbins's air to this ballad. As Mrs. Robbins sings it, the form of the air is closely similar to Mrs. Black's second form, showing identity of the first and fourth phrases, so that it, too, conforms to the strict "come-all-ye" structure.

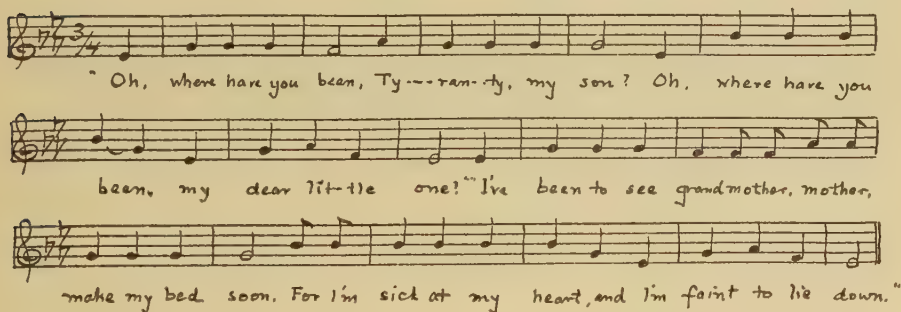
Lastly, the air to which Mrs. Young herself sings "Lord Randall," though superficially, at least, it is apparently not related to any form of the "Vilikins" air, is yet in parts dimly reminiscent of it. Even if any remote connection with it, as a variant of "Vilikins" be too much to assume, the possibility that Mrs. Young's "Lord Randall" has at some time in tradition been crossed with the "Vilikins" air is not to be ruled out of consideration.

In the foregoing summary of the facts in the case, no implication has been intended which might point toward an actual theory to account for the origin of the melodic differences, as observed. Yet it is not too rash, perhaps, to hazard such a theory. The change in the form of the

air, as Mrs. Black sings it, occurs in the singing of the second stanza of the ballad. The fourth phrase of the first form of the air, sung to the first stanza, is identical with the first phrase of the second form, as sung to the second, and following stanzas. It would, then, seem quite natural that the change should have come about simply through repetition of the final phrase of the first form, as the opening phrase of the second. The correctness of this hypothesis belongs, of course, to the domain of music-psychology. Nevertheless, as a working theory, it may help to account for the differences observed between the two forms of the Irish air of the "come-all-ye" type, and perhaps lead to proof that the variants represented by the formula A, B, B, C are really the earlier, whereas the variants of the A, B, B, A norm are later, due to traditional re-creation, in some such manner as has here been suggested.

O.

"TYRANTY, MY SON." Text and melody recorded by Phillips Barry, March 12, 1929, from the singing of Mr. George Turner, Malden, Mass., who learned it eighty years ago from the singing of his mother and his grandmother.



Oh, where have you been, Ty--ran-ty, my son? Oh, where have you
been, my dear lit-tle one? "I've been to see grandmother, mother,
make my bed soon, For I'm sick at my heart, and I'm faint to lie down."

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Tyranty, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my dear little one?"
"I've been to see grandmother, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at my heart, and I'm faint to lie down."

- 2 "What did you have for dinner, Tyranty, my son?
 What did you have for dinner, my dear little one?"
 "I had eels, fried in butter, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I'm faint to lie down."
- 3 "Where did she get the eels, Tyranty, my son?
 Where did she get them, my dear little one?"
 "Under the haystack, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I'm faint to lie down."

We are now able to complete the history of Child's I-text of "Lord Randall," one variant of which, Child I a, was given to Child in 1881 by Mrs. Lily Foster (Pope) Wesselhoeft (referred to by Mr. Turner as Lily Pope), a granddaughter of Elizabeth (Soper) Foster, and a great-granddaughter of Justus Soper. Mr. Turner and Mrs. Susie Carr Young are cousins, both descended through Mary (Soper) Carr, from the same Justus Soper, who married Elizabeth Viles, in Orland, where their third child, Elizabeth, was born in 1789.

There is scarcely any doubt that "Tyranty, My Son" is originally a specifically Maine form of "Lord Randall." We have in our L-text a still earlier stage of its history, with the name *Tyrannus* only slightly disguised, and the false true-love as the poisoner. "Tyranty" is simply a translation of "Tyrannus." The many versions of the ballad in which the grandmother is found, all go back to this single source, as the combined history of text and melody prove beyond a shadow of doubt. The melody, as sung by Mr. Turner, is the original Soper air, long supposed to have been lost. It is closely related to six other published melodies, all variants of the same air (P.B., in JAFL, XVIII, 201-205; XXIII, 443), four of them sung to texts which have both the grandmother and the name "Tyranty." In the fifth, the name is "Wrentham," but the text is otherwise almost identical with stanzas 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, of Child I a, the earliest recorded variant of the Soper text. The sixth text, from Charlestown, N. H., is a mere fragment—the child is "Orlando," and the poisoner is not specified. Since, however, the melody is very nearly identical with that to which a Pomfret, Conn., text of "Taranty" (JAFL, XVIII, 203) was sung, it must have belonged to the same group. A Newbury, Vt., text names the child *Fileander* (Philander), (JAFL, XVIII, 207), and differs from other texts of

this type in the bequest of "hell-fire and damnation" to the grandmother. "Tyranty" was sung in Dutchess County, New York, about the middle of the last century, to a variant of the "Vilikins" air, the result, no doubt, of the crossing of the two traditional strains of "Lord Randall."

The reason for the intrusion of the grandmother, in place of the false true-love, has puzzled students of the ballad, yet the explanation is very simple.

The secondary form of "Lord Randall," that is, "The Croodlin Doo" (Child J, K c, L, M, N, O), presents the situation of a child, questioned by the mother, telling how his stepmother has poisoned him with "wee fishies," or "a four footed fish." There is no absurdity, from the point of view of folklore, of mother and stepmother appearing in the same ballad. "The Croodlin Doo" furnishes a unique example in English, of the *spirit of a dead mother* returning to comfort a child abused by a cruel stepmother. In the Danish ballad *Svend Dyring*, the dead mother returns to care for her neglected children, and to warn their father not to let it happen again. The popular belief, too, in such a form of spirit return, was attested by Jamieson for Dumfriesshire. Yet neither Child, who knew *Svend Dyring*, and hoped to find an English parallel to it, nor Wimberley, who quotes the Danish ballad, and refers to Jamieson's "Northern Antiquities" (*Folk Lore in English and Scottish Ballads*, pp. 265 ff.), discovered the presence of the same motif in "The Croodlin Doo."

Yet the "way of the folk," as it happens, is not always the way of the folklorist. As the belief in ghosts faded, or perhaps for other reasons, the apparent absurdity of the situation in the ballad made necessary the finding of a villain who would not have to wait for the mother's death. Child K a, K b (first printed by Chambers in 1826) and R (Pitcairn's MSS) give the folk-rationalization: all three are Scottish, and have introduced the grandmother in place of the stepmother. On the other hand, a text in the Findlay MSS (Child V, 299), keeps the stepmother, and replaces the mother by the grandmother. That the grandmother, conceived of as a witch, perhaps needing a corpse for necromancy, should have been introduced into a Scottish form of the ballad, is not unnatural, for it was in Scotland where the belief in witches long lingered, and where, in 1660-63, a severe persecution took place (Kittredge, *Witchcraft in Old and New England*, pp. 287, 312).

"Tyranty, My Son," in which the grandmother, for the only time, appears in place of the true-love in "Lord Randall," has been influenced in its form by "The Croodlin Doo." No text of "The Croodlin Doo" has been found in America, yet we have the combined evidence of two of our texts, namely, N and O, to prove that some of the early settlers of New England must have known it.

BABYLON

(Child 14)

FROM Mrs. Robert Emery, born in Scotland,—a resident of Eastport for the last twenty-six years. Recorded October, 1927.

"What is this that I have done?
Killed my sisters all but one,
On the bonny, bonny banks
Of the Airdrie O!"

This interesting fragment, the first known record of the ballad in America, belongs with Child F (III, 500) and Gavin Greig's fragment (*Last Leaves*, pp. 15, 251). Miss Bell Robertson, New Pitsligo, from whom Greig received the fragment, said she learned it from a tinker boy. "They used to camp beside my mother's house, and the children came to beg, and my brothers, who were boys at the time, used to ask them to sing." (*Last Leaves*, p. 251.) Child F was first printed in 1880, by Francis H. Groome (*In Gypsy Tents*, pp. 143-145), with the comment: "from Sinf (the English wife of Willy Faa) this Scottish ballad, which she had learned of Jocky Neilson's wife." The common feature of Maine A, Greig's fragment, and Child F, is the name "Airdrie," instead of "Fordie," found in Child A, the version published by Motherwell (*Minstrelsy*, p. 88). As Child F has been transmitted by gypsies, and Greig's fragment by tinkers, it seems likely that both, together with Maine A, belong to a distinct form of the ballad, preserved through the singing of gypsies or tinkers,—nomads of similar mode of life, and often confounded by the uninitiate.

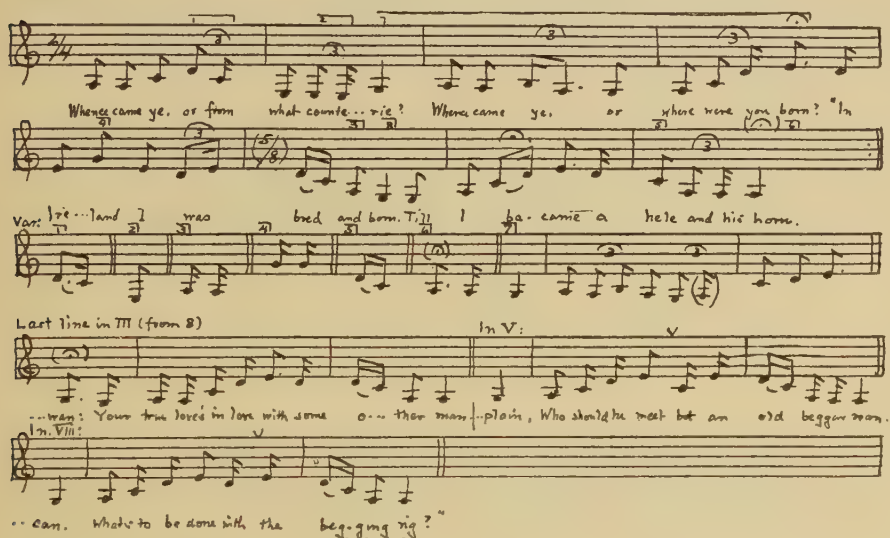
An excellent text, "Down by the Bonny Banks o' Airdrie, O," with the melody, from Kingarth, is in the *Miscellanea of the Rymour Club* (Edinburgh), II, 77-79.

HIND HORN

(Child 17)

A.

"THE OLD BEGGAR MAN." Taken down from the singing of Mr. Thomas Edward Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick, September 28, 1928, who learned it of his mother, who was born in the north of Ireland and died in New Brunswick, 1918, aged 85 years. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

 $\frac{1}{4} = 76$.


Whence came ye, or from what countree? Whence came ye, or where were you born? "In
 Var: Ire...land I was bred and born. Till I became a heale and his horn.
 Last line in III (from B) In V:
 ...man: Your true loved in love with some o--ther man, plain, Who should he meet but an old beggar man.
 In. VII:
 ...Can. What's to be done with the beggery nig?"

- 1 "Whence came ye, or from what countree?
 Whence came ye, or where were you born?"
 "In Ireland I was bred and born
 Until I became a heale and his horn.
- 2 "I gave my love a gay gold watch
 That she might rule in her own countree,
 And she gave me a gay gold ring,
 And the virtue of this was above all things.

- 3 "If this ring bees bright and true,
Be sure your love is true to you;
But if this ring bees pale and wan,
Your true love's in love with some other man.'"
- 4 He set sail and off went he,
Until that he came to a strange counteree;
He looked at the ring, it was pale and wan,
His true love was in love with some other one.
- 5 He set sail and back came he,
Until that he came to his own counteree,
And as he was riding along the plain,
Who should he meet but an old beggar man.
- 6 "What news, what news, you old beggar man?
What news, what news have you got for me?"
"No news, no news," said the old beggar man,
"But tomorrow is your true love's wedding day."
- 7 "You lend me your begging rig,
And I'll lend you my riding stage."
"Your riding stage ain't fit for me,
Nor my begging rig ain't fit for you."
- 8 "Whether it be right, or whether it be wrong,
The begging rig they must go on.
So come, tell to me as fast as you can
What's to be done with the begging rig."
- 9 "As you go up to yonder hill,
You may walk as fast as 'tis your will,
And when you come to yonder gate,
You may lean upon your staff with trembling step.
- 10 "You may beg from Pitt, you may beg from Paul,
You may beg from the highest to the lowest of them all;
But from them all you need take none
Until you come to the bride's own hand."

- 11 She came trembling down the stairs,
Rings on her fingers and gold in her hair,
A glass of wine all in her hand,
Which she gave to the old beggar man.
- 12 He took the glass and drank the wine,
And in the glass he slipped the ring.
“O, where got you this, by sea or by land,
Or did you get it off a drowned one’s hand?”
- 13 “Neither got I it by sea or land,
Neither did I get it off a drowned one’s hand;
I got it in my courting gay,
And gave it to my love on her wedding day.”
- 14 Rings from her fingers she did pull off,
Gold from her hair she did let fall,
Saying, “I’ll go with you forevermore
And beg my bread from door to door.”
- 15 Between the kitchen and the hall
The diner’s coat he did let fall,
All a-shining in gold amongst them all,
And he was the fairest in the hall.

This is the first time that “Hind Horn” has been recorded in America, and we are particularly fortunate in getting both a good text and the air from the same person. The copy above was taken down, in 1928, by Mrs. Eckstorm, from Mr. Nelson’s singing. We have also another copy, taken down in 1927, by Miss Smyth, from Mr. Nelson’s recitation. There are variations, as would be expected in copies taken by different persons in different years; but they are hardly important enough to warrant printing both texts in full when a collation of the two is simple and satisfactory.

Knowing that this must become the standard text in this country, we have deliberately adopted three variations from the second copy for the A-text, for the sake of the sense. They will be found noted below in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fifteenth stanzas. We see no good reason why

the chance variants of the same singer should not be interchangeable, when either the rhythm or the sense of a text is improved by a substitution. Yet in this ballad, as in others, the texts have been kept separate, except for these three slight changes—"gay" for "day," "he" for "they," and a misleading word omitted.

B.

COLLATION of the two texts from Mr. T. E. Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick. The following is the spoken 1927 text, compared by stanza and line, with A.

- 1 Lacks the first line of the 1928 text.
Fourth line shows an important variation, commented upon below, of "hind" instead of "hele."
- 2 Fourth line reads, "And the virtue of this was above all else."
The rhyme, lost in recitation, is caught again in the version sung.
- 3 Twice "looks" instead of "bees," as sung. This line was sung several times in catching the air, but always as "bees."
- 4 Line two omits "that." "Countree," used instead of "counteree," possibly the transcriber's variation, was more likely rhythmic, caught in singing.
Fourth line reads, "His truelove was in love with some other man." "Man" and "wan" were rhymed, a possible indication of the Gaelic origin of "wan," with this meaning of "pale" (Irish, *bán* "white").
- 5 Line two omits "that."
- 6 Line two omits one "what news?"
- 7 Lines one and two have "lend" instead of "*give* me your begging rig."
Lines three and four are transposed.

- 8 Line two, "it" for "they."
Line three, "quick" for "fast."
- 9 Whole stanza lacking in 1927 copy.
- 10 Line four, "maid's own hand" instead of "bride's."
- 11 "And in her hand a glass of wine," missing the rhyme of "han' "
and "man."
- 12 Line three, as printed. What he sang was, "*Saying*, Where got
you this, by sea or by land," which throws the question to
Horn himself and ruins the sense. Ballad singers have a
way of introducing a direct quotation with the word "*saying*,"
which very often is spoken, not sung. It takes the
place of quotation marks in print and often is a warning
of a change of speaker. A transcriber who understands
this use would be justified in not recording the word at all
unless it is significant and properly used.
- 13 Line three, as printed in A. He sang "courting day," which
with "wedding day" as a rhyme was unpleasant; but he
recited "courting gay."
- 14 No change in this stanza.
- 15 Line two, as printed in A. He sang it, "The diner's coat *they* did
let fall," clearly an error of sense.

The most important difference in the texts is the change from "hind"
to "hele." In 1927 Mr. Nelson said:

"Until I became a hind and his horn,"

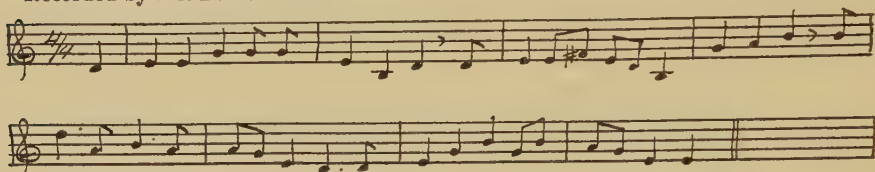
and he pronounced "hind" with a short vowel, just as Mrs. F. W. Morse
did in speaking of "Hind Horn"—possibly Irish usage. But in 1928,
Mr. Nelson, in singing, repeatedly said "hele," "hale," "heel," or "hael,"
or perhaps "heil," instead of "hind." His vowel was not clear and we
could not determine it; nor could we understand it. But it does not do to

worry a ballad singer; what you do not understand, he often does not understand any better.

C.

FROM Mr. Fred Nesbitt, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, October, 1927, who said that when he was a boy five or six years old he used to hear this old song and he recalled a few lines about the ring.

Recorded by Mr. D. A. Nesbitt.



- 1 She asked him if he got it by sea or by land,
Or if he got it by a drowned man's hand.
- 2 He said, "I neither got it by sea or by land,
And neither got it by a drowned man's hand;
- 3 "But I got it in my courting gay,
And gave it to my love on her wedding day."

These texts present a rather unusual version of the Scotch form, Child G. For the most part the tale runs true. Although "Scotland" is changed to "Ireland," the "begging-weed" of the original becomes a "begging-rig," and the "riding-steed" is now a "riding-stage," yet both Saints Peter and Paul are retained. The beggar's "cloutie cloak," patched and old, becomes a "diner's coat," whatever that may be, and the last two lines are different. But in the main this is a good rendering of Child G, recorded by Kinloch, who took it down "from the recitation of my niece, M. Kinnear, 23 Aug. 1826." (*Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 135.) Perhaps it is even more like Child H, from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 268. So far as it goes, it is not unlike Gavin Greig's texts from the northeast of Scotland, though it lacks the first part of his best records.

The sources used by Child are exclusively Scotch, yet the ballad was known in Ireland. Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford, whose childhood was spent in southeastern Ireland, says that she often heard the song sung there, and that since coming to this country she has heard it sung in Medford, Mass., by a man from Waterford, Ireland, and also by a girl, both of whom obtained it from a source different from her own. When she was a child, near Waterford, two wandering minstrels, Old Andy and Tommy Hearn, used to sing this song. They sang it differently, and she recalls hearing them argue long and hotly about the ballad and the right way to sing it, each being entirely sure that the other had it all wrong. Tommy played the fiddle; the jew's-harp was Andy's instrument of music. They were great wanderers and great drunkards, and they followed the harvests through England and Ireland, working just enough to get money for drink. They sang in English, Scotch, and Irish what they picked up in their travels in three countries. As a child of six years, Mrs. Morse heard them sing "Hind's Horn" and recalled that one of their chief points of difference was about Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Her grandmother used to be horrified at their quarreling so about the saints, particularly as they did it most when they were drunk. On being shown a copy of Child, Mrs. Morse without hesitation picked out Child A, from Motherwell, as the text the two old minstrels sang.

Capt. Charles L. Donovan of Jonesport said that he had heard "Hind Horn" sung. From a copy of Child he identified Child A, from Motherwell, and Child G, from Kinloch, as containing lines which were familiar.

One day he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

He left the sea and came to land,
And the first that he met was an old beggar man. (Child A 6, 7)

He hoisted up his sails and hame sailed he
Until that he came to his ain countrie. (Child G 9)

Captain Donovan said that he had heard the story in a more extended form. Hind Horn took the beggar with him, and where he did not wish to go himself, he sent the beggar. The ballad ended with a duel in which

Horn killed the lady's husband, she apparently having been married before Horn's arrival. She sailed to a foreign country to forget her sorrows and died there. The ring episode Captain Donovan remembered distinctly. He thought he heard the song sung by some of his sailors on shipboard. (See *Addenda*.)

THE CRUEL MOTHER

(Child 20)

A.

"DOWN BY THE GREENWOOD SIDE." From a manuscript book compiled at least twenty-five years ago by Mrs. Susie Carr Young of Brewer to preserve the old songs sung by her grandmother, mother, and others of the family. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

Mrs. Young says she learned this song at least sixty years ago from her Grandmother Carr, the wife of Hugh Hill Carr of Bucksport, who was born Mary Soper of Orland, where the Sopers were very early settlers. It has without doubt been a long time traditional in that family, and Mrs. Young thinks the first emigrants of some branch in the ancestry brought it to this country with them.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 68.

Dorian Mode.

There was a la--dy lived in York: It was all a--lone and a--lo--nie: She
 fell in love with her fa--ther's clerk, Down by the greenwood si--de.

Var. 1: 2:

- 1 There was a lady lived in York,
 It was all alone and alo-ne;
 She fell in love with her father's clerk,
 Down by the greenwood si-de.

- 2 She leaned her back against an oak,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
First it bent and then it broke,
Down by the greenwood si-de.
- 3 She leaned her back against a thorn,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
And there those two pretty babes were born,
Down by the greenwood si-de.
- 4 She took her penknife out of her pocket,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
She pierced those pretty babes to the heart,
Down by the greenwood si-de.
- 5 She washed her penknife in the brook,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
The more she washed it the redder its look,
Down by the greenwood si-de.
- 6 She wiped her penknife on the clay,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
And there she wiped the stains away,
Down by the greenwood si-de.
- 7 She dug a grave both long and deep,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
She lay-ed those pretty babes in for to sleep,
Down by the greenwood si-de.
- 8 When she returned to her father's farm,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
She spied those pretty babes arm in arm,
Down by the greenwood si-de.
- 9 When she returned to her father's hall,
It was all alone and alo-ne;
She spied those pretty babes playing ball,
Down by the greenwood si-de.

- 10 "Pretty babes! pretty babes, if thou art mine,"
It was all alone and alo-ne;
"I'll dress you up in satin so fine,"
All down by the greenwood si-de.

B.

"THE LADY OF YORK." Taken down, November 19, 1926, from the singing of Capt. John T. White of Brewer, formerly of Prince Edward Island, who said that in his boyhood the boys of "the Island" used to sing it often. He omitted the stanzas about the birth of the babes, and later his wife said that he did not know them. He bridged the gap in his singing by remarking, "She got into trouble, you see."

- 1 There was a lady in York did dwell,
Fair flowers of valley-o;
She fell in love with her father's clerk,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o.
- 2 She took her penknife keen and sharp,
Fair flowers of valley-o;
She pierced those pretty babes to the heart,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o.
- 3 She dug the grave full seven feet deep,
Fair flowers of valley-o;
She laid those pretty babes to rest,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o.
- 4 She covered them all over with *the* oak leaves,
Fair flowers of valley-o;
She prayed to God it would never be known,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o.
- 5 When she returned to her father's hall,
Fair flowers of valley-o,
She saw those pretty babes at play,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o.

- 6 "Oh, babes, oh, babes, if thou wert mine,
Fair flowers of valley-o,
I'd dress you in the finest of silk,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o."
- 7 "Oh, mother, dear mother, when we were thine,
Fair flowers of valley-o,
You'd nayther dress us in satin or silk,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o."
- 8 "But you took a penknife, keen and sharp,
Fair flowers of valley-o,
And you pierced it to our infant heart,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o."
- 9 "You dug a grave full seven feet deep,
Fair flowers of Si-bo-ney-o,
It was there you laid us down to sleep,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o."
- 10 "You covered us over with *the* oak leaves,
Fair flowers of Si-bo-ney-o,
And you prayed to God it would never be known,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o."
- 11 "But Heaven is high and Hell is low,
Fair flowers of Si-bo-ney-o,
And when you die to Hell you'll go,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o."

Captain White could not explain "Si-bo-ney-o"; but, after considerable thought, the editors decided that it must be "the green woods sae bonny O." Child's D-text (Kinloch's version) has the refrain:

"Down by the green wood sae bonnie."

C.

"THE GREEN WOODS OF SI-BO-NEY-O." Fragment, October, 1926, from recitation of Mrs. John T. White, wife of Captain White. She formerly knew the whole song, but now could recall only a few lines, chiefly interesting from the fourth line and from her knowing that they are the remnants of a Scotch text brought over by her grandmother, probably about 1810, from Dumfriesshire.

She took her penknife from her breast,
And it was keen and sharp;
She drove it into her babies' heart,
And she covered them with marble stones
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o.

Then she went back to her father's hall,
And she seen those pretty babes,
And she said she would love to have those pretty babes,
In the green woods of Si-bo-ney-o.

D.

"DOWN BY THE GREENWOOD SIDE." Written down by Mrs. E. C. Nash of Harrington, October, 1927, as learned in childhood from the singing of Irish girls in New York.

- 1 There was a lady lived in York,
 All along and alone, oh,
 She fell in love with her father's clerk,
 Down by the Greenwood side, oh.
- 2 She stepped out of her father's hall,
 All along and alone, oh,
 Soon a sweet little babe was born,
 Down by the Greenwood side, oh.

- 3 She took out her small penknife,
All along and alone, oh,
Soon she ended the baby's life,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh.
- 4 She sat up in her father's hall,
All along and alone, oh,
She saw two children playing ball,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh.
- 5 One was dressed in silk so fine,
All along and alone, oh,
The other stood naked to the wind,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh.
- 6 "Babe, oh, Babe, if you were mine,
All along and alone, oh,
I'd dress you up in silk so fine,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh."
- 7 "Ma'am, oh, Ma'am, when I was yours,
All along and alone, oh,
You dressed us up in bloody gore,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh."
- 8 "Babe, oh, Babe, it's you can tell,
All along and alone, oh,
Whether I'm fit for Heaven or Hell,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh."
- 9 "Seven long years digging a ditch,
All along and alone, oh,
Seven long years burning a bush,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh.
- 10 "Seven long years ringing a bell,
All along and alone, oh,
And forever and ever you'll be burning in hell,
Down by the Greenwood side, oh."

E.

WITHOUT title. Taken down, September 6, 1927, from the singing of Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce of Gott Island, who said it was known to her husband, but was considered "too smutty to repeat."

- 1 There was a lady lived in York,
All alone and aloney,
She had two pretty babes by her father's clerk,
Down by the greenwood sidey.
- 2 She leaned herself against an oak,
All alone and aloney,
The first it bent and then it broke,
Down by the greenwood sidey.
- 3 She leaned herself against a thorn,
All alone and aloney,
There these two pretty babes was born,
'Twas down by the greenwood sidey.
- 4 She took her garter off her leg,
All alone and aloney,
She tied the babes both thumb and leg,
Down by the greenwood sidey.
- 5 She took her penknife, sharp and keen,
All alone and aloney,
She thrust these babes into the heart,
Down by the greenwood sidey.
- 6 One day when she was walking the hall,
All alone and aloney,
She saw two pretty babes a-tossing the ball,
And 'twas down by the greenwood sidey.
- 7 She says, "Pretty babes, if you was mine,
All alone and aloney,
I'd feed you on good cakes and wine,
Down by the greenwood sidey."

- 8 "Dearest mother, we was thine,
All alone and aloney,
Nor fed us on good cakes and wine,
Down by the greenwood sidey."

F.

No title. Fragment, taken down October, 1927, from the recitation of Capt. Oscar Beal of Beals.

- 1 There was a lady lived in York,
All alone and aloney,
She fell in love with her father's clerk,
Down by the greenwood sidey.
- 2 She had a penknife, long and sharp,
All alone and aloney,
She pressed those two pretty babes to the heart,
Down by the greenwood sidey.
- 3 "O babe, O babe, if thou wert mine,
All alone and aloney,
I'd dress you up in silk so fine,
Down by the greenwood sidey."
- 4 "O mother, O mother, I once was thine,
All alone and aloney,
You did not dress us in silks so fine,
Down by the greenwood sidey."

Traces of "The Cruel Mother" were found on Islesford, but no text. Mrs. Fred W. Morse said that she had heard it in Ireland in her childhood, and that since she had been in Islesford she had heard Mrs. Norah Gilley, formerly of Baker Island, sing it; she recalled hearing a man remark of the song: "It's all darned foolishness." Others besides Mrs. Morse remembered that they had heard it sung on the islands.

We have found four excellent texts and two good fragments of

"The Cruel Mother" in Maine. Fragment C is undoubtedly from Scotland, and, judging from the refrain, the B-text probably came from there also. One of the other texts was learned from Irish girls, but it shows no great peculiarities. Indeed, Mrs. Morse's statement that, although she heard it sung in Ireland a good many times, it was always in English and never in Gaelic, implies that the Irish form was imported from England. In Nova Scotia, Professor Mackenzie found it under the name of "The Greenwood Siding," which is closely similar to the common name for the song in Maine. Perhaps attention should be called to the fact that the people of maritime Maine and of parts of Nova Scotia are largely of the same stock. Before the American Revolution, overpopulated Cape Cod sent out many bodies of emigrants to the eastward; and songs from widely separated points along the eastern coast may have come from the same village, or even the same hearthstone, on Cape Cod a century and a half ago.

The Maine texts found are sufficiently similar not to need any extended comparison with each other. Most of the variations can be accounted for as omissions. It is possible to take the stanzas we have and by arranging them in order to make one long ballad of twenty-three verses, which would not only include all our Maine texts, but all Professor Cox found in the South and several of Professor Child's texts, which are largely fragmentary. Such an arrangement, although not assuming to be the original ballad, has a working value to a collector, who can fit his fragments into place by following the tabulation: it is perhaps as justifiable a reconstruction as the creation of an extinct animal from a fossil bone.

G.

"THE CRUEL MOTHER," reconstructed from Maine texts, to show the logical succession of the stanzas found here.

- 1 There was a lady lived in York,
 She fell in love with her father's clerk.
- 2 She leaned her back against an oak;
 First it bent and then it broke.

- 3 She leaned her back against a thorn,
And there those two pretty babes were born.
- 4 She took her garter off her leg,
She tied those babes both thumb and leg.
- 5 She took her penknife, keen and sharp,
She pierced those pretty babes to the heart.
- 6 She washed her penknife in the brook
And the more she washed it the redder its look.
- 7 She wiped her penknife on the clay,
And there she wiped the stains away.
- 8 She dug a grave both long and deep,
She lay-ed those pretty babes in for to sleep.
- 9 She covered them with marble stones,
[She prayed to God it would never be known.]
- 10 She covered them over with the oak leaves,
She prayed to God it would never be known.
- 11 When she returned to her father's farm,
She spied those pretty babes arm in arm.
- 12 When she returned to her father's hall,
She spied those pretty babes playing ball.
- 13 One was dressed in silk so fine,
The other stood naked to the wind.
- 14 "Babe, oh, babe, if you were mine,
I'd dress you up in silk so fine."
- 15 "O mother, O mother, I once was thine,
You did not dress us in silk so fine.

- 16 "Ma'am, O Ma'am, when I was yours,
You dressed us up in bloody gore.
- 17 "You took a penknife, keen and sharp,
And you pierced it to our infant heart.
- 18 "You dug a grave full seven feet deep,
It was there you laid us down to sleep.
- 19 "You covered us over with the oak leaves,
And you prayed to God it would never be known."
- 20 "Babe, oh, Babe, it's you can tell,
Whether I'm fit for Heaven or Hell."
- 21 "Seven long years digging a ditch,
Seven long years burning a bush,
- 22 "Seven long years ringing a bell,
And forever and ever you'll be burning in Hell.
- 23 "But Heaven is high and Hell is low,
And when you die to Hell you'll go."

In this arrangement the more unusual stanzas are brought out strongly. There are in Mrs. Young's text two stanzas about the washing and wiping of the knife, not found in the other texts. These details, however, must have been originally in the text of Child Q, which has now only the stanza about wiping the knife:

She wiped the penknife in the sludge;
The more she wiped it, the more the blood showed. (III, 502)

Miss Anne G. Gilchrist, the expert English authority upon folklore, in the *Journal of the English Folk-Song Society*, VI, 80-85, speaking of magic stains which cannot be washed away by any amount of scouring, but remain to reveal the criminal (the case of Lady Macbeth is a familiar instance),—says that in one of Cecil J. Sharp's unpublished*

* An error. This was printed in Campbell and Sharp, *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, as text B 7.

texts of this ballad, from Georgia, there is this magic stain. The Maine text and the Georgia text, and remotely also Child Q, must be allied—and by a bond which does not appear elsewhere.

Another coincidence is the “garter stanza.” There is nothing like it in the Child variants. But it is found in Cox B, from West Virginia. And undoubtedly it is very old. In the Child texts, in murdering her babes the mother uses satin from her head (twice), muslin from her head (once), filleting from her head (once), ribbons from her head (three times), and once her belt. But the garter is never used. At this date the word needs explanation. Before rubber elastic was introduced, the garters of women were narrow strips of knitted wool about an inch wide and nearly four feet long, which were wound about the leg below the knee three times, without tying, the ends being tucked under. It was with garters of this sort that the “unfortunate Miss Bailey” of the old song hanged herself. Now there seems no possible way in which such a detail could be found both in the mountains of West Virginia and upon the outer islands of the Maine coast, except by being carried by emigrants to both sections at a time when such garters were in use in England. Apparently she strangles the babes. In Child J, we find:

- 2 She ta'en the ribbon frae her head,
An hankit their necks till they waur dead.
- 8 “Ye tuik the ribbon aff your head,
An' hankit our necks till we waur dead.”

But in most of the Child versions, she stabs them with a penknife,—as in B, C, D, E, F, N, O, P, Q. Apparently in Child H, she buries them alive:

- 4 She took the ribbons off her head,
She tied the little babes hand and feet,
- 5 She howkit a hole before the sun,
She's laid these three bonnie babes in.

In eight of the Child versions, the cruel mother binds her babes, though only in one does she strangle them. The binding appears to have a peculiar significance. Apparently it is to prevent the ghosts of the babes

from returning to reveal her shame and her crime. In L. C. Wimberley's *Folk-Lore in English and Scottish Ballads* (p. 254) there is a reference to this ballad. "It seems not improbable, however, that in *The Cruel Mother* we find an instance of barring the ghost—this by fettering the limbs of the dead. Binding or tying the hands of the dead, in order to prevent the ghost from walking is a common practice among many peoples, and it is interesting to note in connection with the babe ghosts of our ballad that the spirits of infants which die under three years are thought by the Manipuris to be extremely malicious." To those who believed thus, a ballad like this would have a haunting power; for these little accusing ghosts, in spite of being bound, came back and condemned her.

Points of folk-belief like this indicate great age in ballads, so that no one can tell the manner of their dispersion. But in this new country, into which all of them must have been introduced within comparatively recent times, we have gauges for determining the direction and the date of their diffusion. Finding the "garter stanza" in both Maine and West Virginia indicates that the ballad came over at a time when the tide of emigration split and there were two streams, one directed to Virginia, the other to New England. Similarly, Grandmother Carr, born in Maine in 1793, would not have been singing of the magic stain on the penknife, as the hill people of Georgia are singing it, unless that stanza was current in England when the stream of emigration was dividing, north and south. The Maine texts of "The Cruel Mother" and "The Two Brothers" are certainly as old as those reported from the Appalachian Mountains. They would seem to be older than most of Professor Child's texts, since they preserve details which have dropped out of his.

The Child texts which ours most nearly resemble are P, from a broadside called "The Duke's Daughter's Cruelty," and Q, a Shropshire gypsy version, the only text in Child having the stanza about wiping the knife. The date of P is about 1690. The burden is unlike either of our burdens and the text appears to be somewhat later. The 1690 broadside may have been revamped with a new title in the endeavor to make quick sales to those who would buy a supposedly new song. Comparing the nineteen texts and fragments printed by Professor Child, we find that our six texts and fragments have six stanzas, including repeats by the babes, which are not in any of his texts. He has no mention of stanzas 4, 6, 10, 16, 19, and 21 of our reconstructed version, and 11 appears

only in part in his Q-text. It is hard to escape the conclusion that the texts now being recovered in America are older in many instances than those which were known to Professor Child from foreign sources. If our texts cannot be traced to any Child text, and if there is no American reprint known, it must follow that they are purely traditional. It must follow that the similar Maine texts—and the same would be true of all northern texts—are at least as old as those in the South. Internal evidence proves them not similar, but the same, in many instances. There is left the almost inevitable conclusion that they were introduced into America in the first great emigration, before 1650. The thesis might be hard to prove; but it is equally hard to disprove.

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP

(Child 46)

A.

"BOLD ROBBINGTON." Sent in, 1926, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, West Gouldsboro, who learned it in 1867, when a girl of fourteen, from Allan Brooks of Charleston, who later went west and died there.

- 1 As I walked out one evening down by a strawberry lane,
It was there I saw Bold Robbington, the keeper of the game.
It is true I loved that handsome maid, and if it was not for the
law,
I would take that fair maid round the waist and roll her away
from the wall.
- 2 "Oh, hold your tongue, you silly man, and do not me perplex,
Before that you can lie with me, you must answer questions six;
Six questions you must answer me, and I will put them all,
Then you and I in one bed shall lie, and you lie next to the wall.
- 3 "O what is rounder than a ring? What is higher than a tree?
What is worse than a woman's tongue? What is deeper than the
sea?
What bird flies far the broad sea across? And where does the
first dew fall?
Then you and I in one bed shall lie, and you lie next to the wall."

- 4 "This world is rounder than a ring; Heaven is higher than a tree;
The devil is worse than a woman's tongue; Hell is deeper than the sea;
The gull flies far the wide sea across, and there is where the first dew falls,
So you and I in the bed shall lie, and you lie next to the wall."
- 5 "O hold your tongue, you silly man, and do not bother me,
Before that you with me can lie, you must answer questions three;
Three questions you must answer me, and I will put them all,
Then you and I in the bed shall lie, and you lie next to the wall."
- 6 "You must get for me a winter fruit that in September grew,
You must get for me a silk mantle that never web went through,
A sparrow's thorn, a priest unborn, that shall make us one and all,
Then you and I in the bed shall lie, and you lie next to the wall."
- 7 "My father has a winter fruit that in September grew,
My mother has a silk mantle that never web went through;
A sparrow's thorn is easily found, for there is one on every scroll,
Belshazzar was a priest unborn, so you lie next to the wall."
- 8 "For my breakfast you must get me a cherry without any stone,
And for my dinner you must get me a chicken without any bone,
And for my supper you must get me a bird without any gall,
Then you and I in one bed shall lie, and you lie next to the wall."
- 9 "Oh, when the cherry is in the bloom, I am sure it has no stone,
And when the chicken is in the egg, I am sure it has no bone;
The dove it is a gentle bird, and it flies without a gall,
So you and I in the bed shall lie, and you lie next to the wall."

- 10 She found her Willie so manfully did Mary's heart enthrall,
He took this young girl by the waist; but—she didn't lie next
to the wall.

Mrs. Marston's spirited and tuneful version of "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" came as a surprise; for it was regarded as among the songs unlikely to be picked up in Maine. There is some condensation of stanzas at the beginning, and in stanza 7 "claw" would be a better reading than "scroll," while Melchizedek is a more likely person to be a "priest unborn" than King Belshazzar. The first line, with its mention of "a strawberry lane" seems to have been influenced by the Maine text of "The Elfin Knight." Mrs. Marston cannot sing, so we are unable to give an air for this text.

B.

NEW BRUNSWICK traces. Mrs. Marston's is the only copy of "Captain Wedderburn" found in Maine, but just across the border several traces of it were found.

I. Mr. George H. O'Mar, Oak Hill, near St. Stephen, New Brunswick, gave these lines:

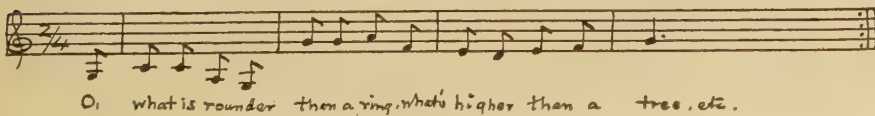
What is rounder than a ring?
What is higher than a tree?

The world is rounder than a ring,
The sky is higher than a tree,
The Devil is worse than a woman's tongue,
Hell is deeper than the sea.

II. Mr. T. Edward Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick, in 1928, recalled this fragment (melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog):

$\frac{1}{4}$ = 84. poco rubato.

A worn-down air, reduced to a single phrase.



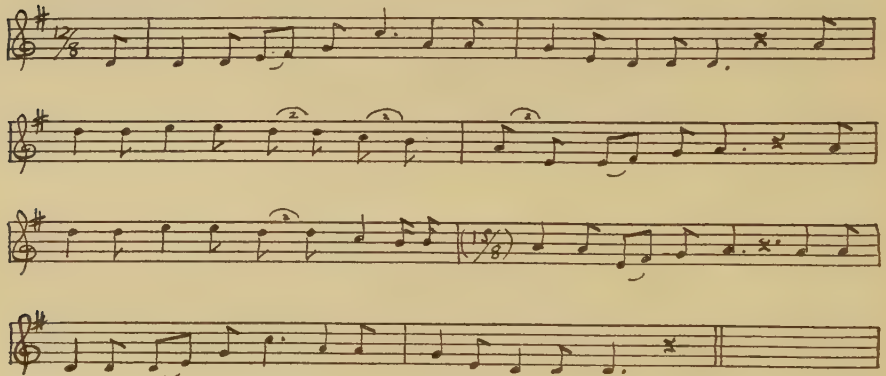
O, what is rounder than a ring?
 What's higher than a tree?
 What's worse than women all?
 What's deeper than the sea?

What tree buds first?
 Where the dew first falls . . .

A globe is rounder than a ring,
 A sky is higher than a tree,
 The Devil is worse than women all,
 Hell is deeper than the sea.

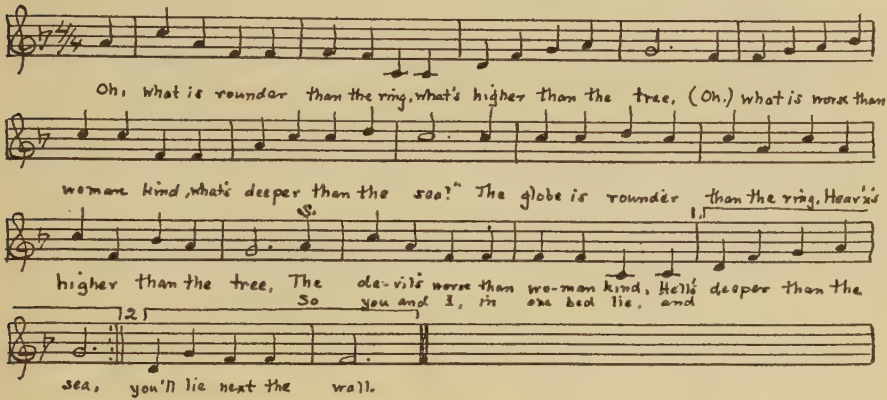
III. Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, could sing the air of "Captain Wedderburn," as she learned it in Scotland; but she could not recall any of the words, and used the first stanza from Gavin Greig's version. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 88. The change to the form in the fourth phrase is consistent.



C.

FRAGMENTARY text, as sung at Boston, Mass., by Miss Elizabeth A. Smith, native of County Down, Ireland. Printed by P.B. in JAFL, XXIV, 335.



- 1 A gentleman's fair daughter walked down yon narrow lane,
She met with William Dixon, the keeper of the game:
"It's go away, young man," she said, "and do not me perplex,

- 2

Three questions you must answer me,
Before you lie in my bed at either stock or wall."

- 3 "What is rounder than the ring, what's higher than the tree,
What is worse than womankind, what's deeper than the sea?"
"The globe is rounder than a ring, Heaven's higher than the tree,
The Devil's worse than womankind, Hell's deeper than the sea."

- 4
.
.
So you and I in one bed lie, and you'll lie next the wall."

Textually, also, the New Brunswick fragments are near akin to our A and C,—as we might expect, since we know that Mr. Nelson's mother, from whom he learned some of his songs, was born in the north of Ireland. Mr. Nelson's melody, as well as Mrs. McGill's, though both are Irish airs, are unrelated to the melody of our C.

Mackenzie refers also (*op. cit.*, p. 14) to a version of Child 46, from Illinois, citing JAFL, XXIX, 157-158—an unfortunate slip which requires correction. The text in question is "Perry Merry Dictum Domine,"—"heard in Chebanse, Ill., about 1880." It is printed by Tolman, under the heading of "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," but with the qualifying phrase "allied to 46." It is not a ballad at all, but a series of riddles in verse form, the oldest version of which is traced by Child to the fifteenth century (I, 415). Except for the spelling of the refrain, it is, *verbatim et literatim*, identical with the text *Perri merri dictum, Domine*, printed with the melody, as an "old nursery song," by J. P. MacCaskey in the *Franklin Square Song Collection* (New York, 1881), p. 66.

THE TWO BROTHERS

(Child 49)

"BILLY MURDERED JOHN." Contributed, February, 1926, by Mrs. Susie Carr Young of Brewer, a fragment of a song sung by her grandmother, Mary (Soper) Carr of Orland. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 112.

1. If you should kiss my cher ry cheeks, Your breath would smell so strong: If

you should kiss my ru-by ru-by lips, Your life would not last long.

Var. 1

- 1 "O Billy, O Billy, [you have] come home!*"

And where is my true-love John?"

"The last time I saw him he was in the greenwood
A-learning the hounds to run."

.
- 2 "If you should kiss my cherry cheeks,
Your breath would smell so strong;
If you should kiss my ruby, ruby lips,
Your life would not last long."
- 3 And Susan came with sobs of pain,
With tears all in her eyes.
She mourns by the flocks of the merry, merry brooks,
For she's been where her own true-love lies.

This fragment of "The Two Brothers," the only trace of the song we have been able to discover in Maine, is best identified by texts and fragments found in the Southern mountains by Miss McGill and by Campbell and Sharp. These in turn can be worked out by copies preserved by Professor Child, among which one of the best is a set of verses "taken down lately [?1882] from the singing of little girls in South Boston."[†]

In *Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains* (1917), Miss Josephine McGill gives the following (No. 11, p. 55):

- 1 O John and William walkèd out one day
To view the iron band.
Says John to William, "At any price
We'd better turn home again."

* Words in brackets inserted by Mrs. Young to fill out the tune.

[†] Child G, "John and William," also given in a fragment by Mr. W. W. Newell from New York, who said: "I have heard it sung at a picnic by a whole carful of little girls." (Child I, 435.) Child G is somewhat modernized, but still is a good text, agreeing well with those with which we are dealing until it crosses with "Edward." It is probably a late importation, as John and William have exchanged names and it is John who stabs his brother in both Child G a and G b.

- 2 "O no," says William, "that can never be
That we'll return again,
For I'm the one loves pretty Susanne,
And I will murder thee."
- 3 "What will you tell to my mother dear
When she askèd for her son John?"
"I left him at the cottage school
His lessons for to learn."
- 4 "What will you tell to my father dear,
When he askèd for his son John?"
"I left him in the high wild woods
A-learnin' his hounds to run."
- 5 "What will you tell to my pretty Susanne
When she askèd for her truelove John?"
"I left him in the grave-lie deep,
Never more to return."
- 6 She mourned the fish all out of the sea,
The birds all out of the nest;
She mourned her truelove out of his grave
Because that she could not rest.
- 7 "What do you want, my pretty Susanne,
What do you want with me?"
"A kiss or two from your pretty bright lips
Is all that I ask of thee."
- 8 "Go home, go home, my pretty Susanne,
Go home, go home," said he.
"If you weep and mourn all the balance of your days
You'll never more see me."

The resemblance between this Kentucky text and the Maine fragment lies in the identity of the lines about the hounds in the greenwood, in the implication in the Maine lines of a kiss having been asked of the

dead, in the intensity of the maiden's mourning, and in the names of John, William, and Susan. The last name is not found in any of Child's texts.

As compared with Child, the Kentucky text resembles all of the three texts from Motherwell (B, C, and E), but most nearly in stanza 6, which runs, in Child B 10:

She put the small pipes to her mouth,
And she harped both far and near,
Till she harped the small birds off the briers,
And her true love out of the grave.

and in Child B 11:

"One sweet kiss of your ruby lips,
That's all I want of thee."

and in the corresponding lines of Child C 18:

She ran distraught, she wept, she sicht,
She wept the sma brids frae the tree,
She wept the starns adoun frae the lift,
She wept the fish out o' the sea.

These stanzas about the maid's grief do not occur in any other Child text (except two weak lines in D 18, from Jamieson); but they are close enough to our Maine fragment to prove their relationship.

This is strengthened by the texts recovered by Campbell and Sharp, in *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians* (1917), who give three texts of from eight to nine stanzas each, and two fragments of four lines each.

One fragment and the opening stanza of A, about combing the sweetheart's hair, have no analogue in Child. Campbell and Sharp C 1 speaks of the brothers wrestling, which is common to several Child texts; while in Campbell and Sharp A 2 and 3 are the lines,

"Brother, won't you play a game of ball?
Brother, won't you toss a stone?
Brother, won't you play no other game
As we go marching home?"

"I can't play no game of ball,
I can't toss no stone,
I can't play no other game,
Brother, leave me alone,"

which are only an expansion of Child B 2:

"It's whether will ye play at the ba', brither,
Or else throw at the stone?"
"I am too little, I am too young,
O brother let me alone."

Both Child B and the Appalachian Mountain text have the next stanza closely parallel. Child B 4 corresponds to Sharp A 5. A "little check shirt" replaces the "holland sark," but the word "gore,"—meaning the gusset of the shirt, not blood,—occurs in both. Then comes the closest resemblance of all, in Campbell and Sharp A 7 and 8:

"Brother, O brother, go dig my grave,
Dig it wide and deep.
Bury my bible at my head,
My hymn book at my feet."

He buried his bible at his head,
His hymn book at his feet,
His bow and arrow by his side,
And now he's fast asleep.

Compare this with Child B 5 and 6:

"And make me there a very fine grave,
That will be long and large.

"Lay my bible at my head," he says,
"My chaunter at my feet,
My bow and arrows by my side
And soundly I will sleep."

To the southern mountaineer, what would a "chaunter" be, but a hymn book? The two texts are, at base, identical. Another southern text

(Sharp, *American-English Folk-Songs*, G. Schirmer, p. 8) has "psalter" for "chaunter."

But the Campbell and Sharp B and C texts even more closely resemble Miss McGill's from Kentucky and our Maine fragment. One (B 3, lines 3, 4) says:

"I'll tell him you're in the western woods
A-learning your hounds to run,"

and the other (C 6, lines 3, 4):

"You can tell him I'm in some low green woods
A-learning young hounds to run,"

which, in the Maine fragment, is:

"The last time I saw him he was in the greenwood
A-learning the hounds how to run."

The Campbell and Sharp B text, stanzas 6-9, goes on:

She took her bible in her hand,
A-moaning she went on.
She moaned till she came to his silent grave,
In search of her true-love John.

"What do you want, my pretty Susie?
What do you want with me?"
"I want a kiss from your clay-cold lips,
'Tis all I ask of thee."

"If I were to kiss your rosy cheeks
My breath it is too strong,
If I were to kiss your ruby lips,
You would not stay here long.

"So now go home, my pretty Susie,
And moan no more for me,
For you may moan to Eternity,
My face no more you'll see."

There can be no question of the affinity of these southern texts to our Maine fragment, and all are very close to the Motherwell versions (Child B and C). The former, stanzas 11, 12, says:

"What's this? what's this, Lady Margaret?" he says,

"What's this you want of me?"

"One sweet kiss of your ruby lips,

That's all I want of thee."

"My lips they are so bitter," he says,

"My breath it is so strong,

If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,

Your days will not be long."

(Child B, 11, 12)

Motherwell's text (Child B), taken down from "Widow McCormick, January 19, 1825," must come from the same original which was dispersed to places as far apart as Maine, Kentucky, and North Carolina. Yet, although it was written down over a century ago, Motherwell's copy lacks some of the details, like "teaching the hounds to run," which are common to the American copies. These could not have come into the song after it reached this country, or they would not have appeared in sections which were so widely separated and practically without intercommunication. The inference is that these details had already *dropped out* of the Motherwell versions before these were written down. Therefore, the American texts are *much older* than Motherwell's, which are as old as any known to Professor Child. There is no known American broadside or songbook which contains "The Two Brothers," and not only were all Professor Child's texts recorded in the nineteenth century, but even then some of them were already breaking down and had been crossed with other ballads, like "Edward," before they were transcribed.

It is impossible to assign an exact date to our Maine fragment, but it is known that it was one of the songs sung by Mary (Soper) Carr, born in Orland, June 29, 1793, the daughter of Justus and Elizabeth (Viles) Soper. It is a Viles family tradition that they brought their songs with them from Massachusetts, and the Soper family claim that they brought theirs from England. If any songs can be called "purely traditional" then are those of Mary (Soper) Carr to be numbered among them.

The Maine Sopers trace their ancestry only to eighteenth-century immigrants. Yet their kin were here earlier. The oldest record is of the marriage of Joseph Soper of Boston, in 1656. (See *Appendix*.) That was in the period of the great emigration to Massachusetts and to Virginia, so that, with early Sopers known to have been here, we need not be surprised at the discovery of the same text of a given ballad at the termini of both migration routes,—from Massachusetts, traveling northward and eastward to Maine; from Virginia, working southward and westward into the Appalachian mountains.

LORD BATEMAN

(Young Beichan, Child 53)

A.

WRITTEN down by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, as the form traditional in her family for several generations. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 88.

In England lived a no-ble Lord, His riches were be-yond com-
pare. He was the dar-ling of his parents, And of their 'states the on-ly
heir.

- 1 In England lived a noble lord,
His riches were beyond compare;
He was the darling of his parents
And of their estates the only heir.
- 2 He had gold and he had silver,
He had houses of high degree;
But yet he never could be contented
Until a voyage he had been to sea.

- 3 He sailèd east and he sailèd west
Until he came to the Turkish shore,
Where he was taken and put in prison,
Where he could neither see nor hear.
- 4 The jailer had an only daughter
And she was a lady of high degree;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
Saying: "Lord Bateman I will set free!"
- 5 And they made a solemn promise
For seven long yéars it should stand,
That he would wed with no other woman
And she would wed with no other man.
- 6 When seven long years had come and gone,
When seven long years had passed away,
She packed up all of her richest clothing,
Saying: "Lord Bateman, I'll go and see."
- 7 She sailèd east and she sailèd west
[Until she came to a foreign land,
And to a city full of strange people
Whose words she hardly could understand.]*
- 8 She inquired for Lord Bateman's palace
At ev'ry corner of the street,
She inquired for Lord Bateman's palace
Of ev'ry person she chanced to meet.
- 9 And when she came to Lord Bateman's palace
And knockèd loudly at the ring,
There was none so ready as a young porter
To rise and let the fair lady in.

* Mrs. Young feels uncertain as to the authenticity of the words in brackets.

- 10 "Oh! isn't this Lord Bateman's palace?
And is the noble Lord within?"
"Oh! yes," replied this brisk young porter,
"He and his new bride have just walked in."
- 11 "Tell him to send me an ounce of bread
And a bottle of his wine so strong;
And ask him if he has forgot that lady
Who set him free from his iron chains."
- 12 "There is a lady at your door;
She asks you for to let her in;
She wears more gold about her clothing
Than your new bride and all her kin.
- 13 "She asks you to send her an ounce of bread
And a bottle of your wine so strong,
And asks if you have forgot that lady
That set you free from your iron chains."
- 14 He stamped his foot upon the floor,
He broke the table in pieces three,
Saying: "Since my fair one has arrivèd
A second wedding there shall be."
- 15 Then upspake his new bride's mother,
And she was a lady of high degree,
Saying: "Will you forsake my only daughter
And so disgrace my family?"
- 16 "Your daughter came with a horse and saddle;
She may go home with a coach and three;
And here's Adieu to my new bride,
For a second wedding there shall be."
- 17 He took the lady by the hand
And led her into his palace home;
He changed her name to Susannah Fair
And she's the wife of Lord Bateman.

This is clearly a traditional rendering of the text known as the Coverly broadside, in the Isaiah Thomas Collection, in the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass. The characteristic of that text is the first line, "In *India* lived a noble lord;" but Mrs. Young says she never heard it sung so, but always "In *England* lived a noble lord." This point of difference may carry Mrs. Young's version well back into the eighteenth century, as will be seen later. It has been supposed that all copies derived from the Coverly text would show the word "India" in the first line; but, considering the age of other ballads which have descended in the Soper-Carr families, this variation may point to an original in this country long before Coverly's day. Our B-text of "Lord Bateman" is closely related to the Coverly print and was probably reinforced by that, if not learned from it. Our C-text is a hitherto unknown broadside, from which Coverly must have copied his, unless he took it traditionally. Coverly has two lines (compare B, stanza 13, lines 1, 2), lacking in the old broadside, and a variant line (compare B, 23).

B.

"LORD BATEMAN." Taken down in August, 1924, from the recitation of Mrs. Nathan S. Stanley of Islesford. Mrs. Stanley was eighty-two years old and learned the song as a child.

- 1 In India lived a noble lord,
His riches were beyond compare;
He was the darling of his parents,
Of their estate the only heir.
- 2 He had gold and he had silver,
He had houses of high degree;
Still he could not be contented
Until a voyage he'd been to sea.
- 3 He sailed east, he sailed west,
Until he came to the Turkish shore;
There he was taken and put in prison,
Where he could neither see nor hear.

- 4 For seven long months he lay lamenting,
He lay lamenting in iron bands,
Until there was a brisk young lady
Who set him free from his prison chains.
- 5 As she was walking across the floor,
She chanced Lord Bateman for to see;
She went unto the prison door,
Said Lord Bateman she would set free.
- 6 She stole the keys of her father's prison,
She said Lord Bateman she would set free;
She went unto the prison door
And opened it without delay.
- 7 Says she, "Have you got gold, or have you got silver,
Have you got houses of high degree?
What will you give to this fair lady
If she from bondage will set you free?"
- 8 "Yes, I have gold and I have silver,
And I have houses of high degree,
I'll give them all to thee, fair lady,
If you from bondage will set me free."
- 9 "It's not your silver or your gold,
Nor yet your houses of high degree,
All I'd want is to make me happy,
All I crave is your family."
- 10 Says she, "We'll make a bargain and make it strong,
For seven long years it shall stand,
You shall not wed with no other woman,
For I will wed with no other man."
- 11 When seven long years were gone and past,
And seven years was at an end,
She packed up all her jewels,
Says she, "Now I'll go and seek my friend."

- 12 She sailed east and she sailed west,
Till she came to an Indian shore,
There she could not be contented
Until her true love she did inquire.
- 13 She inquired for Lord Bateman's palace
Of every person she chanced to meet,
She inquired for Lord Bateman's palace
At every corner of the street.
- 14 When she came to Lord Bateman's palace
She knocked loud upon the ring;
Who was so ready as the brisk young porter
To let this fair lady in?
- 15 "Is this the palace of Lord Bateman,
Or is Lord Bateman himself within?"
"Yes, yes," replied the brisk young porter,
"He and his bride is just entered in."
- 16 She wrung her hands and she wept aloud,
Crying, "Alas! I am undone,
Wish I was back in my own country,
Across the seas there to remain.
- 17 "Tell him to send me one ounce of bread,
A bottle of his wine so strong,
Ask him if he's forgot the lady
That set him free from his prison chains."
- 18 The porter went unto his master,
And bowed low upon his knees.
"Arise, arise, my brisk young porter,
And tell me what the matter is."
- 19 "There is a lady at your gate,
And she does mourn most fearfully,
I think she is as fair a creature
As ever I wish my eyes to see.

- 20 "She has more rings on her fore-fingers,
Around her waist more diamond strings,
She's got more jewels about her clothing
Than your new bride and all her kin.
- 21 "She wants you to send her an ounce of bread,
A bottle of your wine so strong,
And asks if you forgot the lady
That set you free from your prison chains."
- 22 He stamped his foot upon the floor,
He broke the table in pieces three,
Saying, "Here's adieu to you, my wedded wife,
For this young lady I'll go and see."
- 23 Now upspoke his new bride's mother,
Who was a lady of high degree,
"Will you forsake my dear daughter
To marry a Turkish lady?"
- 24 He says, "Here is your daughter as I got her;"
"Well, she's none the worse for thee."
"Since my fair one has arrived,
A second wedding there shall be.
Your daughter came with a horse and saddle,
She can go back with a coach and three."
- 25 He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through from room to room,
[He changed her name from Susannah Fair]
And now she's the wife of Lord Bateman.

We have two other texts of this unusual form of "Lord Bateman," each consisting of twenty-five quatrains, or one less than the Coverly broadside, the loss coming in a reduplicated stanza at the close, represented in the B-text by the line we have inserted above. One of these texts was sent in by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, and is certainly traditional. The other one, sent in by Justin DeCoster, is just as certainly

copied from the the old *Forget-me-not Songster*, because it reproduces the inaccuracies of that text perfectly. Both are very near to Mrs. Stanley's text, taken down from her own recitation. All three, with Mrs. Young's text and the *Forget-me-not Songster* copy, represent a version not found in Child, who has but one English version, the other fourteen being Scotch. Child unfortunately missed a version printed in Boston, perhaps in origin as early as his earliest text, and quite unlike anything he knew.

For the copy in the *Forget-me-not Songster* is only a very inaccurate rendering of either the Coverly broadside or of a still earlier one. The Coverly broadside, printed by Nathaniel Coverly, Jr., in Boston, not earlier than 1810, lacks division into stanzas and quotation marks. It is clearly enough copied from our C-text, which follows, a broadside without division into stanzas and without quotation marks. It is this broadside which is responsible for the name "Lord Bateman," or "Bakeman," by which the ballad is known in New England and for the opening line,

"In India lived a noble lord."

C.

"LORD BAKEMAN." A very old broadside in the Harris Collection of American Poetry, Brown University Library, Providence, R. I. Imprint: "Sold wholesale and retail on Cross Street, near Mercantile Wharf, Boston." Small size; border; apparent date about 1790. This is not listed by Ford, nor is another, very similar in appearance, without any imprint, but perhaps an old Providence, R. I., production in the same collection.

LORD BAKEMAN

Who was taken by the Turks, put in prison, and was afterwards released by the Jailor's daughter, whom he married—a true story.

In India liv'd a noble lord,
His riches were beyond compare,
He was the darling of his parents,
And of their estates the only heir.

He had gold, and he had silver,
And he had houses of high degree,
But still he could ne'er be contented
Until a voyage he'd been to sea.
He sail'd East and he sail'd West,
Until he came to the Turkish shore,
When he was taken and put in prison
Where he could not see nor hear.
For seven long months he lay lamenting,
He lay lamenting in iron bands,
There happen'd to be a brisk young lady,
Which set him free from his iron chains.
The jailor had one only daughter,
A brisk young lady was she,
As she was walking across the floor,
She chanc'd Lord Bakeman for to see.
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
She said, Lord Bakeman I will see.
She went unto the prison door,
And open'd it without delay,
Have you got gold or any silver,
Have you got houses of high degree?
What will you give to a fair lady,
If she from bondage will set you free?
Yes, I've got gold and I've got silver,
And I've got houses of high degree;
I'll give them all to the lady fair,
If she from bondage will set me free.
It's not your silver, nor your gold,
Nor yet your houses of high degree,
Tis all I want to make me happy
And all I crave is your fair body.
Let us make a bargain and make it strong
For seven long years shall it stand,
You shall not wed with no other woman,
Nor I'll not wed with no other man.

When seven long years were gone and past,
And seven long years were at an end,
She pack'd up all her richest clothing,
Saying, now I'll go and seek my friend.
She sailed east, she sailed west,
Until she came to the India shore,
And then she ne'er could be contented,
Till for her true lover she did enquire.
She enquired for Lord Bakeman's palace
Of every person she chanc'd to meet.
And when she came to Lord Bakeman's palace,
She knock'd so loud upon the ring,
There's none so ready as the brisk young porter
To rise, and let the fair lady in.
She ask'd if this was Lord Bakeman's palace
Or is the Lord himself within?
Yes, yes, replied the brisk young porter,
He and his bride have just enter'd in.
She wept, she wept, and wrung her hands,
Crying, alas! I am undone,
I wish I was in my native country,
Across the sea, there to remain.
Ask him to send me one ounce of bread,
And a bottle of his wine so strong,
And ask him if he's forgot the lady,
That set him free from his iron chains.
The porter went unto his master,
And bowed low upon his knees,
Arise, arise, my brisk young porter,
And tell me what the matter is.
There is a lady stands at your gate,
And she doth weep most bitterly;
I think she is as fine a creature
That ever I wish my eyes to see.
She's got more rings on her fore-fingers,
And round her waist more diamond strings,
She's got more gold about her clothing,
Than your new bride and all her kin.

She wants you to send her one ounce of bread
And a bottle of your wine so strong,
And she asks if you have forgot the lady,
That set you free from your iron chains.
He stamp'd his foot upon the floor,
He broke the table in pieces three,
Here's adieu to you, my wedded bride,
For this fair lady I will go and see.
Then up spake the new bride's mother,
And she was a lady of high degree,
Tis you have married my only daughter ;
Well, she is none the worse for me.
But since my fair one has arrived,
A second wedding there shall be,
Your daughter came on a horse and saddle,
She may go home in her coach and three.
He took the fair lady by the hand,
And led her over the marble stones,
He chang'd her name from Susannah fair,
And now she is the wife of Lord Bakeman.
He took her by her lily white hand,
And led her through from room to room,
He chang'd her name from Susannah fair,
And is call'd the wife of Lord Bakeman.

D.

"**LORD BATEMAN.**" Taken from a printed copy in a scrapbook belonging to Mrs. Harriet Taylor of Southwest Harbor. This variant is much like that published by Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, but we have no knowledge of its origin or whether it was sung in Maine.

- 1 Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree ;
He shipped himself on board a vessel,
Some foreign countries for to see.

- 2 He sailed east and he sailed west,
Until he came to Sentipee,
Where he was ta'en and bound in irons,
Until his life was quite wearee.
- 3 And in this prison there grew a tree,
And there it grew so stout and strong;
They took and chained him round his middle,
Until his life was nearly gone.
- 4 Now this Turk he had an only daughter,
As fair as any two eyes did see,
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And said Lord Bateman she would go see.
- 5 "Lord Bateman, have you got houses and lands,
And doth Northumberland belong to thee?
What will you give to the fair young lady
Who out of prison sets you free?"
- 6 "O yes, I have got houses and lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me,
I'll give it all up to the fair young lady
Who out of prison sets me free."
- 7 Then she took him to her father's cellar,
And gave to him the very best wine,
And every health she drank unto him
She said, "Lord Bateman, I wish you were mine."
- 8 Then they made a vow for seven long years,
That seven long years they would keep strong,
That he would marry no other woman,
And she would marry no other man.
- 9 Then she took him to her father's harbor,
And gave to him a ship of fame,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell, Lord Bateman!
I fear I ne'er shall see you again!"

- 10 When seven long years had passed and gone,
And fourteen days well known to me,
She packed up all her gay gold clothing,
And said Lord Bateman she would go see.
- 11 And when she reached Lord Bateman's castle,
She boldly then did ring the bell.
"Who's there, who's there?" cries the proud young porter,
"Who's there, who's there? come quickly tell."
- 12 "And what is this? Lord Bateman's castle?
And is his lordship here within?"
"O yes, O yes!" cried the proud young porter,
"He's just taking his fair bride in."
- 13 "Go bid him send me a slice of bread,
And eke a bottle of his very best wine,
And not forget the fair young lady
Who did release him from close confine."
- 14 And away and away sped this proud young porter,
And away, and away, and away flew he,
Until he reached Lord Bateman's chamber,
He then fell down on his bended knee.
- 15 "What news, what news can you tell to me?"
"O, there is one of the finest ladies
That ever my two eyes did see!
- 16 "She has diamond rings on every finger,
And on one she has got three,
And enough gay gold about her clothing
That would buy all Northumberlee!
- 17 "She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of your very best wine,
And not forget the fair young lady
Who did release you when in close confine."

- 18 Then Lord Bateman he flies in a passion,
And he split his sword in splinters three,
"I'll roam no more in foreign countries,
Now my Sophia's crossed the sea!"
- 19 Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who'd never been known to speak so free,
"You'll not forget my only daughter
If a Sophia's crossed the sea."
- 20 "I'll own I've made your daughter a bride,
But she's none the better or the worse for me,
She came to me on a horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three!"
- 21 Then Lord Bateman fixed another wedding,
And with his heart so full of glee,
He roamed no more in foreign countries,
Now his Sophia's crossed the sea.

E.

"LORD BATEMAN." Sent in, October, 1924, by Dr. R. L. Grindle, aged 82, of Mount Desert, who learned it from his mother, who had learned it from her mother. Melody recorded in 1928 by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{4}$ = 88.

I'll sing to you a-bout Lord Bateman, Of all his journ'ings o'er land and
sea: How he got in and out of prison, All thro' the help of a fair
lady. he sailed east.
I-a-dy of iii: mis-e-ry ... Set him free.

Variants: I in I or. in V: 2 3 4 in the stanza
usually:
Var. of last phrase:

- 1 I'll sing to you about Lord Bateman,
Of all his journeyings o'er land and sea,
How he got in and out of prison
All through the help of a fair lady.
- 2 He sailèd south, he sailèd east,
Until he came to a foreign shore,
Here he was taken and put in prison
Where he could see the light no more.
- 3 Long days and nights he lay in prison,
With never a hope of liberty,
And not a ray of light from heaven
To cheer him in his misery.
- 4 At length there came into the prison
A lady fair to hear and see,
Whose jeweled hand and costly raiment
Proclaimed her a lady of high degree.
- 5 Said he, "I have lands and costly treasures,
Also a house of high degree,
And all of these shall be thine forever
If from this prison you'll set me free."
- 6 "I want none of your costly treasures,
Nor none of your house of high degree,
But what I want to make me happy
Is just your own fair body."
- 7 When from the prison walls delivered,
Straightway he sailed to his native shore;
There seven long years he watched and waited,
But his old deliverer came no more.
- 8 And so he wed a comely lady,
And to his palace did repair;
At another gate his old deliverer
Was waiting and inquiring there.

- 9 Said she, "Is this Lord Bateman's palace,
And is Lord Bateman now within?"
"O yes, Lord Bateman and his lady
With wedding guests have just passed in."
- 10 She wrung her hands with bitter weeping,
And cried aloud, "Lord, pity me!
And ask Lord Bateman has he forgotten
The lady who did set him free."
- 11 He wrung his hands and tore his raiment,
And kicked the table in pieces three,
Saying, "There's lately been one wedding,
And another wedding there now shall be."

This is the text which Doctor Grindle sung for us in 1928, when he was eighty-six years old, for the recording of the air. The variations in his two texts, taken some four years apart, were trifling. If this was his grandmother's form, it must be at least as old as the old broadside, text C. We have never found in any Maine copy except D, which comes from an unknown printed source, the detail of the tree growing in the prison; and no text shows a feature characteristic of several texts from the South, as in Cox A 3 (and also B 3 and C 3):

Through his left shoulder a hole they bore,
And through the same a rope was tied
And he was made to drag cold iron,
Till he was sick and like to died.

Professor Kittredge notes, JAFL, XXX, 295, that "the boring of the hero's shoulder" (Cf. Child A, B, D, E, H, I, N) is the test to distinguish American texts of the ballad which are akin to Child L, from those derived from the Coverly Broadside, or the *Forget-me-not Songster*. Coverly and the *Forget-me-not*, and the old broadside they both go back to, all lack this stanza. It is found often in the Southern texts. The cruelty in Child's texts is generally charged to the Moors, only once to the Turks. In Maine the hero is never called Lord Beichan, as in the Scotch texts, but always Bateman, as in the English copy, or Bakeman, its equivalent dialectically. We have seen no Irish copies and

none have been reported, though they may exist; nor have we found any Scotch form.

The ballad of "Lord Bateman" seems purely English, but not of the earliest importation; for the texts in the South and those in the North are of different strains, indicating separate importation by emigrants from different parts of England. That is, it is a comparatively late importation. Yet the American *texts* must go back to a time when the troubles with the Turks were still fresh in mind, otherwise, we should not, in the South as well as in the North, find American folk-singers everywhere today singing of the Turks, instead of the Moors. The Barbary Moors, who imprisoned Christian seamen, were a later trial to the English, and perhaps help to fix the date when this song was, if not actually composed, at least most popular.

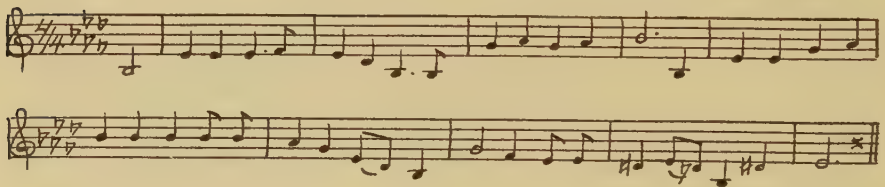
YOUNG HUNTING

(Child 68)

A.

"THE FAULSE LADYE." Written text, received from Mr. Thomas Edward Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick, February 18, 1929. Mr. Nelson learned the ballad from his mother, who was born in the north of Ireland, came to New Brunswick as a child, and died there about ten years ago, aged eighty-five years. Melody recorded by Mr. D. A. Nesbitt.

Hexatonic; minor, with modal shift to major, in final cadence.



- 1 "Abide, abide, true love," she said,
 "And beg and stay all night;
 You shall have your pleasure in my room
 With a coal and candle light, light,
 With a coal and candle light."

- 2 "I won't abide, faulse ladye,
And beg and stay all night,
For I have a far better love to enjoy,
When I go home than you, you,
When I go home than you."
- 3 As he stooped over saddle
To kiss her lips so sweet,
And with a penknife in her hand
She wounded him full deep, deep,
She wounded him full deep.
- 4 "Why woundest me, faulse ladye,
Why woundest me so sore?
There's not a doctor in all Scotland
Can heal my mortal wound, wound,
Can heal my mortal wound."
- 5 She awoke her maids in the morning,
Just by the break of day,
Saying, "There is a dead man in my bed chamber,
I wish he was away, way,
I wish he was away."
- 6 Some took him by the lily-white hands
And others by the feet,
And they threw him into a very deep well,
Full fifty fathoms deep, deep,
Full fifty fathoms deep.
- 7 "Sleep there, sleep there, you faulse young love,
Sleep there, sleep there alone,
And let the one that you love best
Think you long a-coming home, home,
Think you long a-coming home."

- 8 Then up spoke a pretty little bird,
Sitting on a tree:

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.
.
.

- 9 "Come down, come down, my pretty little bird,
And sit upon my knee;
For I have a golden cage at home
I will bestow to thee, thee,
I will bestow to thee."

- 10 "I won't go down, faulse ladye,
And sit upon your knee,
For you have slain your own true love,
And I'm sure you would slay me, me
And I am sure you would slay me."

- 11 "O, if I had my bow and arrow,
Shuttle and my string,
I would shoot you through the very heart
Among the leaves so green, green,
Among the leaves so green."

- 12 "O, if you had your bow and arrow,
Shuttle and your string,
I would take my wings and away I would fly
And you never would see me again, gain,
And you never would see me again."

A copy taken down from Mr. Nelson's recitation, in October, 1927,
shows the variations:

- 1, 1: says.
3: You'll.
5, 1: She called her maids (omit "in the morning").
7, 1, 2: "lie" for "sleep."
4: in coming.
8, 1: Up bespoke,

- 9, 4: on.
 11, 1: omit "O."
 12, 3: I'd take . . . I'd fly.
 4: And never be seen again.

This text was obtained in New Brunswick, but we had found traces of the ballad in Maine. Mrs. Rose Robbins of Northeast Harbor recognized Cox A (which is most like Child F) as the form of the ballad which she learned as a child from her father. She did not recall stanzas 4 and 6 of Cox, but knew all the others, she said, though she could not repeat any part of them. Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford said that she had heard the ballad sung, probably in Ireland.

"Young Hunting" is much more common in the South than in the North. A melody, recorded in Vermont from a native of Quebec (P.B., "Traditional Ballads," JAFI, XVIII, 295), is the only previous trace from the North and East. Apparently, it came here from Irish sources, working westward, rather than coming from a focus near Boston, and working to the eastward. On the border, we have found a fragment of the second form of the ballad, represented by our B-text. September 28, 1928, Mr. Ernest Sprague of Milltown, New Brunswick, repeated the following lines, which are easily recognized as parts of stanzas 4 and 8 of a late text of "Young Hunting":

"Ride on, ride on, Lord Henry," she said,
 Ride on beneath the sun;
 And see if your friends in Scotland
 Are waiting to welcome you home."

B.

"LOVE, HENRY." Delaney's *Scotch Songbook*, No. 1, p. 6. Printed in New York about 1910.

- 1 "Get down, get down, love, Henry," said she,
 "And stay all night with me;
 There's a chair for you, and a chair for me,
 And a candle burning free."

- 2 "I can't get down, little Margaret," said he,
"Nor stay all night with thee;
For my own parents in Scotland,
Are waiting to welcome me."
- 3 And he leaned over the horn of his saddle
And was taking kisses free;
She with a small knife in her hand,
Did pierce him savagely.
- 4 "Ride on, ride on, love, Henry," said she,
"Ride on beneath the sun,
And see if you any physician can find
To cure a deadly wound."
- 5 "I won't ride on, little Margaret," said he,
"Ride on beneath the sun,
For there's no physician to be found,
Who can cure a deadly wound."
- 6 "There in my room doth lie a dead man,—
Some one come take him away,—
I murdered him for being false to me,
So bury him quick as you may."
- 7 Some took him by his long yellow hair,
Some took him by his feet,
And they threw him into a wide, wide well,
Full many a fathom deep.
- 8 "Lie there, lie there, love, Henry," said she,
"Till the flesh drops from your bones,—
I think that your parents in Scotland
Will not soon welcome you home."
- 9 She turned herself around about,
And gazed upon the leaves,
And there she saw a pretty bird,
Flitting among the trees.

- 10 "Fly down, fly down, little parrot," said she,
"And sit all night on my knee;
Your cage shall be lined with golden beads,
And hung on a willow tree."
- 11 "I won't fly down, little Margaret," said he,
"Nor sit all night on your knee;
For I've seen you murder your own true love,
And soon you might murder me."
- 12 "If I had but my arrow and bow,
And if I had my string;
I would shoot right through that pretty breast,
That shines so bright and green."
- 13 "If you but had your arrow and bow,
And if you but had your string,
I would soar so high up in the air,
That you never would see me again."

This B-text has southern affinities. The names Henry and Margaret are found in Campbell and Sharp's D (p. 50) and F (p. 53) from Virginia and Georgia, respectively. An evident modern touch, due to the caprice of the singer from whom it was obtained, or to the publisher, has all but obliterated the motive for the killing by the substitution of the "parents in Scotland" for the rival of Margaret. That the text had originally a reference to the rival, in stanzas 2 and 8, is shown by the line, "I murdered him for being false to me." "The friends in Scotland" of our New Brunswick fragment seem to be an intermediate stage in this change from the rival to the parents. What was the full text of Mr. Sprague's fragment, which may have been directly derived from the songbook, it would be interesting to discover.

There are three common forms of the ballad-type of melody. In the first, the rhythmical scheme provides for the repetition, twice, of the final syllable of the fourth line of each stanza, followed by the repetition of the last line entire. In the second, of which Mr. Nelson's air to "Young Hunting" is an example, the scheme requires that the final syllable of the fourth line be repeated but once, before being followed

by the repetition of the whole line. The third form calls for the repetition of the last two lines of each stanza. The irregularity of the ballad stanza, imitated by Coleridge on the precedent of examples in *Percy's Reliques*, is a minor accident, not of folk-tradition, but of literary tradition. The early collectors did not record the music. Now it is well known, that, though music will carry a singer over spots where his memory of the text is weak, the attempt to recite will leave gaps, due to the loss of occasional lines, gaps which the reciter or the collector will try to bridge by running parts of two stanzas into one. The result will be the intrusion into the text of stanzas of five or six lines, instead of four, of the sort so common in the early records of popular ballads.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR

(Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, Child 73)

A.

AIR recorded by Mr. George Herzog, September 30, 1927, from the singing of Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, to the following words, which differ from those she sent in with the written text.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 80.

Lord Thomas, he was a bold forester, And a chaser of the King's deer: Fair

Eleanor was a lady fair, And Lord Thomas, he loved her dear.

Variant: 1

Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
 And a chaser of the King's deer;
 Fair Eleanor was a lady fair,
 And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

B.

FROM the manuscript ballad-book of Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, as passed down in her own family from her grandmother Mary (Soper) Carr.

- 1 Lord Thomas he was a bold forester
And a chaser of the King's deer;
Fair Eleanor was a lady fair
And he courted her for his dear.
- 2 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle us both in one:
Whether Fair Eleanor I will wed
Or bring the Brown Girl home."
- 3 "The Brown Girl she has house and land,
Fair Eleanor she has none;
Therefore I charge thee on my blessing
To bring the Brown Girl home."
- 4 Lord Thomas he went to Fair Eleanor's gate
And knockèd at the ring;
There was none so happy as Fair Eleanor
To bid her lover come in.
- 5 "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"What news have you brought to me?"
"I come to bid you to a wedding,
Tomorrow it is to be."
- 6 "Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas," she said,
"Sad news to me!" she cried,
"To know the Brown Girl you will wed
When I should have been your bride."
- 7 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she said,
"And riddle us both in one:
Whether to Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go,
Or whether I'll stay at home."

- 8 She dressed herself in the richest robes
And costliest jewels seen,
And everybody who saw her pass
Took her for to be a queen.
- 9 And when she came to Lord Thomas' door
And knockèd at the ring,
There was none so glad as Lord Thomas himself
To let the fair lady in.
- 10 He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the room,
And all the people assembled there
Took them for the bride and groom.
- 11 The Brown Girl drew a little penknife,
And it was long and sharp ;
Between the short ribs and the long
It pierced Fair Eleanor's heart.
- 12 "O, what is the matter?" Lord Thomas he cried,
"You look death-like unto me!"
"Oh, don't you see my own heart's blood
Run trickling down my knee?"
- 13 Lord Thomas cut off the Brown Girl's head
And flung it against the wall.
He stuck his sword into the ground
And onto it did fall.
- 14 "O, dig my grave," Lord Thomas he said,
"And dig it wide and deep ;
And place Fair Eleanor by my side
And the Brown Girl at my feet."
- 15 Of all who are caught in Cupid's net
Or pierced by Cupid's dart,
Were ever three lovers so lovingly met
And so suddenly to depart?

C.

"LORD THOMAS." Taken down, August, 1924, from the recitation of Mrs. Nathan S. Stanley, Islesford, aged eighty-two years, who learned it when she was a child.

- 1 Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
A chaser of the King's deer;
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.
- 2 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle it all into one,
Whether I shall marry the Brown Girl,
And let Fair Eleanor alone."
- 3 "The Brown Girl she has money,
Fair Eleanor she has none,
Therefore I charge thee upon my blessing
To bring the Brown Girl home."
- 4 As it befel on a holiday,
As many do preside,*
Lord Thomas he went to Fair Eleanor,
For she would have been his bride.
- 5 When he came to Fair Eleanor's gate,
He knocked upon the ring,
And who was so ready as Fair Eleanor
To let Lord Thomas in?
- 6 "What news, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"What news have they brought unto me?"
"I have come to bid thee to my wedding,
And mighty sad news for thee."

* For "As many more do beside."

- 7 "Oh God forbid, Lord Thomas," she said,
"That any such thing should be done,
I thought to have been the bride myself,
And thou to have been the bridegroom."
- 8 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she said,
"And riddle it all into one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or whether I shall stay at home."
- 9 "There's many that are our friends, daughter,
And many that are our foes,
Therefore I charge thee upon my blessing
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go."
- 10 "There's many that are our friends, mother,
If a thousand were our foes,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go."
- 11 She clothed herself in gallant attire,
As her merry maids were all seen,
And as she went through every place,
They took her to be some queen.
- 12 When she came to Lord Thomas' gate,
She knocked upon the ring,
Who was so ready as Lord Thomas
To let Fair Eleanor in?
- 13 He took her by the lily-white hand
And led her through the hall;
He sat her in the noblest chair
Among the ladies all.
- 14 "Is this your bride?" Fair Eleanor said,
"Methinks she looks wondrous brown,
You might have had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shone on."

- 15 "Despise her not," Lord Thomas he said,
"Despise her not unto me,
For better I love your little finger
Than her whole fair body."
- 16 This Brown Girl had a little penknife,
It was both keen and sharp;
Between the long rib and the short
She pricked Fair Eleanor to the heart.
- 17 "Oh Christ now save me," Lord Thomas he said,
"Methinks thou lookest wondrous wan,
Thou used to look as good a color
As ever the sun shone on."
- 18 "Oh art thou blind, Lord Thomas," she said,
"Or canst thou not very well see?
And dost thou not see my own heart's blood
Run trickling down to my knee?"
- 19 "Oh dig my grave," Lord Thomas he said,
"And dig it both wide and deep,
And lay fair Eleanor by my side,
And the Brown Girl at my feet."
- 20 Lord Thomas he had a sword in his hand,
As he walked across the hall;
He cut his bride's head off from her shoulders,
And slung it against the wall.
- 21 Then he set his sword upon the ground
With the point against his heart,
There never was three lovers sure
That sooner did depart.

Just here comes up one of the nice points which the student has to decide. There can be no question about Mrs. Stanley's text being from memory, for one of the editors wrote it down from her recitation. But

another text sent in by an old man from Buckfield, which appears even more like a traditional copy, can be proved to have been copied out of *The Forget-me-not Songster*; for it reproduces faithfully all the printer's blunders of that particularly poor text. Yet that text itself must have been either traditional or from a broadside very badly printed. It is sometimes a nice question to decide when a traditional copy is not traditional, though it is very seldom that one has cause to question a written text sent even by strangers.

Except for two added stanzas, 13 and 19, Mrs. Stanley's text is very close to Child D. The English form of the ballad, says Professor Child, traces to "a broadside of Charles the Second's time and licensed by L'Estrange, who was censor from 1663 to 1685. This copy has become traditional in Scotland and Ireland." It appears to be also the prevailing type in America. Maine makes the seventeenth state from which the ballad of "Lord Thomas" has been reported, either directly or by being "routed through" some other state. Few other ballads are so widely known, which indicates dispersion by songbooks rather than by pure oral tradition and no problem of especial interest involved in its diffusion.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

(Child 74)

A.

SENT in, without title, March, 1928, by Mrs. Edward M. Blanding of Bangor, who wrote: "It was taught a childhood friend by her grandmother who was ninety when she died, about thirty years ago." The air, which accompanies, was taken down, October, 1928, by Mr. Herzog from the singing of this childhood friend, Miss Mattie Trask of Bangor.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 84.

Lady Margaret sat by her window, A-combing her golden hair. She
saw King William riding by. A lady by his side

- 1 Lady Margaret sat by her window
A-combing her golden hair;
She saw King William riding by,
A lady by his side.
- 2 She threw down her ivory comb,
Pushed back her golden hair,
And fell out of the back window,
Never to see light any more.
- 3 King William went home that very night
And dreamed an awful dream,—
Lady Margaret's house was on fire,
Lady Margaret's room was full of blood.
- 4 He rose very early the next morning,
And went to Lady Margaret's house;
He rapped so hard at the door
None so glad as Lady Margaret's mother
To get up and let him in!
- 5 "Where, oh, where, is Lady Margaret?
Where, oh, where, is Lady Margaret?"
"Out in the back chamber,
All for the sake of you."
- 6 "All for the sake of me!
I'll die for the sake of her!"
And he fell out of the back window
Never to see light any more.

No tragedy is so tragic as one seen through the eyes of a child. The simple original (in Child A 4), of this back-window *débâcle* runs:

Down she layd her ivory comb,
And up she bound her hair;
She went her way forth of her bower,
But never more did come there.

B.

SENT in, March, 1928, by Miss Henrietta Drake, Searsport.

- 1 Fair Margaret was sitting in the high bower
A-combing her yellow hair,
She saw Sweet William and his bride
Going to Church to prayer.
- 2 Then she flung down her ivory comb,
Flung back her yellow hair;
And tumbled down the high bower
And said she would die there.
- 3 'Twas in the middle of the night
Sweet William's bride awoke,
"I had a dreadful dream," she said,
"And I hope it won't prove true.
- 4 "I dreamed your cellar was full of white wine,
Fair Margaret died for you."
"That was a dreadful dream," he said,
"And I hope it won't prove true."
- 5
"I'll go to Fair Margaret's high bower,
Dear Margaret, by the leaf of you."
- 6 And when he reached Fair Margaret's bower,
He tingled on the ring;
There was none so ready as Fair Margaret's brother
To rise and let Sweet William in.
- 7 "Oh, is she in the kitchen?" he says,
"Or is she in the hall?
Or is she in the long chamber
The utmost room of all?

- 8 "No, she's not in the kitchen," he says,
 "Nor she's not in the hall,
 But she lies dead in the long chamber,
 With her face turned towards the wall."
- 9 "Give me a bottle of your ale," he cries,
 "And a bottle of your wine,
 Tomorrow morning, when the clock strikes ten,
 You can have as much of mine."
- 10 Then he turned down the milk-white sheet,
 And humbly o'er her spread;
 Five times he kissed her cheek,
 Five times he kissed her chin,
 Five times he kissed her death-cold lips,
 There was no life within.
- 11 Fair Margaret died in the middle of the night,
 Sweet William on the morrow;
 Fair Margaret was buried in the old churchyard,
 Sweet William beside her.
- 12 Out of Fair Margaret's bosom there grew a red rose,
 Out of Sweet William's a brier;
 They grew and they grew to the church steeple top
 Until they could grow no higher,
 There they got contangled in a true lover's knot
 And died away together.

This is easily identified as Child B, because it is William's wife and not William, as in Child A, who has the dream. Stanzas 7-8 recall Child B 14-15, C 6-7, but are nearer to the form of C:

- 6 "Oh is Fair Margaret in the kitchen?
 Or is she in the hall?"

- 7 "No, she is not in the kitchen," they cried,
 "Nor is she in the hall;
 But she is in the long chamber
 Laid up against the wall."

See also Wyman and Brockway, *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 99. Stanza 9, which corresponds to Child A 16, is a commonplace, found in "Lord Lovel" (Child G 9-12, I 15). The stanza in Child I 15 is as follows:

"Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he says,
 "The bread bat an the wine,
 And at the morn at twelve o'clock,
 Ye's gain as much at mine."

This ballad was known to Mrs. Rose Robbins of Northeast Harbor. When shown Cox's texts, out of his seven versions she chose G as the form nearest that sung by her father. Of this she recognized the substance of every stanza except the fourth. Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford selected Cox G as nearest the form she knew, but she recognized only four stanzas of it.

"Fair Margaret and Sweet William" was one of the best known of the older ballads. Twice it is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*—act II, sc. 8; act III, sc. 5—and we are of the opinion that in addition to the two well-known snatches so often cited, there is still another reference to it in the same play, in act IV, sc. 1, where the Citizen's Wife arranges a scene in the play for her favorite Ralph to act in:

an let him be very weary, and come to the King of Cracovia's house, covered with black velvet; and there let the king's daughter stand in her window, all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph and fall in love with him.

The ivory comb, the golden locks, the maid in the window, all belong to the ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," already twice quoted in the same play.

Our Maine copies of this ballad, if we may judge by our samples, are most like the text written down from memory, in 1776, by Mrs. Bernard, mother of the Dean of Derry, and preserved in the Percy Papers. It must have been long afloat in this country to get in such a broken-down

condition. The fact that two out of Cox's seven texts, D and E, have the lady falling from a high place—

Down she fell from her bowing door
And never again seen there,

and

And she threwed herself from the top of the high hall,
Where she never was no more seen,

is an indication that the variation from type occurred in England before the ballad was brought over to this country, in which case the song has been here a very long time. The rose and the brier, at the end of the ballad, are always tied "in a true lover's knot," but they never get "contangled" except in Maine.

LORD LOVEL

(Child 75)

A.

WRITTEN down by Mrs. Susie Carr Young as the form traditional in her family for generations, certainly sung by her grandmother Carr, born 1793. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 84$.

Lord Lovell, he stood at St. Pancras' gate, A-combing his milk-white steed, (♯d) When
up stept La-dy Nan-cy Bell, And, bidding her lover good speed, speed, speed, - And
bidding her lover good speed.

- 1 Lord Lovel he stood at St. Pancras' gate
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When up step'd Lady Nancy Belle
And bidding her lover Good spe-ed, speed, spe-ed,
And bidding her lover Good speed.
- 2 "Oh! where are you going, Lord Lovel," she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.
"I go, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see-e, see, see-e,
Strange countries for to see."
- 3 "Oh! when'll you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! when'll you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two or three at the most,
I'll return to my Fa-ir Nan-cy, cy, cy-y—
I'll return to my Fair Nancy."
- 4 He had not been gone a year and a day
Strange coun-tri-es for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head:
Lady Belle he must go and see-e, see, see-e—
Lady Belle he must go and see.
- 5 So he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse
'Til he came to London town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells
And the people all mourning round, round, rou-nd—
And the people all mourning round.
- 6 "Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"They say that a Lord's Fair Lady is dead
And some call her Lady Nan-cy-y, cy, cy-y—
And some call her Lady Nancy."

- 7 So he ordered the grave to be opened wide
And the shroud to be turnèd down,
And there he kiss'd her clay-cold corpse
Till the tears came flowing dow-own, down, dow-own—
Till the tears came flowing down.
- 8 Lady Nancy died, as it might be today;
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sor-row, ror-, ror-row—
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
- 9 Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the Choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose
And out of Lord Lovel's a bri-er, ri, rier—
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier.
- 10 And they grew and they grew to the Church steeple's top
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a truelover's knot
For all truelovers to ad-mire, mi, mi-i-ire
For all truelovers to admire.

B.

“LORD LOVEL.” Sent in, July, 1925, by Mr. Justin DeCoster of Buckfield.

- 1 Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate
A-combing his milk-white steed,
When along came Lady Nancy Bell
A-wishing her lover good speed,
When along came Lady Nancy Bell
A-wishing her lover good speed.

- 2 "Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see,
I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see."
- 3 "How long will you be gone, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"How long will you be gone?" said she.
"A year, or two, or three at the most,
And I'll return to my Lady Nancy,
A year, or two, or three at the most,
And I'll return to my Lady Nancy."
- 4 He hadn't been gone but a year and one day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his mind,
"Lady Nancy I'll go and see,"
When languishing thoughts came into his mind,
"Lady Nancy I'll go and see."
- 5 He rode and he rode his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London Town,
And there he saw St. Peter's church open,
And the people stood mourning all round,
And there he saw St. Peter's church open,
And the people stood mourning all round.
- 6 "Who is it that's dead?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Who is it that's dead?" said he.
"Your love-lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy,"
"Your love-lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy."

- 7 He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
The shroud to be turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips
Till the tears came trickling down.
- 8 Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died [of sorrow],
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died [of sorrow].
- 9 Lady Nancy was buried in a churchyard,
Lord Lovel was buried in a [choir],
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar.
- 10 They grew and they grew till they reached the church top,
Where they could grow no higher,
And there they twined in a true lover's knot,
For all the true lovers to admire,
And there they twined in a true lover's knot,
For all the true lovers to admire.

We have made no effort to obtain copies of "Lord Lovel,"—sometimes declining to take them down, if time was short, and anything of more value seemed possible to obtain. It was frequently printed, was sung by everyone, and the texts neither vary much, nor show any special problems.

Maine A, B, of "Lord Lovel," are traditional forms of the "vulgate text" which corresponds to Child H. The earliest form of this text, known to Child, was from a London broadside of 1846. A still earlier record, however, is the following American version.

C.

“LORD LOVEL AND NANCY BELL.” *Every-body's Songster*. Printed and published by Sanford and Lott, Cleveland, 1839 ; pages 52-54.

- 1 Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
Wishing her lover good speed.
- 2 Where are you going, Lord Lovel, she said,
O where are you going said she ;
I'm going my lady Nancy Bell,
Strange country's for to see, see, see,
Strange country's for to see.
- 3 When will you be back Lord Lovel she said,
O when will you be back, said she ;
In a year or two or three at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy, cy, cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy.
- 4 But he hadn't been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.
- 5 So he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse,
Till he came to London Town,
And there he heard St. Pancry's bell,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.
- 6 O what is the matter? Lord Lovel he said,
O what is the matter? said he.
A Lord's lady is dead, the woman replied,
And some call her lady Nancy, cy, cy,
And some call her lady Nancy.

- 7 So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
 And the shroud to be turned down,
 And there he kissed her clay cold lips,
 Till the tears they came trickling down, down,
 Till the tears they came trickling down.
- 8 Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
 Lord Lovel he died to-morrow,
 Lady Nancy she died out of pure pure grief,
 Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, ror, ror,
 Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
- 9 Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancry's church,
 Lord Lovel was laid close by her,
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of her lover's a briar, riar, riar,
 And out of her lover's a briar.
- 10 It grew and it grew to the church steeple top,
 And then it could not grow any higher,
 So there it entwined in a true lover's knot,
 For all true lovers to admire, rier, rier,
 For all true lovers to admire.

Evidently the ballad was well known as a comic song, for in the same songster, on pages 9-11, is a parody, "Sukey Soapsuds," one of the songs of T.H. ("Tom") Hadaway (1801-92). Gavin Greig (*Last Leaves*, p. 57) notes that "Lord Lovel," and a parody, "Joe Muggins," were sung by Sam Cowell in Aberdeen, 1850-55. The vulgate text has been many times printed in American broadsides and songsters. It was published with the melody, in sheet music form, by Ditson, in 1857, entitled: *The celebrated Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell, Comic Ballad, arranged by J.C.J.* The air printed by Ditson is a variant of the one published by Child (V, 416) "as sung in Aberdeen above forty years ago," that is, about 1850-55, while Cowell was popularizing the ballad, and is the same as the one printed in 1848 in Davidson's *Universal Melodist* (I, 148), besides being the air to which, with minor variations, the vulgate text of "Lord Lovel" is universally sung by American folk-singers.

The history of the tradition of "Lord Lovel" may thus be tentatively made out. A version of the ballad, textually akin to Child H, and sung to a relatively modern, commonplace melody, had the misfortune to be taken up by the comic stage, probably about the second decade of the last century. It won popularity, was printed in America in the '30's, and continued to be a favorite for a number of years on both sides of the water. Sam Cowell's singing of the ballad, and the Ditson print gave it such a lease of life that it became one of the best known of traditional songs, yet, as recorded many times from singing, showing but little tendency to verbal change (such as the metamorphosis of the unfamiliar St. Pancras into Pancry, Pancridge, Patrick, and Peter), with even less melodic variation. It has never quite freed itself from the effects of its early evil associations.

The comedian, James Howard of Niblo's Garden (1836), sang "Lord Lovel," according to a note in *Hadaway's Select Songster*, p. 13.

Sam Cowell (1821-64) was the son of the noted English actor, Joseph ("Joe") Cowell. His first part, acted when he was nine years old, was that of Crack, in *The Turnpike Gate*, a part made famous by his father. In 1829-30, father and son were acting and singing comic songs in the New York theaters (Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage*, III, 14, 413, 472). After his return to England, Sam Cowell became one of the most popular burlesque artists of the time. One of his songs was "Lord Lovel"; a copy of which, in sheet music form, in the Robert Gould Shaw Collection, Harvard University Library, bears the inscription:

The Pathetic Historie / of / Lord Lovel and Nancy Bell / as sung by / Mr. S. Cowell. / Edinburgh / Wood & Co. 12, Waterloo Place / Monro and May, 11 Holborn Bars.

On the cover, is a lithograph bearing the date 1844, signed by the artist, J. W. Ebsworth (afterward editor of the *Roxburghe Ballads*), representing Cowell in the character of Lord Lovel, to illustrate stanza 7:

Lord Lovel look'd grave as the walls of St. Paul's,
And then riding out of the Town;
Pull'd his silk pocket-handkerchief out of his "smalls,"
'Cause the tears came a-trickling down, down, down,
The tears came a-trickling down.

We have no statement that Cowell sang "Lord Lovel" in America, but as the part of Crack included the singing of comic songs, it is quite probable that he did sing the ballad. We do, however, know that "Coal Black Rose" was one of his successes as a child actor, as were later, "Billy Barlow," "Vilikins and His Dinah," and "The Rat Catcher's Daughter." It may be, or it may not be, a mere coincidence that three of his songs, "Billy Barlow," "Coal Black Rose," and "Lord Lovel" are in *Everybody's Songster*. It is evident that "Lord Lovel" was one of his best-known songs; a newspaper clipping in the Robert Gould Shaw Collection dated April 14, 1860, has reference to a parody:

"SAM COWELL, AIR LORD LOVEL

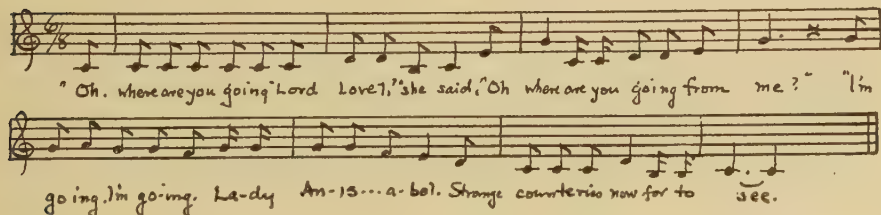
Mr. Sam Cowell's a right funny man,
And a right funny man is he.

And what's more, everybody worth mentioning knows it. (Very old song.)"

The version of "Lord Lovell" in Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, which has a silly stanza reprinted by Child (II, 213), was sung by the noted English comic actor, J. W. ("Jack") Sharp, one of the favorites of the Vauxhall Gardens, after 1846. Two copies of Sharp's version, in sheet music form, are in the Evert J. Wendell Collection, Harvard University Library.

D.

MS Collection of Phillips Barry (Harvard University Library). Sung by Mrs. A. Welch, native of County Clare, at Brunswick, Sept. 4, 1907. Melody recorded by P.B.



- 1 "Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
 "Where are you going from me?"
 "I'm going, I'm going, Lady Anisabel,*
 Strange countries now for to see."

- 2 "When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
 "When will you come back to me?"
 "All for the space of three long years,
 Lady Anisabel," said he.

- 3 "Oh, that is too long, Lord Lovel!" she said,
 "Oh, that is too long for me!
 All for the space of three long years,
 True lovers never to see."

Our D-text, together with a longer County Sligo version, sung in Vine-land, N. J., belongs to the earlier, better tradition of the ballad. This old tradition is represented by Child A, C, E, G, J, of which G calls the lady *Isabell*, and the others have retained some corruption of "Ann Isabel." To the same group belong Cox C, and one of the five texts in the Child MSS referred to by Professor Kittredge (JAFL, XXIX, 160), a text of Irish origin, which calls the heroine "Lady Ann, sweet bell(e)." The mood of this group of texts is serious, as is that of Child B, D, in which the lady is *Nancybell*, *Nanciebel*. Child F has a touch of sentimentality, which, in H, easily degenerates into comedy.

Mrs. Fred W. Morse, Islesford, when shown Cox's texts, said that Cox A was the form she knew (probably in Ireland), but that the lady was called *Annabella*. She picked out stanza 1, line 3, as similar, but not the same (aside from the proper name). Stanza 2, line 3, she gave as: "I'm going, my love Annabella." Stanza 3, she recalled as follows:

"O, when will you be back, Lord Lovel, to me,
 O, when will you be back?" said she,
 "In a year or two, or four at the least,
 I'll return, Annabella," said he.

Stanzas 4, 5, 6, were similar, but she could not recall the name of the church bell. Stanza 7 was the same, except line 2, which was similar, but

* Ann Isabel?

not the same. Stanzas 8, 9, were the same. There was also another stanza about someone coming and tearing down the briar, but she could not remember it.

THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

(Child 76)

A.

TAKEN down from the recitation of Mr. Charles F. Alley, Jonesport, October, 1927.

- 1 "O who will shoe those little feet of yours,
Or who will glove those hands,
Or who will kiss those ruby lips of yours,
When I'm on so far a land?"

B.

FRAGMENT, from Mrs. Mabel Stanley, Big Cranberry Island.

- 1 "O who will shoe my bonny feet,
Or who will glove my hand (or, my lily white hand.)
Who will kiss my ruby lips,
When you are far away?"
- 2 "Your father will shoe your bonny feet,
Your mother will glove your hand,
Some other man will kiss your ruby lips,
When I am far away."

Our scanty records of this ballad consist of the "stray stanzas" which Professor Kittredge refers to in JAF^L, XXX, 304. Usually, but not invariably, they are attached to some other song. Our B-text, for example, resembles the form of the stanzas as they are found in "The False Young Man" (Campbell and Sharp, pp. 270-271). In the old ballad, it is usually the girl who asks the question; Herd's text, how-

ever, that is, Child B, assigns it to the lover. The situation is similar in our A-text.

The only texts of "The Lass of Roch Royal" recorded from American tradition, apart from the stray stanzas, have been printed by Cox (*Folk-Songs of the South*, pp. 83 ff.), and Combs (*Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, pp. 134 ff.). We have printed these waifs of ballad tradition for what they are worth, in the hope that they may awaken slumbering memories of the entire ballad.

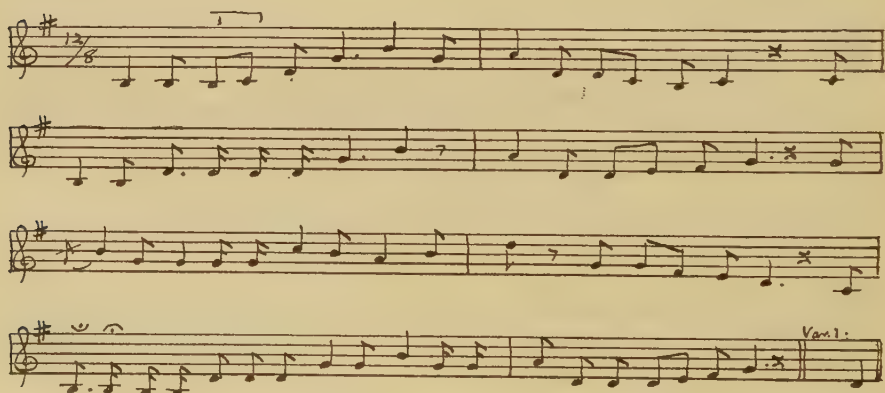
LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

(Child 81)

A a.

"**LORD BANNER'S WIFE.**" Text sent in, February, 1928, by Mr. Frank E. Carr of Monmouth, who learned it "almost fifty years ago" from Mr. Fred McKay of Bangor, who learned it more than fifty years ago, when a boy, of Mrs. George W. Glidden of Brewer. Mrs. Glidden's father was named Shipton and was born in England; her mother was Scotch, a Fraser. It is not known in the family from which strain the ballad came down, or whether it was a family song. The music was recorded from Mr. McKay's singing by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 80.



- 1 Four and twenty ladies
All being at a ball,
Lord Banner's wife amongst them,
The fairest of them all.
- 2 She looked at him and he looked at her,
The like it never was seen.
"Oh, won't you take a ride with me,
Oh, won't you take a ride?
You can have a footman at your command
And a fair lady by your side."
- 3 "I dare not take a ride with you,
I dare not for my life,
For by the ring on your fore-finger
I know you are Lord Banner's wife."
- 4 "Well, what if I am Lord Banner's wife!
Lord Banner is not at home,
Lord Banner has gone to Indemption
To get an emerald throne."
- 5 One of our fair pages standing by
He heard what was said and done;
He says, "My master shall hear of this
Before the rising sun."
- 6 He ran till he came to the riverside,
He smote on his breast and swum,
He swum till he came to the other side,
Then took to his heels and run.
- 7 He ran till he came to Lord Banner's hall,
He gave a loud rap at the ring,
And who should be glad as Lord Banner himself
To let the fair page in.

- 8 "What news, what news do you bring unto me,
What news, what news, I say?
Is any of my castles down,
Or any of my towers three?"
- 9 "None of your castles are down, Sir,
Or none of your towers three,
But Young Grover of Scotland is in bed
With your fair lady."
- 10 "If this be a lie you tell unto me,
As I suppose it to be,
I will rig-it a gallows
And hangèd you shall be."
- 11 "If this is a lie I tell unto you,
As you suppose it to be,
You need not rig-it a gallows
But hang me at a tree."
-
- 12 "Lie down, lie down, pray keep me warm,
Pray keep me warm from the cold,
It's nothing but the shepherd boy
Driving his sheep to fold."
- 13 They huddled and they cuddled
Until they was fast asleep,
But early the next morning
Lord Banner stood at their feet.
- 14 "Oh, how do you like my blankets fine,
And how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like the fair lady
That lies in your arms asleep?"

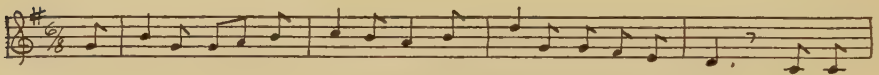
- 15 "Right well I like your blankets fine,
Right well I like your sheets,
But better I like the fair lady
That lies in my arms asleep."
- 16 "Rise up, rise up, put on your clothes,
As quick as ever you can,
For it never was said in Scotland
That I fought with a naked man."
- 17 "To rise, to rise I dare not,
I dare not for my life,
For by your side are two bright shining swords,
And I not a single knife."
- 18 "Well, what if I have two bright shining swords,
They cost me deep in purse;
You may take the very best one,
And I will take the worst.
- 19 "And you may strike the very first blow,
And do it like a man,
And I will strike the second,
And kill you, if I can."
- 20 Young Grover struck the very first blow
That caused him grief and pain;
Lord Banner struck the second,
And laid him in his gore.
- 21 He took his fair lady by the hand,
He said to her this a plea:
"Which do you like the best, my dear,
Young Grover Scott or me?"
- 22 "Right well I like your ruby lips,
Right well I like your chin,
But better I like Young Grover
Than you or any of your kin."

23 He took his fair lady by the hair,
 He split her head in twain,
 There she lay bleeding on the floor,
 She never got up again.

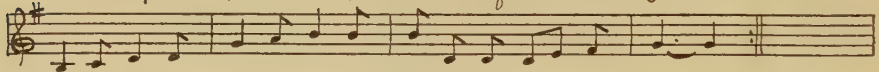
24 He took the sword from off the floor,
 He ran it through his breast,
 "Go dig my grave, go dig my grave,
 Go dig it wide and deep,
 Place the fair lady by my side
 And Young Grover at my feet."

A b.

FRAGMENT of the foregoing, as remembered, April 25, 1928, by Miss Mary Glidden, Brewer, daughter of Mrs. George W. Glidden. Melody noted by Miss Glidden.



Rise up, rise up, put on your clothes, As quick as e-ver you can, For it.



ne'er'll be said in old England. I fought with a na---ked man.

1 "If this be a lie you are telling me,
 As I suppose it to be,
 I'll rig for you a gallows
 And hang you from a tree."

.

2 They huddled and they cuddled
 Till they were fast asleep,
 And early in the morning
 Lord Benner stood at their feet.

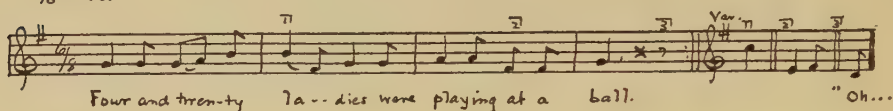
.

- 3 "How do you like my blankets fine?
And how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like my Lady fair,
Who lies in your arms asleep?"
- 4 "Right well do I like your blankets fine,
Right well do I like your sheets,
But best of all your Lady fair,
Who lies in my arms asleep."
- 5 "Rise up, rise up, put on your clothes,
As quick as ever you can,
For it ne'er 'll be said in Old England
I fought with a naked man."
- 6 "To rise, to rise, I dare not,
I dare not for my life;
For by your side you have two bright swords,
And I not a single one."
- 7 "What if I have got two bright swords?
They cost me deep in purse;
You may take the very best one
And I will take the worst.
- 8 "You may strike the very first blow,
And strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second blow
And kill you, if I can."
- 9 Musgove struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Benner full sore;
Lord Benner struck the second blow
And laid him in his gore.

B.

"LORD BANNER." Written down, September, 1927, by Mrs. Myrtle Bailey of Monticello, as learned from her mother, Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce of Gott Island, off Mount Desert. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 76.



- 1 Four and twenty ladies
Were playing at a ball,
Lord Banner's wife a-being there,
The fairest of them all.
- 2 Young McGrover of old Scotland,
As fair as the setting sun,
She looked at him, he blushed at her,
The likes were never known.
- 3 "Oh, won't you go home with me?" said she.
"I dare not for my life,
For I see by the rings on your fingers
That you are Lord Banner's wife."
- 4 "What if I am Lord Banner's wife?
Lord Banner is not at home,
He has gone to redemption
To fetch young Henry his throne."
- 5 One of his pages being there,
Hearing all that was said and done,
He swore Lord Banner should hear of it
Before the setting sun.

["He goes and finds Lord Banner"]

- 6 "O, is there any of my houses down,
Or yet my castles three,
Or has there anything happenèd
Unto my fair ladye?"
- 7 "Oh, no, there's none of your houses down,
Nor yet your castles three,
But young McGrover of old Scotland
Is in bed with your fair ladye."
-
- 8 "How do you like my blankets fine,
How do you like my sheets,
How do you like my fair ladye
That lies in your arms asleep?"
- 9 "Quite well I like your blankets,
Quite well I like your sheets,
But better by far is your fair ladye
That lies in my arms asleep."
- 10 "Arise, arise, put on your clothes,
As quick as ever you can,
For I won't have it said in old Scotland
That I fought with a naked man."
- 11 "Arise, arise, I dare not do,
I dare not for my life,
For by your side you have two broadswords
And I've not a single knife."
- 12 "Yes, by my side I have two broadswords
That cost me deep in purse,
And you may choose the very best
And I will take the worst."

- 13 "And you may strike the very first blow
And strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second blow
And kill you, if I can."
- 14 McGrover he struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Banner full sore,
Lord Banner he struck the second blow
And left him in his gore.
- 15 Then turning to his fair lady
He gave her kisses three,
Saying, "Which of us do you like the best,
Young McGrover or me?"
- 16 "Quite well I like your ruby lips,
Quite well I like your chin,
But young McGrover is better far
Than you or any of your kin."
- 17 And taking her by her curly locks
He split her head in twain,
There she lay bleeding at his feet,
Never to rise again.
- 18 "Go, dig my grave, go, dig my grave,
And dig it long, wide and deep,
And by my side place my fair lady,
McGrover at my feet."
- 19 Then laying his sword against his side,
With the hilt upon the floor,
Saying, "There never were two lovers
So easily slain before."

C.

"LORD BANNER." Taken down, October, 1926, from the recitation of Mrs. Rose Robbins of Northeast Harbor. The beginning she could not recall; but a page overheard Lady Banner talking with Young Mugrove and "He ran till he came to the riverside, he took to his heels and swum." Lord Banner questioned the page.

- 1 "If this be a lie that you tell me,
Or I suppose it to be,
I will rig up a gallers
And hangèd you shall be."
- 2 "If this be a lie that I told you,
Or you suppose it to be,
You need not rig up a gallers,
But hang me to a tree."
- 3 "Lay still, lay still," cried she,
"And shield me from the cold;
It's nothing but a bugle boy,
Driving his sheep to fold."
- 4 They huddled and they cuddled
And soon lay fast asleep;
When they woke in the morning,
Lord Banner stood at their feet.
- 5 "Arise, arise, put on your clothes
As fast as ever you can;
It shan't be said in Scotland
I fought with a naked man."
- 6 "To arise, put on my clothes,
I dare not for my life,
For by your side you've two broadswords
While I[ve] a single knife."

- 7 "If by my side I've two broadswords
They cost me dear in purse,
And you can choose the very best
While I will choose the worst.
- 8 "And you can strike the very first blow
[And strike it like a man,]
And I will strike the second
And kill you if I can."
- 9 Mugrove he struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Banner sore,
Lord Banner he struck the second
And left him in his gore.
- 10 He took his wife by the curling locks
And gave her kisses three,
"Which do you love the best,
This young Mugrove or me?"
- 11 "Quite well I like your ruby lips,
Quite well I like your chin,
But the best of all is young Mugrove,
Or you or any your kin."
- 12 He split her head in twain,
She lay bleeding on the floor;
She never rose again;
He put the point of his sword in his heart.

D a.

"LORD BANNER." Taken down, October, 1927, from the recitation of Mr. J. P. A. Nesbitt of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, who learned it from the singing of other men.

- 1 Four and twenty fair maids
Assembled at the ball,
Lady Banner was the fairest one,
The fairest of them all;

- 2 [She] cast her eyes on little Mat Groves,
On little Mat Groves went she,
Saying, "What would you give, my sweet little Groves,
To sleep one night with me?"
- 3 "To sleep one night I dare not do,
Not for all my life;
For I think by the rings on your fingers
You are Lord Banner's wife."
- 4 "What if I am Lord Banner's wife?
The lord is not to home,
He has gone to fair England
Where the King sits on his throne.*
- 5 Up speaks a little foot-page,
And an angry man was he,
Saying, "I can neither rest nor sleep
Till my master I do see."
- 6 He rode till he came to Lord Banner's hall
And tappèd at the ring;
There was none so ready as Lord Banner himself
To rise and let him in.
- 7 "O, is there any of the buildings fell,
Or any of my towers three?
Or is there anything happenèd
Unto my gay ladie?"

* In 1927, these lines were recited:

"He has gone to fair Scotland,
To make an arn or a throne."

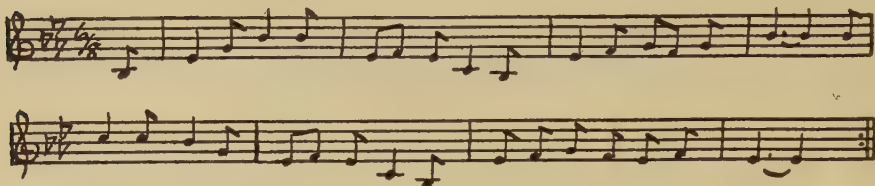
When in 1929, we wished to verify them, the two lines were given as printed above. Compare, however, D b, 4, line 4, evidently learned from the same source, and A a, 4, line 4.

- 8 "O, no, there's none of your buildings fell,
Or none of your towers three,
But little Mat Groves of fair Scotland
Is in bed with your gay ladie."
- 9 "If this be a lie," Lord Banner says,
"That you do tell to me,
Tomorrow I shall rig a gallows
And hangèd you shall be."
- 10 "If this bees a lie," the little foot-page says,
"That I do tell to thee,
You need not rig a gallows,
But hang me on a tree."
- 11 Then he called his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three,
Saying, "Let us go to fair Scotland
Those fashions for to see."
- 12 They hadn't been more than an hour in bed,
Nor yet fell fast asleep,
When up steps Lord Banner himself
And stood by their bed feet.
- 13 "O, how do you like my blankets, sir,
Or how do you like my sheets?
Or how do you like my false ladie
That lies in your arms asleep?"
- 14 "Much I like your blankets, sir,
Much better I like your sheets,
Much better I like your fair ladie
That lies in my arms asleep."
- 15 "Rise up, rise up and dress yourself,
As quickly as you can;
It will never be said in fair Scotland
That I killed a naked man."

- 16 "Rise up, rise up, I dare not do,
Not for all my life,
For by your side hangs two broadswords
And I not a single knife."
- 17 "If by my side hangs two broadswords
They cost me deep in purse,
And you may have the better one
And I will take the worst.
- 18 "And you may strike the very first blow,
And strike it like a man,
And I will strike the second one
And kill you if I can."
- 19 Little Matthew Groves struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Banner sore;
Lord Banner struck the second one
And laid him in his gore.
- 20 He took this fair lady by the hand
And gave her kisses three,
Saying, "Which of us do you love the best,
Little Matthew Groves or me?"
- 21 "O, much I love his ruby lips,
Likewise his dimpled chin,
Much better I loved his little finger
Than you and all your kin."
- 22 He took Lady Banner by the hand,
He threw her on the floor,
And with his sword dashed out her brains,
Lady Banner was no more.
- 23 He put the handle of the sword to the floor
And the point of it to his breast,
Saying, "There never was three lovers
So quickly sent to rest."

D b.

"LORD BANNER." Text sent in, January, 1929, by Mr. Thomas Edward Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick. Melody taken down by Mr. D. A. Nesbitt.



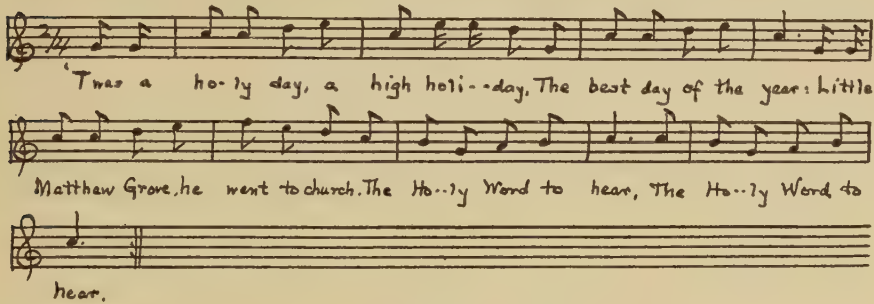
This text is the same as D a, from Mr. J. P. A. Nesbitt, and need not be reproduced in full. Verbal differences, collated, are:

- 1, 1: at a ball.
- 2, 1: She cast her eye ^{ed} his
- 4, 1: Oh, what if I an, ^{by two,}
- 4, 2: at home.
- 4, 3: to fair England.
- 4, 4: To make a mend on a throne.
- 5, 1: Then up spoke a little, etc.
- 8, 1: there is.
- 8, 2: nor none.
- 9, 1: If this is a lie.
- 9, 3: I will rig.
- 10, 1: If this is a lie.
- 12, 2: Or yet.
- 13, 4: and sleeps.
- 14, 4: and sleeps.
- 17, 4: will keep the worst.
- 19, 1: Little Matt Groves.
- 20, 1: his fair ladye.
- 21, 1: much I liked.
- 21, 3: better I liked.
- 22, 1: He took the fair ladye by the hands.
- 24: Additional stanza:

They dug their graves both long and wide,
And placed them side by side,
They laid Lady Banner on the sunny side,
Because she was fond of the men.

E.

"LORD ARNOLD'S WIFE." Received, January, 1928, from Mrs. Della A. Quimby of Bucksport, by the kindness of Mrs. Susie C. Young. These fragments are what Mrs. Quimby recalls of the song as sung by her father, John H. Starr, who learned it of his mother Hannah (Soper) Starr. Melody recorded by Miss Ella Poole, Canton, Mass.



- 1 'Twas a holy day, a high holiday,
The best day of the year,
Little Matthew Grove he went to church
The Holy Word to hear.
- 2 The first came down was in scarlet gay,
The next came down was in pearl,
The next that came was Lord Arnold's wife,
She's the handsomest of them all.
- 3

 "Lay up, lay up, my Little Matthew Grove
And keep me from the cold."
- 4 "Get up, get up, you Little Matthew Grove
And put some clothing on;
It never shall be said, when you are dead,
That I killed a naked man."

- 5 Sweetly sings the nightingale
And sweetly plays the band,
Lord Arnold has killed the handsomest man
That ever trod England's land;
- 6 Sweetly sings the nightingale
And sweetly sings the sparrow;
Lord Arnold has killed his fair lady
And he will be hung tomorrow.

F.

Two fragmentary texts from two daughters of the late Joseph Gilley, one of the early settlers upon the Cranberry Islands, off Mount Desert. Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, eighty-six years old, was born upon these outer islands and has spent most of her life there. She says she learned the song when very young, living upon Outer Duck Island, off Mount Desert, one of the most inaccessible islands upon the coast. Mrs. Nancy Stanley, a younger sister of Mrs. Phebe, gave what she could recall and said that she did not remember ever hearing anyone but her father sing the ballad.

F a.

From fragments taken down by the editors, October, 1925, from the singing of Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley of Baker Island; from a written copy, several months later by Mrs. Maude L. King, wife of the light keeper on Baker Island; and from a second text taken down by the editors, September, 1926. Mrs. Stanley did not hesitate at all in reproducing the lines, but most of the ballad was gone.

- 1 "Rise up, my Little Matthy Grove,
And come along with me."
- 2 "I dare not, I dare not,
[I dare not] for my life;
For I know by the rings on your fingers
You are Lord Arnold's wife."

- 3 "And what if I am? And what if I ain't?
And what is that to you?
Lord Arnold has gone to the King's castle
Lady Somebody for to see."

Mrs. Stanley was sure it was not "King Henry for to see"; she could not "remember the lady's name," but thought "it was tit for tat between Lord Arnold and his wife." "The little foot-page had heard them talking and sometimes he swum and sometimes he ran to tell Lord Arnold."

- 4 "O, is my castle burnèd down?
Or is my tower won?
Or is my gay lady brought to bed
Of a daughter or a son?"
- 5 "Your castle is not burnèd down,
Nor is your tower won,
Nor is your gay lady brought to bed
With a daughter or a son."

"His friend tried to warn Little Massy Grove," for

- 6 He blew his bugle loud and long.
- 7 "Lay down, lay down, Little Massy Grove
And keep my back from the cold;
For it's nothing but my father's men
Driving the sheep to the fold."
- 8 "Rise up, rise up, my Little Massy Grove
And come along with me,
And clothèd you shall be;
For it never shall be said
That I fought with a naked man.
- 9 "You shall have the first fair stroke
And I shall have the other,
So what more could I have done
Had he been my own dear brother?"

- 10 The very first stroke Massy Groves gave
He struck Lord Arnold full sore ;
And the very first stroke Lord Arnold struck,
Massy Grove's head rolled on the floor.
- 11 He took his lady by the hand
And led her through the hall,
And when he came to the uppermost room
He slew her before them all.

"And then," said Mrs. Stanley, "he made way with himself." Mrs. Stanley's characterization was dramatic throughout. The people of the ballad seemed entirely real to her, and several times she gave her opinion of their actions in pithy comment.

F b.

TAKEN down, September, 1926, from the recitation of Mrs. William Doane Stanley of Big Cranberry Island, younger sister of Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley. She could not recall the beginning of the ballad, but said that it was about Lord Arnold and Little Massy Groves and a little foot-page.

- 1 These ladies came down,
And then came down Lord Arnold's wife,
The fairest of them all.
- 2 She looked at Little Massy Grove
With such a winking eye,
And said : "You must come home with me,
This night with me to lie."
- 3 "I dare not, I dare not,
I dare not for my life,
For I see by the rings on your fingers
That you are Lord Arnold's wife."

"The lady saw Little Massy Grove and she fell in love with him. Lord Arnold had gone off somewhere on a visit," but Mrs. Stanley could not remember where. "The little foot-page heard and he started off to tell Lord Arnold. The lady took Little Massy Grove and went to bed. Lord Arnold was coming back and he told his men not to make any noise; but one of the fellows was a friend of Massy Grove and wished him well, so—"

- 4 He placed his bugle to his lips
And he blew it loud and shrill.
- 5 "Lie still, lie still, you Little Massy Grove,
And keep my back from the cold,
For it's nothing but my father's men,
Driving the sheep to the fold."
- 6 "Get up, get up, you Little Massy Grove,
And put some clothing on,
And never have it said by the morning sun
That I slew a naked man.
- 7 "And you can take this good broadsword
And I will take the other,
For what more could I do for you
If you were my own true brother?
- 8 "And you shall have the first stroke
And I will take the other,
And what more could I do for you
If you were my own true brother?"
- 9 The first stroke that Massy Grove gave
He wounded Lord Arnold sore,
And the next stroke Lord Arnold gave,
Massy Grove could strike no more.

- 10 He took his lady by the hand,
He led her through the hall,
And when he came to the outer room
He slew her before them all.
- 11 Merrily sings the nightingale,
Merrily sings the sparrow,
Lord Arnold he killed his wife today
And he's to be hung tomorrow.

G a.

"LORD BANNER." From Mr. James F. Whitmore, Southwest Harbor, by the courtesy of Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, Southwest Harbor. Mr. Whitmore "heard it sung when he was a small child," and Mrs. Sarah (Robinson) Black of Southwest Harbor, who gives the air, says that he learned it of her mother, Mrs. Abby Kelley.

"The first verse says that somebody came to Lord Banner's camp and told him that Red Rover of Old Scotland was calling on his lady. Lord Banner said":

- 1 "If this is a lie that you tell me,
As I believe it to be,
A stage and gallows I buildeth
And hangèd you shall be."
- 2 "If this is a lie that I tell to you,
As you believe it to be,
No stage or gallows build you,
But hang me to a tree."
- 3 Lord Banner he ran till he came to the sea
Then he took to his breast and swam,
And when he reached the other shore
Then he took to his feet and ran.

4

When the sun arose next morning,
Lord Banner he stood at their feet.

[“He said to the Red Rover”:]

5 “Arise, arise, put on your sword
As quick as ever you can,
For it shall not be said in old Scotland
That I fought with an unarmed man.”

6 “Arise, arise, I dare not do,
I dare not for my life,
For by your side are two broadswords
And I not a single knife.”

7 “If by my side are two broadswords,
They cost full deep in purse,
And you can choose the very best,
While I will take the worse.

8 “And you shall strike the very first blow
And strike it like a man,
While I will strike the second blow
And kill you, if I can.”

9 Red Rover struck the very first blow
And wounded Lord Banner full sore,
Lord Banner he struck the second blow
And laid him in his gore.

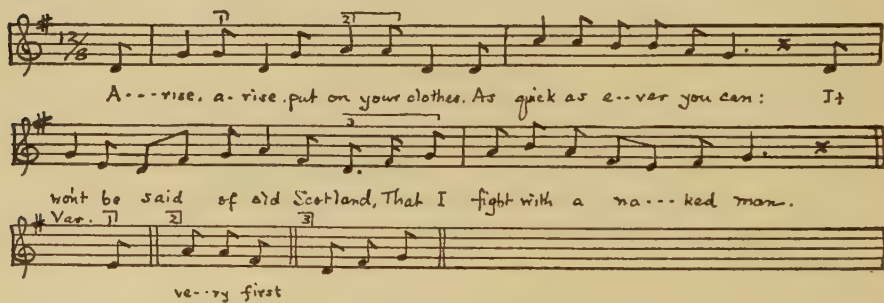
10 Then he took his fair lady round the waist
And gave her kisses three,
Saying, “Which of the two do you like the best,
Young Red Rover or me?”

- 11 "Very well do I like your rosy lips,
Very well do I like your chin,
But better far is young Red Rover
Than you or any of your kin."
- 12 Then he took his fair lady by the hair
And split her head in two,
And placed his sword upon the ground
And ran his own self through,
- 13 Saying, "Go dig my grave, go dig my grave,
Go dig it wide and deep,
By my side place my young wife,
With Red Rover at my feet."

G b.

"THE RED ROVER." Fragment recalled by Mrs. Sarah (Robinson) Black, Southwest Harbor, September, 1928, when she gave us the air sung by her mother, Mrs. Abby Kelley. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 80.



- 1 He called his servants one by one,
He called them by two and by three.

- 2 "Arise, arise, put on your clothes
As quick as ever you can,
It won't be said of old Scotland
That I fight with a naked man."

- 3 "And you shall have the very first blow,
.
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.
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The chief interest of this fragment is proving that the name of "Red Rover" was not a childish corruption of Mr. Whitmore's, but lay further back in the traditional history of the song. Other texts in which this name is found, may yet be recorded. We should suspect a common origin for all texts that have it.

H.

"LITTLE MUSGROVE AND LADY BARNSWELL." Sent in, February, 1928, by Mrs. James McGill of Chamcook, New Brunswick, who learned the song in Scotland from her grandmother. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 52$.

The musical notation is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a repeat sign at the end. The third staff has a repeat sign at the end. The fourth staff has a repeat sign at the end.

There were nine la-dies of the East, As-sem-bled at a ball: The
first came down was Lord Barnswell's lady, The fair-est a-mongst them all. She
fixed her eyes on Little Musgrove, And Little Musgrove on she: 'How
much would you take, you Lit-tle Mus-grove, To tar-ry all night with me?'

- 1 There were nine ladies o' the East
Assembled at a ball;
The first to come in was Lord Barnswell's ladye,
The fairest amongst them all.
- 2 She cast her eyes on Little Musgrove,
And Little Musgrove on she;
"How much will ye take, ye Little Musgrove,
Tae tarry ae nicht wi' me?"
- 3 "Tae tarry ae nicht wi' thee, fair ladye,
Would cause no end of war,
For I know ye are Lord Barnswell's ladye
By the gold rings that ye wear."
- 4 "An' what if I be Lord Barnswell's ladye,
This nicht I mean him to beguile,
For he is away tae fair England,
And he'll no' be back for a while."
- 5 Then up and spake the little page-boy,
An angry boy was he,
"I will neither eat nor sleep
Till my master I shall see."
- 6 He has rode off to his master's castle,
An' tingled at the ring,
There nair was one but Lord Barnswell himself
That let his page-boy in.
- 7 "Is my castle burned?" he says,
"Or any o' my tenants wrong?
Or is my ladye brought to bed
Wi' a daughter or a son?"
- 8 "Your castle is not burned," he says,
"Nor any o' your tenants wrong,
But Little Musgrove is in bed wi' your ladye,
An' will ye tae come home."

- 9 "If this be true ye tell tae me,
 A greevèd man am I;
 If this be lies ye tell tae me,
 Tomorrow ye sall die."
- 10 He's called up his merry men a'
 By ane, by twae an' by three,
 An' stead o' bein' the foremost man,
 The very last man was he.
- 11 "What is that I hear?"
 Says Little Musgrove.
 "No, no, it is but the wind
 As it stirs the leaves on the tree.
- 12 "Lie still, lie still, thou Little Musgrove,
 And shield me from the cauld,
 'Tis not, 'tis not but a little shepherd boy
 As he drives his sheep tae the fauld."
- 13 Then up cam Lord Barnswell an' his men,
 And tingled at the ring,
 "Rise up, rise up, thou Little Musgrove,
 Rise up an' let me in."
- 14 An' he's ta'en aff the coverlet,
 An' he's ta'en aff the sheet,
 "O now, O now, my Little Musgrove,
 Dost thou find my ladye sweet?"
- 15 "Arise, arise, thou Little Musgrove,
 An' a' thy clothes put on;
 It sall ne'er be said o' Lord Barnswell
 That he killed a naked man.

- 16 "There are two swords on my bed end,

- 17 The first blow that Musgrove gave
 He wounded Lord Barnswell sore,
 The very first blow that Lord Barnswell gave
 An' Little Musgrove was no more.
- 18 She lifted up his dying head
 An' kissed him frae cheek to chin,
 "I'd rather ha' thee, O Little Musgrove,
 Than Lord Barnswell an' a' his kin."
- 19 He's turned himsel' roun' tae his fair ladye
 An' stabbed her tae the heart.
 "Since in this life ye've lovers been,
 In death ye sall not part.
- 20 "Go bury these twa lovers in ae grave,
 Go bury them kith an' kin;
 But put my ladye on the top,
 She's of a nobler kin."

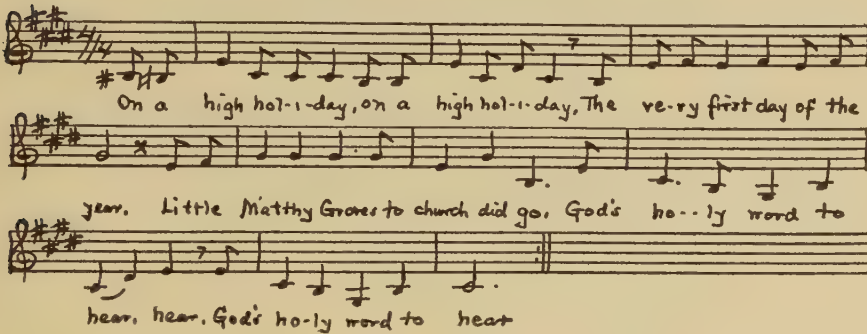
This text is of very recent introduction into this country, Mrs. McGill having come to America only about seventeen years ago. It is valuable as showing the Scotch tradition, the more so as Gavin Greig does not report "Little Musgrave" as being found at all in the northeast of Scotland. Mrs. McGill came from Galloway in the southwestern part.

Before beginning our critical examination of the texts of "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard,"* we must cite for comparison an invaluable text reported from Missouri by Prof. H. M. Belden. It is the nearest to a complete text yet discovered, and is particularly important as being the only published American text which is not more or less defective at the point where the warning bugle is blown.

* See also Maine I (pp. 186 ff.); received too late for insertion in its proper place.

LITTLE MATTHY GROVES

PRINTED by Prof. G. L. Kittredge, in JAFL, XXX, 315, 316, as communicated to Prof. H. M. Belden by Mrs. Eva W. Case of Harrison County, Missouri, in 1916, who was assisted in making out the text by her mother and her grandmother.



- 1 On a high holiday, on a high holiday,
The very first day of the year,
Little Matthy Groves to church did go,
God's holy word to hear, hear,
God's holy word to hear.
- 2 The first that came in was a gay ladie,
And the next that came in was a girl,
And the next that came in was Lord Arnold's wife,
The fairest of them all.
- 3 He stepped right up unto this one,
And she made him this reply,
Saying, "You must go home with me to-night,
All night with me for to lie."
- 4 "I cannot go with you to-night,
I cannot go for my life;
For I know by the rings that are on your fingers
You are Lord Arnold's wife."

- 5 "And if I am Lord Arnold's wife,
I know that Lord Arnold's gone away;
He's gone away to old England
To see King Henery."
- 6 A little footpage was standing by,
And he took to his feet and run;
He run till he came to the water-side,
And he bent his breast and swum.
- 7 "What news, what news, my little footpage?
What news have you for me?
Are my castle walls all toren down,
Or are my castles three?"
- 8 "Your castle walls are not toren down,
Nor are your towers three;
But little Matthy Groves is in your house,
In bed with your gay ladie."
- 9 He took his merry men by the hand
And placed them all in a row,
And he bade them not one word for to speak
And not one horn for to blow.
- 10 There was one man among them all
Who owed little Matthy some good will,
And he put his bugle horn to his mouth
And he blew both loud and shrill.
- 11 "Hark, hark! hark, hark!" said little Matthy Groves,
"I hear the bugle blow,
And every note it seems to say,
'Arise, arise, and go!'"
- 12 "Lie down, lie down, little Matthy Groves,
And keep my back from the cold!
It is my father's shepherd boys
A-blowing up the sheep from the fold."

- 13 From that they fell to hugging and kissing,
And from that they fell to sleep;
And next morn when they woke at the break of the day,
Lord Arnold stood at their feet.
- 14 "And it's how do you like my fine feather-bed,
And it's how do you like my sheets?
And it's how do you like my gay ladie,
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"
- 15 "Very well do I like your fine feather-beds,
Very well do I like your sheets;
But much better do I like your gay ladie
That lies in my arms and sleeps."
- 16 "Now get you up, little Matthy Groves,
And all your clothes put on;
For it never shall be said in old England
That I slew a naked man."
- 17 "I will get up," said little Matthy Groves,
And fight you for my life,
Though you've two bright swords hanging by your side,
And me not a pocket-knife!"
- 18 "If I've two bright swords by my side,
They cost me deep in purse;
And you shall have the better of the two,
And I will keep the worse."
- 19 The very first lick that little Matthy struck,
He wounded Lord Arnold sore;
But the very first lick that Lord Arnold struck,
Little Matthy struck no more.
- 20 He took his ladie by the hand
And he downed her on his knee,
Saying, "Which do you like the best, my dear,
Little Matthy Groves or me?"

- 21 "Very well do I like your rosy cheeks,
 Very well do I like your dimpled chin;
 But better I like little Matthy Groves
 Than you and all your kin."
- 22 He took his ladie by the hand
 And led her o'er the plain;
 He took the broad sword from his side
 And he split her head in twain.
- 23 "Hark, hark, hark, doth the nightingale sing,
 And the sparrows they do cry!
 Today I've killed two true lovers,
 And to-morrow I must die."

Here we have the same text that we found upon the outermost islands of the Maine coast (F a and b), upon an island inhabited only by the light keeper's family and an old lady, who was born on the island, and her son. A part of the test stanzas about the bugle had dropped out of the Gilley family text, but they are replaced by a prose equivalent, and the two lines that remain are all but identical:

And he put his bugle horn to his mouth
 And he blew both loud and shrill. (Missouri)

He placed his bugle to his lips
 And he blew it loud and shrill. (Maine)

The names of Lord Arnold and of Massy (or Matthy) Grove (or Groves) are the same in both, and both end with the apparently irrelevant stanza about the nightingale and the sparrow.

Along what lines the ballad may have traveled in getting to Missouri we do not know; but if it came up from the southeast, then it is not hard to place its relationships. No ballad that we have gives us so good a chance to work out its history as "Musgrave." In the first place, it is entirely traditional in this country. If it ever was printed in America, no one has yet discovered the fact. In the second place, it was one of the most widely known of all ballads. In the third place, a remarkably large number of good texts have been recovered. Professor Child knew

but fifteen English and Scottish versions. We have examined almost sixty American texts, including fragments, from ten states and provinces. They represent the many basketsfull that have been gathered up from that gay little snatch of song in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Act V, scene 3), sung by Merrythought, a jovial old ballad-singer:

And some they whistled, and some they sung,
 Hey down, down!
 And some did loudly say,
 Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew,
 Away, Musgrave, away!

In Maine-texts, A, B, C, D, G, and I, all have the name Lord Banner. Banner is associated with Young Grover Scott, Young McGrover, Young Mugrove, Young Magrue, Little Matthew Groves, and Red Rover. These texts are all Type One, the Banner type. In Maine-texts E and F, Lord Arnold is the principal, and he is associated with Little Matthew Groves, or Little Massy Grove—Type Two, the Arnold type. Mackenzie's three good texts and one of his two fragments from Nova Scotia have Lord Arnold, or Daniel, and Little Matha Grove; therefore they are Type Two. This is also the type of the Missouri text. It becomes clear, as both types are found in both sections of the country, that the split is one which antedated the introduction of the ballad into America.

The northern and the southern texts are remarkably consistent in the details they both preserve. Even the absurd lines in Campbell and Sharp B:

The first came down was a raven white,
 And the next came down was a Polly,

need very little revision to carry them back to the early form:

The first came down arrayed in white,
 The next came down in pall.

"Pall," the fine cloth worn by nobles, often becomes "pearl," and in some of the southern texts "girl"; but the underlying intention is the same in both. In both the northern and the southern texts, where they are not defective, Lady Barnard's eye is cast upon Young Musgrave, he knows by the rings on her fingers who she is, she explains more or

less clearly (usually much less), where her husband is gone. The foot-page overhears their talk and carries warning to Lord Barnard, who inquires whether his castles are burnt or his towers won, though in the South he may ask:

Is my old scaffold burned down,
Or is my tavern run? (C and S, G 9)

Usually, however, the reference to his "castle"—something altogether foreign to American intelligence—is much clearer in this country than it was in the old country. Lord Barnard sets out with his men, the warning horn is blown, the lady always makes the same remark about the shepherd (or her father's men) driving the sheep to the fold. There follows the discovery of the guilty pair, Lord Barnard's ironical question, Musgrave's plea that he is unarmed, the offer of his choice of swords, the first blow and the duel—all present unless there is a hiatus due to lack of memory. There are some fairly constant local expressions; for in the South, Matthy Groves is offered the "very first lick," followed by:

Little Matthy Groves struck the very first lick,
Which made Lord Dannel sore.
Lord Dannel struck the very next lick
And killed little Matthy on the floor. (C and S, C 11)

This is followed in one text by the very up-to-date stanza:

He took his wife by the lily-white hand
And he led her through the hall.
He jobbed the pistol in her breast
And she fell with a special ball. (C and S, C 13)

The fight is far better staged in the American versions than in Child's British texts. Indeed, throughout, the American forms are superior in incisiveness, vividness and rightness of action to the Child texts, some of which were printed two and a half centuries earlier. We find in the American texts just what we should expect to find in texts nearer to a fresh original, which was an earlier and a better form than that from which the British texts are drawn.

At the beginning the American texts falter; at the end, they differ much from one another; and in the middle, there is in all the published

texts, except the one from Missouri, a decided uncertainty as to just what happens, as if there were a break in the text just here. But upon another point, on which the Child texts break down, the American texts show a decided superiority: they know where Lord Barnard has gone, while the Child texts show little or no curiosity as to his whereabouts. He may be "a-hunting"; or he is simply "gone away"; or to the "king's court"; some do not mention his absence. But in the American texts, on the contrary, there is a vivid interest in the husband's whereabouts. Sometimes when

He's in some foreign land,

or else when

He's gone across the waterside,
He's gone there to stay, (C and S, C 3, G 5)

it looks as if it would be hard for the little foot-page, "Speedfoot" as he is, to get him back in time. But Lord Barnard, or Dannel, has also

gone to Kentucky
King Georgie for to view. (C and S, A 4)

In general, in the American texts there is a singular insistence upon King Henry, or at least a king or a throne, having something to do with Lord Barnard's absence. In four of Mackenzie's Nova Scotia texts the lines run:

Lord Daniel (or Arnold) is away to the New Castle
King Henry for to see. (A 4, B 5, C 4, D 1)

The Belden Missouri text says:

He's gone to old England
To see King Henery. (stanza 5)

Prof. Reed Smith's South Carolina text (B 4) has it:

He's gone to the new academy,
King Henry for to see.

and Campbell and Sharp (D 5) has:

Lord Vanner is to redemption gone
To King McHenry's throne.

Maine A 4 reads:

Lord Banner has gone to Indemption
To get an emerald throne;

Maine B 4:

He has gone to Redemption
To fetch young Henry his throne,

while Maine D a 4 (from New Brunswick) runs:

He has gone to fair England
Where the king sits on his throne.

Maine B may be called identical with Campbell and Sharp D. And, singularly, this same Campbell and Sharp text has in it the invitation to take a ride, which, in a more expanded form, we find in Maine A, I.

But why is King Henry mixing up in these American texts when he does not appear in any British text? There is an awful persistency about the name, which sticks so fast in these fluid ballads, never written down in this country before. There was no King Henry after the eighth of the name in England; none at all in Scotland; and no balladist would be likely to bring in his name long after his own reign. This detail of the story must be old,—not adventitious in a later tradition of the ballad.

Indeed, we have sufficient evidence that the King referred to *was* Henry VIII. Two unpublished southern texts, independent of each other, contain a significant reference to Whitehall Palace. The Sharp MSS text 544, stanza 4, says:

He run till he came to King Henry's *white hall*,
He rattled the bell and it rung.

In a letter, Prof. Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., the archivist of the Virginia Collections, soon to be published, writes of his texts: "There is at least one reference to a king; 'King Georgie's white horses (or house) to

see.' " The king may be called King George, or, as in one text, in the Sharp MSS, be replaced by Queen Anna, and still be the same as King Henry; but the "white house" and the "white hall" are the significant details; for Whitehall came into the possession of the Crown in the reign of Henry VIII, so that we need have no hesitation in affirming that the American texts of "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard" date at least to the time of Henry VIII.

On the other hand, there is, in the American tradition, a significant absence of the lines sung by Merrythought in Beaumont and Fletcher's play. There is no doubt that the ballad, licensed for printing as early as June 24, 1630 (Arber, IV, 236, quoted by Child, V, 225), was one of the most sung songs in the first half of the seventeenth century. In Child's oldest texts, A, B, C, eight copies in all (the earliest, C a, printed by Henry Gosson before 1641), and in most of his other texts, whether early or late, English or Scottish, in some form or other appears the "Away, Musgrave, away," which never is found in any American text except the Missouri text quoted and a hint in one of Miss Wyman's, neither of them being closer than (Belden 11):

And every note it seems to say,
"Arise, arise, and go."

Here is the most distinctive stanza in the ballad, chosen by Beaumont and Fletcher as a snatch known by everyone, which is not found in America. But on the other hand we are getting King Henry in many texts, with a similarity which shows that there was some form of "Little Musgrave" which was known to the earliest American settlers from Massachusetts to Virginia. And every American text yet printed, except Professor Belden's, breaks just at that point of the horn saying,

"Away, Musgrave, away!"

Nothing is clearer than that there were two very early forms of this ballad, one containing King Henry, the other "Away, Musgrave." The former appears in America, where it has been purely traditional until within a very few years; the latter was the original of the English and Scottish copies. The American copies must have come over very early to escape all contamination with the English type. That they went both to Virginia and to Massachusetts is apparent from their present dis-

tribution—otherwise we should not find both the Appalachian Highlands and the Maine seacoast singing of King Henry going to Redemption, which is the sort of accident that has to happen before a split begins, not afterwards. The ballad must have been nearly three hundred years in this country, diverging ever farther and farther; but it never has lost its integrity. We note how well the various American texts are preserved; how well they agree; how spirited they are; how splendidly dramatic, when the folk-singer throws himself into the ballad, and we wonder at the virility of a song which can thus keep itself alive. Of all the ballad problems that have come to us, that of “Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard” seems the finest to solve, should it be capable of any solution.*

I.

“LORD BANNER.” Text sent in by the kindness of Mr. D. A. Nesbitt, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, as written down, March, 1929, by Mrs. David J. Libby. Melody recorded by Mr. Nesbitt.

1) Four and twenty say la-dies, O---bey-ing at a ball, Lord
 2) O, etc.
 Banner's la-dy. she was there, The gayest of them all. And
 young Ma-gue, of Scotland, too, As bright as the ris...ing sun, - He
 looked at her, she winked at him, The like was ne- ver known.

* There is not space for the proof here, but the editors feel that in their detailed study of “Musgrave” they have proved that all Child’s English texts, A, B, C, are mere personal lampoons, of the reign of James I, directed against a prominent personage.

- 1 Four and twenty gay ladies,
Obeying at a ball,
Lord Banner's lady she was there,
The gayest of them all,
And young Magrue from Scotland too,
As bright as the rising sun;
He looked at her, she winked at him,
The likes was never known.
- 3 "Oh, will you take a ride with me,
Oh, will you take a ride?
You will have servants to wait on you
And a fair lady by your side."
"To take a ride I dare not do it,
Oh, not for all my life;
For by the ring you wear on your finger
You are Lord Banner's wife."
- 5 "Oh, what if I am Lord Banner's wife,
Sure he is not at home;
He has gone to fair England
To take King Henry's throne."
One of his foot-pages standing near
Heard what had been said and done.
He said, "My master shall have the news
Before the rising sun."
- 7 He ran till he came to the river's side,
There he jumped in and he swam,
He swam till he came to the other side,
He took to his heels and he run.
He ran till he came to the cottage door,
He rapped both loud and shrill;
There is none so ready as Lord Banner
To let this fair page in.

- 9 Saying, "Is there any of my castles down,
 Or any of my towers three,
 Or has there anything happenèd
 To my fair Lady?"
 "Oh, no, there's none of your castles down,
 Or none of your towers three,
 But young Magrue from Scotland
 Is in bed with your fair Lady."
- 11 "If that is a lie you tell to me,
 As I suppose it to be,
 I will rig a gallows
 And hangèd you shall be."
 "If this be a lie I tell to you,
 As you suppose it to be,
 You need not rig any gallows,
 You can hang me on a tree."
- 13 Then he called down his Army Men,
 By one, by two, by three,
 Saying, "We will go over to fair Scotland
 Those fancies for to see."
 "Oh, what is that," said young Magrue
 "That sounds so loud in my ear?
 It is Lord Banner's bugle
 That sounds so loud and clear."
- 15 "Lay down, lay down and keep me warm,
 Pray keep me from the cold;
 It is Lord Banner's shepherd boy
 Driving the sheep to the fold."
 He huddled her and he cuddled her
 And they both fell fast asleep,
 And early the next morning
 Lord Banner stood at their feet,

- 17 Saying: "How do you like my blankets fine,
 And how do you like my sheets,
 And how do you like my false lady
 That lays in your arms and sleeps?"
 "It's well I like your blankets fine,
 And well I like your sheets,
 But best of all your fair lady
 That lays in my arms and sleeps."
- 19 "Rise up, rise up and put on your clothes
 As quick as ever you can,
 For they never shall say in fair Scotland
 I fought with a naked man."
 "To put on my clothes I dare not do it,
 Not for all my life;
 For by your side you have two broadswords
 And I not a single knife."
- 21 "If by my side I have two broadswords,
 They cost me deep in purse,
 But you may take the best one
 And I will take the worst;
 And you may strike the very first blow
 And strike it like a man,
 And I will strike the second
 And kill you if I can."
- 23 Magrue he struck the very first blow,
 He wounded Lord Banner sore;
 Lord Banner struck the second
 And left him in his gore.
 He caught his fair lady by the waist,
 He gave her kisses three,
 Saying, "Which of us do you like the best,
 Young Magrue or me?"

- 25 "It's well I like your rosy cheeks
And your dimpled chin;
Far better I like young Magrue
Than you or any of your kin."
He caught her by the hair of the head,
He split her brains in twain,
He threw her on the floor
Where she never rose again.
- 27 He put the hilt of the sword
Unto the floor, the point was to his breast;
There never was three lovers
So quickly sent to their rest.

The original manuscript is written in ink. On it stanza 26 has been partly crossed off and this, in pencil, apparently in Mr. Nesbitt's hand, is added:

He caught her by the lily-white hand
And threw her on the floor,
And with his sword dashed out her brains,
Lady Banner was no more.

On the back of the sheet has been written and afterward crossed out:

They dug their graves both long and wide
And layed them side by side.

It is possible that Mrs. Libby had heard the close sung in two ways and was not sure which was preferable. One might suppose, from the apparent evidence of the air, which is in double measure, that there should have been four more lines to the last stanza. On the other hand, the text of "Willie of Hazel Green" (see page 371), is apparently similarly defective, though obviously complete, as far as the story of the ballad is concerned. In the case of this text, as with Mrs. Libby's "Lord Banner," there is no difficulty in singing a four-line stanza to the first half of the melody, for the reason that in each of the respective airs, the second phrase ends with a full cadence, thus giving complete melodic satisfaction.

The traditional music to "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard"

forms an important chapter in the history of the ballad. The only melody known in Child's time was the one printed by Motherwell (*Minstrelsy*, Boston, 1846, II, 275), set to the text of Child M. This air, partly Mixolydian, was reprinted without the distinctive minor seventh, by Rimbault (*Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques*, p. 92). Chappell (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 170), took over the mutilated setting from Rimbault. Since Child's time, the valuable work done by collectors in America has greatly increased our knowledge of the musical, no less than of the textual tradition of the ballad. We have for the purpose of this study, necessarily incomplete, as long as there shall be any collectors of ballads at work, examined and collated forty tunes, constituting the entire available corpus of the music.

The results of our investigation may be summarized in the following catalogue:

Group I:

A a. Motherwell, <i>Minstrelsy</i> , II, 275.	1
b. Rimbault 92, Chappell 170.	
B a. Campbell and Sharp A. (Lord Daniel)	3
b. Campbell and Sharp B. (Lord Thomas)	4
c. Campbell and Sharp C. (Lord Dannel)	5
d. Campbell and Sharp D. (Lord Vanner)	6
e. Campbell and Sharp E. (Lord Thomas)	7
f. Campbell and Sharp F. (Lord Dannel)	8
g. Campbell and Sharp G. (Lord Donald)	9
h. Campbell and Sharp H.	10
i. Sharp MSS 3617a.	11
j. Sharp MSS 3639. (Lord Dannel)	12
k. Sharp MSS 3686. (Lord Banner)	13
l. Sharp MSS 3872.	14
m. Sharp MSS 3907. (Lord Diner)	15
n. Sharp MSS 3942.	16
o. Sharp MSS 4009. (Lord Bander)	17
p. Sharp MSS 4050. (Lord Aulan)	18
q. Sharp MSS 4090. (Lord Darnel)	19
r. Sharp MSS 4140. (Lord Arnold)	20
s. Sharp MSS 4171.	21

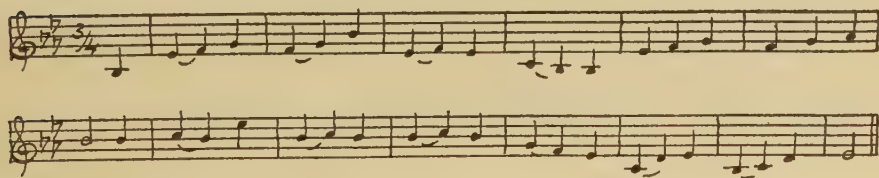
t. Sharp MSS 4563. (Lord Daniel)	22
u. Sharp MSS 4700.	23
v. Mackenzie, p. 392. (Lord Arnold)	24
w. Wyman 1, JAFL, XXX, 309. (Lord Orland)	25
x. Belden, JAFL, XXX, 314. (Lord Arnold)	26
y. Maine D b. (Lord Banner)	27
z. (Hymn tune: <i>Land of Rest.</i>)	28
aa. Jamaica 1. (Lord Barnaby), PMLA, XXXIX, 471.	29
bb. Jamaica 2. PMLA, XXXIX, 473.	30
Group 2. Sharp MSS 3795.	31
Group 3. Sharp MSS 4043.	32
Group 4. Wyman 2, JAFL, XXX, 311.	33
Group 5:	
a. Maine I. (Lord Banner)	34
b. Maine A a. (Lord Banner)	35
c. Maine A b. (Lord Benner)	36
d. Maine B. (Lord Banner)	37
Group 6. Maine H. (Lord Barnswell)	38
Group 7. Maine G. (Red Rover)	39
Group 8. Maine E. (Lord Arnold)	40

In the foregoing catalogue, the tunes have been arranged, as far as possible, according to evidences of relationship. The relationship between A and B of the first group is remote, but it is indicated by Sharp MSS 3992, which, though of the B-class, is yet vaguely reminiscent of A, as well as by Jamaica 1. Many of the variants of the B-class consist of five phrases, allowing for the repetition of the last line of each stanza as a refrain. Several, however, have lost the refrain, leaving the melody incomplete. In Campbell and Sharp, G (also in Sharp MSS 3872) the air has been re-created from major to Aeolian, through the treatment of the sixth of the scale, first as a secondary, then as a primary tonic. Wyman 1 shows the intermediary stage between the earlier and the later forms.

Of the airs in groups 2-4, little need be said. Sharp MSS 3795 belongs to Child 4, and differs only very slightly from a Pennsylvania air in the Barry Collection, to which was sung a text of Child 4, in the form as printed in the *American Songster*.

The Maine tunes, exclusive of D b, are not related to the air so widely current in the South. Maine E is sung to "Yankee Doodle." The melodies to Maine A a, A b, and I, are all variants of an Irish air, of which I has obviously retained the oldest form. In the melody to A a, we have already under way, a wearing-down process, which has left for A b only half the air. B, moreover, which is textually akin to both A and I, is sung to a melody of which only a fragment, probably crossed with a different air, has been recorded. Yet this fragment is dimly reminiscent, in part, of the melody to A. On the basis of the evidence, then, we should infer that our versions A and B, the history of which is not completely known, may have come originally from across the border, bringing their air with them. Whether or not ultimately traceable to Province tradition, they have become perfectly established as Maine ballads. The warning to ballad students is clear—to beware of overstressing the importance of state or provincial boundaries. Ballads have as little concern as rare plants, or bird-migrants, for mere matters of political geography.

Mr. Nelson's tune, however, is distantly related to the southern air. This relationship is indicated by the following melody, given to one of the editors about twenty-five years ago, by a neighbor, a Civil War veteran, who, in his childhood, heard the hymn "Sweet Land of Rest, for thee I sigh," sung to it.



THE melody is patently a folk-tune, and a good one. Its relationship to Mr. Nelson's melody is quite clear. Comparison with the large number of variants, both published and unpublished, of the "Little Musgrave" air recorded in the South, by Sharp and others, demonstrates its relation to several of them.

A particularly significant feature of the distribution of the melodies is that texts of both the "*Banner*" and "*Daniel-Arnold*" types of the

American tradition of "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard" are sung to variants of *the same air*. In a few cases, this air has been so worn down that evidences of its kinship have been all but obliterated. The conclusion is obvious,—there is but one original traditional source for the ballad in America. Even the Maine texts, which have lost this original air, are (except for Maine H, a recent importation from Scotland), otherwise, through textual affinity, shown to be of the same original stock as the texts, both northern and southern, which have kept this same air.

The Jamaica versions (published by Martha W. Beckwith, "The Popular Ballad in Jamaica," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXXIX, 470 ff.), are textually distinct from the American tradition of the ballad, as represented by texts recorded in this country and in the British maritime provinces of the northeast. They are obviously of late introduction; their kinship is with Child A, B, C, and the group of Child's secondary Scottish texts. The name "Lord Barnard" of Child A, has survived in one of the Jamaica texts as "Lord Barnaby" (compare the Scottish texts, Child E, F). Yet the two melodies, worn down and mutilated fragments, it is true, are related to the characteristic "Musgrave" air of our southern highlands. In this, we have additional proof that the American and the British versions of this ballad have come ultimately from a single source, though, if we are to date each by its place in the tradition of the ballad as a whole, the American group, with its fine flavor of unspoiled tradition, its feudal background of castles and towers, and its setting of the incidents in the reign of King Henry, is not far from a century older than the oldest representative of the British group.

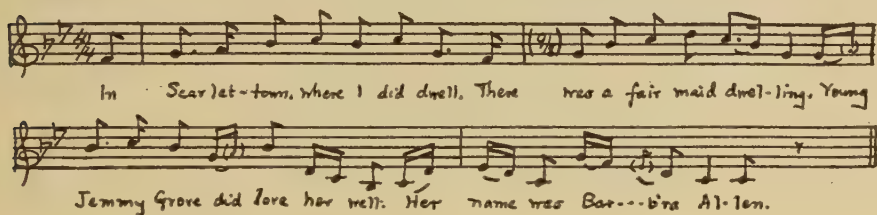
The injunction to his followers attributed to Charles Wesley, not to let the Devil keep all the good tunes, has ever been kept. Long before the day when catchy vaudeville airs were set to the words of hymns, fine traditional melodies of old ballads were put to similar use. We refer our readers to Miss A. G. Gilchrist's article, "The Folk-Element in Early Revival Hymns and Tunes" (JFSS, VIII, 61 ff.). In this article, Miss Gilchrist has shown the relation, also, to certain variants of the "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor" group of melodies, of the hymn tune "Land of Rest," of which she prints a later and less characteristic version, and has traced not less than three other hymn tunes to the "Little Musgrave" air.

BARBARA ALLAN

(Child 84)

A.

FROM Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, as sung by her and by her mother. "These are the words as mother sung them, only I am not quite clear about the Scarlet Town; I think I, at least, called it 'Charlottetown.'* This is all that I remember of it." Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

 $\frac{3}{4} = 60$.

- 1 In Scarlet Town where I did dwell,
There was a fair maid dwelling;
Young Jemmy Grove did love her well,
And her name was Barbara Allen.
- 2 'Twas on the fifteenth day of May,
And the green fields were a-blooming,
This young man on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.
- 3 So slowly she put on her gown,
So slowly she went to him;
And all she said when she got there
Was: "Young man, you're a-dying.

* Compare Mackenzie B.

- 4 "For Death is printed in your face
And Sorrow on your bearing;
You never will be none the better for me,
Nor the love of Barbara Allen."
- 5 She had not got far out of town
Before the bells were tolling,
And with the tolling of the bells
Laughed cruel Barbara Allen.
- 6 She turned about to get her breath
And spied the funeral coming;
She laughed to see him pale in death,
O cruel Barbara Allen.
- 7 When he was buried in his grave,
Her heart did burst with sorrow:
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow!"
- 8 "Now, maidens all, a warning take,
And shun the ways I fell in,
Or else your heart like mine may break;
Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

This form of the ballad most likely was traditional in Mrs. Young's family. It certainly has little in common with the form in the *Forget-me-not Songster*, which is more like that in *Percy's Reliques*. It much more resembles a very brief, and certainly traditional, text given in *Charley Fox's Minstrel's Companion*, a dime songbook, probably dating before the Civil War, which contains a number of very old songs in traditional form. "Barbara Allan" has proved a hard song to recover in Maine, though once known everywhere. It deserves careful work by collectors in recording the variants and deciding from which source they came.

B.

"BARBARA ALLEN." Sent in by Mrs. Annie V. Marston of West Gouldsboro.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas day,
When the green leaves they were falling,
Sir James the Graham in the West,
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.
- 2 ["First two lines forgotten."
"And write a letter with my blood
And carry it to Barbara Allen."
- 3 O, slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly gazed she on him,
And gently drew the curtains by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."
- 4 "O, I am sick and very, very sick,
And my heart is at the breaking,
One kiss or two from thy sweet lips
Would keep me from the dying."
- 5 "O, mind you not, young man," said she,
"When you sat in the tavern drinking,
You made the healths go round and about,
You slighted Barbara Allen?"

["Then a verse telling of his dying that I cannot remember."]

- 6 "O mother, mother, make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow;
Since my love has died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow."

C.

"BARBARA ALLEN." An Irish form, taken down in 1927, by Mrs. Susie C. Young from the recitation of Mrs. Leary, an old Irish lady.

- 1 "Do you remember when we danced,
My choice was Barbara Allen?
- 2 "Do you remember when we sang,
My song was of Barbara Allen?
- 3 "Do you remember when we dined,
My toast was Barbara Allen?
- 4 "Here is a dish of my heart's blood
I shed for Barbara Allen.
- 5 "Now I am dying all for love,
And just one kiss would save."

[“She refused the kiss.”]

The following, though from print, is valuable to the collector. It is clearly traditional, and, with its traditional tune, was printed about 1861.

D.

"BARB'RY ALLUM. A Pathetic Ballad. As sung by Charley Fox." *Charley Fox's Minstrel's Companion* (no imprint), which gives the music.

From *Charley Fox's Minstrel's Companion*.

The musical notation is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values. The lyrics continue below the second staff.

In Scarlet town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwelling Made
 ev'ry youth say well a-wake, And her name was Barb'ry Al-Turn

- 1 In Scarlet-town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth say well aware,
And her name was Barb'ry Allum.
- 2 All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds they were swelling,
Young Jimmy Groves on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barb'ry Allum.
- 3 He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling;
You must come to my master dear,
If your name is Barb'ry Allum.
- 4 For death is painted on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin';
Yet little better shall he be
For lovely Barb'ra Allum.
- 5 Hard-hearted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so sincerely:
Oh that I had been more kind to him,
When he was live and near me.
- 6 When on her death-bed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him,
And so repented of the day,
That she did ever deny him.
- 7 Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ry Allum.

The text is akin to Child B, the melody is a variant of the air first printed by Rimbault, in *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques*, p. 98. A longer form of the text, in eight stanzas of eight lines each, set

to a variant of the air called "Marlbrouck s'en va-t-en Guerre," was printed in 1892 in Trifet's *Monthly Budget of Music*, p. 159, and reprinted in 1895 in *162 Popular Songs*, published by P. O. Vickery, Augusta. See also *Everybody's Songster*, pp. 364 ff.

Mackenzie's A-text, from Nova Scotia, is almost word for word the same as that in the old *Forget-me-not Songster*, which was so popular in Maine. It contains several unusual stanzas, apparently abstracted from some other ballad, extending a full copy of it to eighteen stanzas, an unusual length for "Barbara Allan." Texts of this version may confidently be expected to occur in Maine.

In the South, Cox gives nine variants of "Barbara Allan," eight of which end in an aberrant manner, although he does not comment upon it. These have borrowed the conventional motive of the rose and brier, which intertwine in a true lover's knot about the church-tower. The only time this ending has been found in Maine was in print, in *Good Stories*, for November, 1918, published by Vickery and Hill, Augusta. The text is clearly traditional, but it may have, and most likely did, come from some other printed copy sent in for publication from a source outside of Maine.

Was Barbara Allen a real person? We feel sure of it. No other woman in balladry stands out so "in the round," with incident, motive, and action all so consistently sequent. If she was not an actual person, then it took genius to invent her.

In Newbury, Vt., the ballad was associated with a local tradition of a certain Barbara Allen who was jilted by her lover in favor of a girl whom he described as an "angel without wings." Some wag, accordingly, sent the bride a pair of goose-wings to supply the deficiency in her angelic nature.

LAMKIN

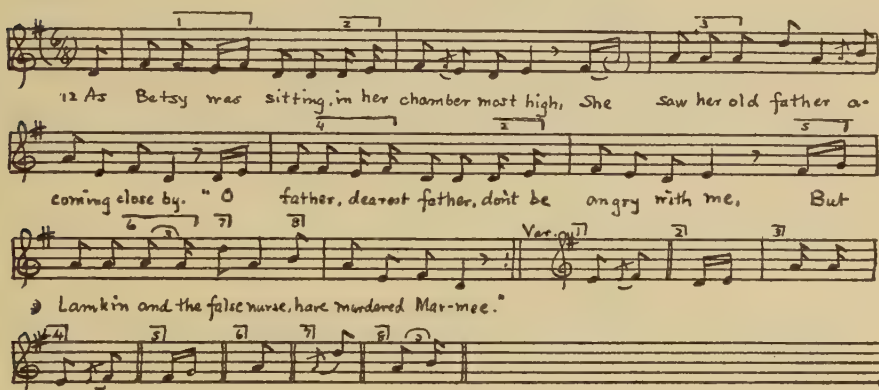
(Child 98)

A.

FROM Mr. Alden Mace, Southwest Harbor, September 28, 1927. Melody recorded from Mr. Mace's singing, September 12, 1928, by Mr. George Herzog. Mr. Mace learned this song when a little boy, eight or nine

years old, from a man named John Anderson, probably from Prince Edward Island, who was then working on Plantation 21, now the town of Osborn. "What I learned of this Lamkin I learned forty years or more ago in the woods; so I remember only a little of some verses. In one verse Lamkin asked the nurse where the man was. She told him where he had gone."

$\frac{3}{8} = 48$.



- 1 "And where is the landlady,
and is she within?"
"She is up in her chamber,
in her chamber most high,
And her doors they are bolted
and her windows fastened tight."
- 2 "How shall we try
to get her to come down?"
"You may prick her babe's shoulder
with a silver pin."
- 3 They pricked it
and pricked it full sore,
And the blood from the cradle
in showers did pour.

- 4 "How can I come down
so late in the night,
Without any fire
or no candle-light?"
- 5 "There are several bright lanterns,
as bright as the sun,
And you can come down
by the light of one of them."
- 6 Down came this fairest lady
.
.
.
.
Lamkin stood ready
and grabbed her in his arms.
- 7 "Oh, please, Mr. Lamkin,
spare me till one o'clock,
You can have all the gold
you can take in your cart."
- 8 "I'd rather see a knife run
through your red heart
Than have all the money
I can take in my cart."
- 9 "Oh, Lamkin, please Lamkin,
spare me but one hour,
And you may have my daughter Betsy,
she's the branch of all flowers."
- 10 "Call down your daughter Betsy,
she may do you some good,
She may hold a silver vessel
to catch your life's blood."
- 11 "Oh, my daughter Betsy,
stay where that you be,
To welcome your father
when he comes home from sea."

- 12 As Betsy was sitting
in her chamber most high,
She saw her old father
a-coming close by.
- 13 "O father, dearest father,
don't be angry with me,
But Lamkin and the false nurse
have murdered Marmee."
- 14 Lamkin was taken,
hung on a gallows most high,
And the lanterns stood burning
on the posts that stood by.

B.

FRAGMENT recited, September 21, 1927, by Mrs. Oliver K. Joyce, Gott Island, off the coast of Mount Desert. The lines seem to be the opening of the text given above.

- 1 Said the lord to his lady,
"I'm going out of town;
Beware of Lamkin
While I am gone."
- 2 "I care not for Lamkin,
Nor none of his kin,
My doors are all bolted,
My windows pinned in."

"Lamkin came to see her and told the nurse to prick the baby's shoulder with a gold or a silver pin, so the lady should come down."

The full story of the ballad narrates how Lamkin the mason had not been paid for his work by the lord for whom he had built a castle. When the lord was away, Lamkin arranged with the false nurse within the castle to be let in by a window which was not "pinned in." He and the

nurse, by causing the baby to cry, drew the lady down from her safe upper chamber and then slew her and the babe. "The name Lamkin," says Professor Child, "is probably an ironical designation for the bloody mason, the terror of countless nurseries."

The history of the Maine tradition of "Lamkin" is interesting. Textually, Maine A belongs with the following group of variants:

Child F,—as sung in Northumberland about a century prior to 1856;

Child T,—a Killarney, Ireland, version, in tradition before 1867;

A fragment from Virginia (Child, III, 515) allied to Child F and Child T;

A North Carolina version printed by Campbell and Sharp, pp. 104-105;

An Ohio version printed by Tolman in JAFL, XXIX, 162-164;

A Michigan version, in the MS Collection of Mr. B. L. Jones, said to resemble closely the Ohio text.

A Tennessee version obtained by Mr. M. E. Henry, Ridgefield, N. J. (to be printed in JAFL).

The correspondence of stanzas is shown by the following summary:

Maine A:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Child F:	7	(9)	(10)	15	(16)	..	17	..	19	20	..	21	22	(23)
Child T:	3	..	..	8	9	10	(13)	..	15	..	..	..	18	..
Virginia:	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
N. Car.:	..	(8)	..	4	5	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ohio:	7	8	9	11	12	13	14	(15)	16	17	18	19	..	(21)
Tenn.:	5	7	(8)	..	..	9	(10)	..	(12)	(13)	14	..	(15)	(15)

In the foregoing list, we have indicated, by parentheses, such correspondences of stanzas as are only partial or incomplete. For example, Maine A 14 has:

Lamkin was taken,
hung on a gallows most high,
And the lanterns stood burning
on the posts that stood by,

which corresponds partly to Child F 23:

Then Long Lonkyn was hanged
on a gallows so high,
And the false nurse was burnt
in a fire just by.

Since Mr. Mace recalled that his text had originally a stanza, now forgotten, in which Lamkin asked the nurse where the man was, and was told by her where he had gone, the correspondence of texts in the above group is made more exact, for such a stanza is found in Child F, Child T, and in the Ohio and Tennessee texts. Moreover, since both stanzas of Maine B are represented in the Ohio and Tennessee texts, it is not impossible that they, too, may have belonged to the same traditional group.

The relative antiquity of the tradition of Maine A may be indicated further. We have in Child B, C, E, F, the ironical address of the nurse to the lady that she may use the sheen of her clothes or jewelry to light her way down the dark stairs. In the North Carolina text the stanza reads:

"You've got five golden mantles
As bright as the sun.
Bewore, ye fair lady,
You must come by the light of one."

The savage humor of the nurse's slur on the lady's love for gay raiment is the best proof that Child F and the North Carolina text belong to an earlier stage of tradition, at least as far as this particular detail is concerned, than Maine A, Child T, and the Ohio version, which have instead of "mantles," respectively, "lanterns," "lamps," and "lanterns." On the other hand, Maine A has preserved a quaintly archaic conceit in the stanza:

"Oh, Lamkin, please Lamkin,
spare me but one hour,
And you may have my daughter Betsy,
she's the branch of all flowers."

The formula "branch of all flowers" is distinctly an Irish term of endearment, similar to the more familiar expression "*mo chraoibhin cno*," that is, "my little branch of nuts" or "nut-brown maiden." We have actually in an Old-Irish hymn of the seventh century, the formula, "*in chróib co mbláthib*," "the branch with the flowers," applied to St. Brigid. The other texts of "Lamkin" allied to Maine A all show the wearing down of this formula. Child F has "she is a sweet flower";

Child T, "the flower of the flock"; the Ohio text, "the queen of the bower." See also JFSS, V, 83.

The close relationship of Maine A and the Ohio version is also clearly indicated by the music. The Ohio melody (JAFL, XXXV, 344) is a defective variant of the charming air to which Mr. Mace sings our A-text of "Lamkin."

THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

(Child 95)

Form I. The Hangman's Tree

FROM Miss Helene Bellatty, Ellsworth, who took this down from the dictation of her father, Capt. W. C. Bellatty, who followed the sea for more than sixty years and was master of the last Ellsworth-owned coaster.

- 1 "Hangman, hangman, hold the rope,
Hold it for awhile,
For I think I see my father now,
Riding many a mile.
- 2 "Father, father, have you gold,
Gold to set me free?
[Or have you come to see me hanged
Upon a gallows tree?"]
- 3 "No, my daughter, I have no gold,
Gold to set you free,
But I have come to see you hung
Upon a gallows tree."

"The same conversation takes place with the mother, sister, and brother; then comes the sweetheart."

- 4 "Hangman, hangman, hold the rope,
Hold it for awhile,
For I think I see my truelove now,
Riding many a mile.
- 5 "Truelove, truelove, have you gold,
Gold to set me free,
[Or have you come to see me hanged
Upon a gallows tree?"]
- 6 "Yes, my love, I have gold,
Gold to set you free,
And have not come to see you hung
Upon a gallows tree."

Mr. Alden Mace, Southwest Harbor, said, Sept. 12, 1928, that he had heard "Hangman, hangman, stay thy hand," but did not know it. The question was asked of nearly everyone with whom we conversed about the old songs during September, and no one could give a line of it, or the air, although several had heard it sung years ago.

Form II. The Golden Ball

There is another form of the Hangman Song, characterized by the maid who is to be hanged having lost a golden ball, which must be returned if she is not to suffer the penalty. This also was once known upon the Maine coast, and we have recovered a few fragments but have been unable to find anyone who could sing the air to it.

A.

RECITED, September 3, 1926, by Mrs. Nancy (Gilley) Stanley, Big Cranberry Island, who said that her father, Joseph Gilley of Baker Island, used to sing it.

- 1 She lookèd over the hills for many a day
And saw her grandmother coming.

- 2 She said: "O grandmother,
Have you found my golden ball?
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Upon the greenwood tree?"
- 3 "I haven't found your golden ball,
I haven't come to set you free,
But I have come to see you hung
Upon the greenwood tree."

B.

WRITTEN down, upon request, by Mrs. Phebe J. (Gilley) Stanley, Baker Island, elder sister of the preceding, as what she remembered of her father's song.

- 1 She lookèd over the hills for many a day
And saw her father coming.

She said: "O father,
Have you found my golden ball?
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hanged
Upon the Linden Tree?"

"I haven't found your golden ball,
I haven't come to set you free;
But I have come to see you hanged
Upon the Linden Tree."

- 2 She lookèd over the hills for many a day
And saw her mother coming.

She said: "O mother,
Have you found my golden ball?
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hanged
Upon the Linden Tree?"

"I haven't found your golden ball,
I haven't come to set you free,
But I have come to see you hanged
Upon the Linden Tree."

(The stanzas for the brother and sister are similar.)

- 3 She lookèd over the hills for many a day
And saw her grandmother coming.

She said: "O grandmother,
Have you found my golden ball?
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hanged
Upon the Linden Tree?"

"Yes, I have found your golden ball,
So I have come to set you free;
I have not come to see you hanged
Upon the Linden Tree."

C.

FRAGMENT, taken down, October, 1927, from the recitation of Mrs.
Frank Matthews, Eastport.

- 1 "Have you found my golden ball?
Have you thought of me?
Have you come to take me off
This dreadful willow tree?"

- 2 "I've not found your golden ball,
I've not thought of thee,
I've not come to take you off
This dreadful willow tree."

(The girl's brothers and sisters say the same thing, and finally her lover comes to her assistance.)

3 "Yes, I've found your golden ball,
I have thought of thee,
I have come to take you off
This dreadful willow tree."

Three of Joseph Gilley's daughters, Mrs. Nancy Stanley, Mrs. Phebe Stanley, and Mrs. Harriet Taylor, aged, respectively, when interviewed, seventy-four, eighty-four, and eighty-eight years, all recalled some part of this old song; but the only other textual fragment found is that of Mrs. Matthews. Yet Mrs. Archie S. Spurling of Islesford could remember having heard it sung, and Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford said that she had heard an old wandering beggar man in Ireland sing "The Golden Ball." Several persons along the border could also recall having heard it long ago.

"The Golden Ball" is related most closely to Child F, G, H (II, 353-354). Of these, F was "sung in Forfarshire . . . by girls during the progress of some game," while H, of which Child gave two forms, was part of a cante-fable. The view first put forward by Child, and lately reaffirmed by Prof. Reed Smith (South Carolina Ballads, p. 44), that the game-song and the cante-fable represent the last stages in the deterioration of this ballad, is not to be taken unqualifiedly.

A common feature of the "Golden Ball" versions, whether as ballad, game, or cante-fable, consists in the placing of the heroine in such a situation, that the failure to produce some precious article,—golden ball, golden key, golden cup, silver cup, etc.,—entrusted to her keeping, involves, either directly or indirectly, death on the gallows. Thus in Child H b, the golden ball is the property of a rich woman, who obliges her maid to clean it every day. The maid loses it in a stream, and is sentenced to be hanged. The best forms of the cante-fable, however, have been recorded from the tradition of American Negroes.

In *Voodoo Tales* (pp. 185 ff.), collected by Miss Mary A. Owen from Negro tradition in Missouri, we have "De Tale ob de Gol'en Ball." The content of this tale is as follows:

An old beggar, hospitably received by a Negro family, gives the daughter a golden ball, the possession of which transforms her to a white girl, with hair "straight ez cawn-silk," and "yalleh ez de ball." An Obeah woman poisons the girl's mother, marries the father, and cuts the string on which the ball hangs from the girl's neck. With the loss of the ball, the girl becomes a Negro, —she is charged by her stepmother with killing the white girl, and sentenced to be hanged.

"De po' brack gal, she cry an' cry.

Huh daddy come.

She call at 'im—

'O daddy, fine dat gol'en ball, ur yo' see me hang 'pun de gallus-tree!'"

Father, stepmother, beau, however, all pass by unheeding.

"Ole beggeh-man, he bline, he lame. He stop. He say, 'I save dat gal. I save huh fum de gallus-tree.'

Beggeh-man hole out de gol'en ball.

She won't die on de gallus-tree."

The beggar-man denounces the stepmother, who is hanged. The girl, white once more, repulses the advances of her lover, and refuses to go home with her father.

"Beggeh-man change, he putty, now (he had become beautiful), an' oh! he save huh fum de gallus tree."

The girl goes away with the transformed beggar-man.

"De hill, hit open good an' wide. Dey bofe go thu dat big wide crack.

Dey done fegit de gallus-tree.

De hill, hit shet closte up ergin."

With this form of the tale, may be compared a Jamaican version (W. Jekyll, *Jamaican Song and Story*, pp. 58 ff.).

There was a man have two daughter. One of the daughter belongs to the wife, an' one belongs to the man. An' the wife no love for the man daughter, so they drive her away.

An' she get a sitivation at ten shillings a week, an' the work is to look after two horses, an' to cut dry grass for them.

An' every night she put two bundles of dry grass in the 'table.

An' the mother was very grudgeful of the sitivation that she got.

An' one night she carry her own daughter to the pastur' an' they cut two bundles of green grass. An' they go secretly to the horse manger, an' take out the dry grass, an' put the green grass in its place.

So the horse eat it, an' in the morning they dead.

An' the master of that horse is a sailor.

The sailor took the gal who caring the horse to hang her.

An' when he get to the 'pot a place to hang her, he take this song. (At this point the ballad is introduced.)

A third Negro version of the cante-fable is printed by Mrs. E. C. Parsons in *Folk Tales of Andros Islands*, pp. 152-153:

Now dis was a king had one daughter. He sen' her to school in anoder countree, an' enchanted lan'. He (she) been deah to school. Fall in love wi' a schoolboy name of Jack. Jack belongin' to dat same place. After get through her edication, she went back home. Now, she become a beeg woman, time become engaged. De princess son want to be engaged to her. She won't accep' to her (him). All de high majorities she wouldn't accep' to none. One day more'n all, she went out for a walk. In walkin' she pick up a gold watch. She turn back home, she say "O mommer! look what a beautiful present I picked up!" So her mother didn't stan'. She make de alarm. She say dat she steal it. Dat de revenge 'cause she wouldn't cote (court) none of dese high people. In dose days dey don' put you in jail for stealin', dey hang. Dey make de gallows ready to be hung. Dey took her down where dey had de gallers rig. And deah she stud up. (At this point in the story, the ballad is introduced.)

If we may venture to read between the lines of this text, the conclusion is perhaps not too far fetched that the mother and the rejected lover were in collusion, and had placed the watch where the girl might find it, and be accused of the theft.

In *South Carolina Ballads*, pp. 89-90, Professor Smith quotes the last two of these versions, but not the first, to show that as a cante-fable, this ballad is on "the road downhill." We must not, however, overlook the fact that the cante-fable, in general, is not necessarily a late product. The game-song versions of several ballads do represent a stage of decay; in the present instance at least, however, the folk-tale and cante-fable have preserved relics of a stage of development which is even older than the ballad.

The earliest record of a romantic theme conforming to the situation in the foregoing Negro cante-fables, as well as in the "Golden Ball" form of "The Maid Freed from Gallows," is found in the ninth century Irish tale of the "Distressed Handmaid." According to one account, there was a certain bard who gave a precious object of silver into the keeping of his handmaid. His wife stole it, and threw it into the sea.

When the bard learned of his loss, he made ready to kill the handmaid. She appealed to St. Brigid, by whom the lost article was miraculously recovered in the inside of a salmon. (*Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus*, II, 345.) Another form of the tale made the bard to have been enamored of the girl. The loss of the treasure, stolen by him intentionally, and thrown into the sea, was to be compensated for with her honor. (*Acta Sanctorum*, I Feb., p. 139.) In the form in which it has come down to us, the Irish story has been used but as a tag on which to hang a commonplace hagiographic miracle. Only a dim memory of the romantic element has survived. Yet it serves to corroborate the explanation of the theme of "The Golden Ball" quoted by Miss Dorothy Scarborough (*On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, p. 38) that "the story is all allegory,—the golden ball signifying a maiden's honor, which, when lost, can be restored to her only by her lover."

In the modern cante-fable, we have, for instance in Child H b, and in the Jamaica version, the heroine described as a servant. This detail of the tradition has in the Missouri version become affected by the motif of the "loathly lady," made intelligible for Negro habits of thought by picturing the girl as changed into a Negro by the loss of the golden ball. The jealous wife of the Irish tale, who throws the entrusted jewel into the sea to encompass the death of the handmaid, has in the Negro versions become a jealous mother or stepmother. The Missouri version, however, in which the story has been crossed with the theme of "Hind Horn," has retained at least one motif, which connects it indubitably with Celtic mythology. The magician and the girl go together to the magician's home, through an opening in the side of a hill, which closes up behind them. That is, the magician is a Fairy Prince, one of the *síd*-folk, a supernatural race of Celtic romance, who were believed to inhabit the *síd* or barrows.

JOHNNY SCOT

(Child 99)

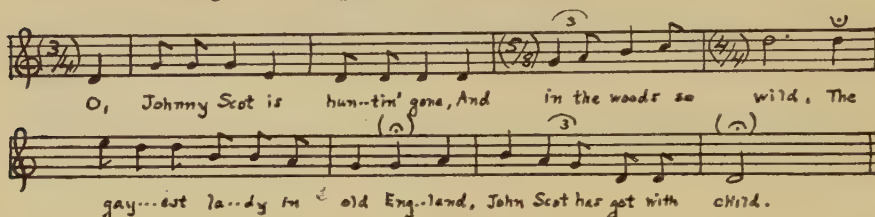
A.

TAKEN down, September 27, 1928, from the singing of Mr. John Sprague, Milltown, New Brunswick, who said that his great-grand-

father came from Dundee, Scotland, and brought this song with him.
Air recorded by Mr. George Herzog the same day.

"It is almost right, but not quite this way."

$\frac{1}{4} = 108$. The singer was not quite sure of the melody.



- 1 O, Johnny Scot is huntin' gone,
And in the woods so wild
The gayest lady in old England
John Scot has got with child.
- 2 The news is through the kitchen gone
And hunted through the hall,
The news is gone to King Edward's ears
And among the nobles all.
- 3 The king he wrote a broad letter
Unto Johnny Scot
[To come unto old England]
As hard as he could gain.
- 4 When Johnny Scot the letter read
A sorrowful man was he,
That he had to go to England
King Henry for to see.
- 5 O, Johnny's old father,
Sitting down by Johnny's knee,
Saying, "Ef you go to England,
You'll ne'er return to me."

- 6 There being a witty* young lad,
Setting close by Johnny's knee,
Saying, "Four and twenty of my best life's guard
Shall bear you company."
- 7 O, the first town that he came to
He beat his drums all round;
The second town he came to
He blowed his horns all round;
- 8 And the third town that he came to
He gazèd all about,
And then he see his own true love
In the window looking out.
- 9 "Come down, come down, my pretty one,
And talk along with me."
"I can't, I can't, dear John," she says,
"For the King has bolted me.
- 10 "My doors they are all firmèd locked,
My feet are fettered strong,
My windows they all bolted are,—
Love, how can I get down?"
- 11 And when he came to the King's castle,
So loud knocked at the ring,
There's none so ready as the King himself
To arise and let him in.
- 12 "Are you the Duke of Salgereee,
Or James, my Scottish king,
Or are you now my bastard son,
From Flanders late got in?"

* Witty—wighty, that is, strong, brisk, sturdy.

- 13 "I'm not the Duke of Salgere,
Nor James, your Scottish king,
Nor yet I'm not your bastard son,
From Flanders late got in.
My name it is Young Johnny Scot,
The lad that you sent for."
- 14 "If your name it is Young Johnny Scot,
As I take you to be,
Tomorrow morning at the eight of the clock
You'll hang upon the tree."
- 15 The King and all his merry men
[Came] to see Young Johnny slain;
The Queen and all her merry maids
Came tripping o'er the plain.
- 16 The King he had a grey old man,
An Eyetalian dog were he;
Between his eyes he measured spans,
His shoulders ell-es three.
- 17 But Young Johnny, being witty,
Like a swallow he did fly,
And upon the p'int of his broadsword
The Eyetalian dog did die.
- 18 He caught his sword all by the hilt
And whirls it o'er again,
"If you have any more of your English dogs,
You fain would have slain?"
- 19 "A clerk, a clerk," the King he cries,
"To read his poshing free!"
"A priest, a priest," Young Johnny cries,
"To wed my love and me!"

- 20 He clasped his horn all to his mouth,
He blew both loud and shrill,
The news is gone to Scoterland,
In spite of England's will.

B.

FROM the singing of Mr. Edward Holt, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, September 27, 1928. The air was recorded by Mr. George Herzog at the same time. Mr. Holt said this song came down from his great-grandfather William Holt, who came over from Scotland.

The air is set to stanza 16, which alone has a
 $\frac{3}{4}$ = 52. syllable for every note, as given in Mr. Herzog's MS.

16. I have a Ta--lian in my court, Will surely kill lords three For be-
twist his eye brows are two spans, And his shoulders are ells three, And his
shoulders are ells three

- 1 O, Johnny Scot is a-hunting gone,
Through the English woods so fair,
The fairest lady in the King's court,
She goes with child by him,
She goes with child by him.
- 2 O, the news is to the kitchen gone,
O, the news is to the hall,
O, the news is to King Edward's ears,
And that's the worst of all,
And that's the worst of all.

- 3 Now the King he wrote young John a letter,
And sent it to him so sweet.
O, the first two lines that he lookèd at
He was as happy as a bird upon a tree,
And the next two lines that he lookèd at
The salt tears blinded his eyes,
The salt tears blinded his eyes.
- 4 O, it's up speaks his old brother then,
And a galliant man was he,
"If it's unto England you must go,
I'll bear you company,
I'll bear you company."
- 5 O, it's up speaks his old father then,
Who ne'er spoke out of time:
"If it's unto England you must go,
I'll doubt your coming home,
I'll doubt your coming home."
- 6 O, the very first town that they rode through,
They rode it round and round;
And the very next town that they rode through,
They beat the drums all round,
They beat the drums all round.
- 7 And the very next town that they rode through,
They rode it round and round,
And the first one that Young Johnny saw
Was his truelove looking down,
Was his truelove looking down.
- 8 "Come down, come down, my love," he says,
"And speak one word unto me."
"I can't come down, or I won't come down,
For here I'm strong-lie hold;
My breastplate is of stubborn steel
And my hands are beat in gold,
And my hands are beat in gold."

- 9 Away Young Johnny runs then
 And tingles at the bell.
 There was none so ready as the King himself
 To run and let him in,
 To run and let him in.
- 10 “It’s are you Lord of Salvary,
 Or are you a Scottish king,
 Or are you one of my bastard sons
 From Flanders now come in,
 From Flanders now come in?”
- 11 “I’m not Lord of Salvary,
 Nor yet a Scottish king,
 But I am a brae Scots lad
 And Johnny Scot’s my name,
 And Johnny Scot’s my name.”
- 12 “O John, O John, what have you done,
 [What have you done] unto me,
 For the finest lady in all my court
 She goes with child by thee,
 She goes with child by thee.”
- 13
 “If that be so, as I take it to be,
 I’ll make it heir of all my land,
 Herself my gay ladye,
 Herself my gay ladye.”
- 14 “O no, O no,” the King replies,
 “That never, never shall be ;
 For tomorrow morning at eight o’clock,
 All hangèd you shall be,
 All hangèd you shall be.”

- 15 Up speaks his old father,
Who ne'er spake out of time,
"Before we'll all hang like dogs,
We'll fight, lords, till we die,
We'll fight, lords, till we die."
- 16 "I have a Talian in my court
Will surely kill lords three;
For betwixt his eyebrows are two spans,
And his shoulders are ells three,
And his shoulders are ells three."
- 17 When they go out on field to fight,
'Twas a dreadful sight to see;
For betwixt his eyebrows were two spans,
And his shoulders were ells three,
And his shoulders were ells three.
- 18 They fell to work like two mad men,
There was blood came trinkling down,
The Italian found no other way
For to take Young Johnny's life,
For to take Young Johnny's life.
- 19 Like a swallow, swift and soople,
He in Johnny's hair flew.
Johnny being a cunning lad,
Well trained in war was he,
And on the point of his broadsword
The Italian he did die,
The Italian he did die.
- 20 "O King, O King," Young Johnny said,
"I want none of your tocherie
And I want none of your store,
But give to me my gay ladye,
For God knows I bought her dear."

- 21 She rode on a milk-white steed,
And he rode on a grey;
There's land enough in fair Scotland
To ride on a fair summer's day,
To ride on a fair summer's day.

C.

FROM Mr. Ernest Sprague, son of Mr. John Sprague, Milltown, New Brunswick, September 27, 1928.

- 1 He lookèd east, he lookèd west,
He lookèd all round,
And there he saw his own true-love,
In the window looking out.
- 2 "Are you the Duke of Wellington,
Or James, my Scottish king?
Or are you yet my bastard son
From Limerick's Lake come in?"
- 3 "I'm not the Duke of Wellington,
Nor James, your Scottish king,
Nor I'm not yet your bastard son
From Limerick's Lake come in."

It was the chance singing of this fragment, interesting as illustrating the transmutations of a ballad, that enabled us to place and recover the two good texts of "Johnny Scot" listed as A, B.

The three Maine texts of "Johnny Scot" bring the total known versions of the ballad up to twenty-five. Of these, besides our three texts, twenty are in Child's collection, one in Greig's *Last Leaves*, pp. 74-75, and one, a defective and worn down text from North Carolina, printed by Campbell and Sharp, pp. 109-110. The tradition of the ballad, as was the case with that of "Little Musgrave," and some others, at an early period in its history, underwent a split, so that we have it in two distinct forms. Each of these forms, moreover, in its turn, has broken up into two or more well-defined sub-types.

In Type I, represented by Child A, B, E, I, K, M, N, P, Q, R, S, T, and Greig's text, Johnny Scot goes to England to enter the king's service. According to the rest of the story, not every detail of which, however, is found in every text of this type, some of which are defective, the hero beguiles the king's daughter, and flees the country, while the princess is imprisoned. In Sub-type A, Johnny Scot sends a messenger to his lady-love, inviting her to come to him,—in Sub-type B, she herself sends a messenger to her lover, asking help. Johnny Scot, with a company of retainers, goes to England, slays the king's champion in a duel, and frees his lady-love.

Type II is represented by Child C, D, G, L, and possibly by some other incomplete texts. Johnny Scot beguiles a noble lady (Earl Percy's daughter, C, D,—the king's daughter, G, L) while hunting in the English woods. The lady is put in prison. In Sub-type A (Child C) she sends a letter, asking her lover to help her,—in Sub-type B (Child D) Johnny Scot sends his waiting man to bring her to Scotland. Sub-type C, represented by Child G, L, gives a different turn to the action,—the King of England summons Johnny Scot to come to him, with the intention of putting him to death. As in Type I, Johnny and his merry men go to England, where the hero wins his lady-love after a duel to the death with the king's champion.

Three of the four American texts, excluding Maine C as too fragmentary to enter into the calculation, belong to Type II C. Sharp's text, though defective and corrupt, fortunately has preserved the lines which definitely fix its place in the ballad tradition:

- 1 When Johnie Scot saw this big, broad letter,
It caused him for to smile:
But the very first line that he did read,
The tears run down for awhile.
But the very first line that he did read,
The tears run down for awhile.
- 2 "Away to old England I must go,
King Edwards has sent for me."
Up spoke young Jimmy Scot himself
As he sat by his knees:
"Five hundred of my best brave men,
Shall bear you company."

(p. 109)

The riding through the three towns, as we have in Maine A, B, is a feature of both types of the ballad tradition, while the Italian's sensational but fatal gymnastics in the duel are found only in Child C, D, F, G, of which C, D, G belong to Type II, as probably also F, which lacks the significant opening stanza. In Child C, D, F, Johnny Scot is called simply "a clever man"; in G, however, we have the stanza:

Johnie was a valliant man,
Weel taught in war was he,
And on the point of his broad sword,
The Talliant stickit he. (II, 388)

This is very close to the form in Maine B 19. The Maine text, too, is more picturesque in the description of the Italian's last attack than Child G, which says simply that the Talliant,

like unto a swallow swift,
He flew out owre his head.

Maine A has a detail of the duel found in no other version; it is Johnny Scot, instead of the Italian, who flies like a swallow.

Maine A, B, and also C, the last a recent traditional variant of A, are evidently purely traditional texts, and very old. By a process of gradual elimination, we are able to say that they stand relatively near to Child C, G. Beside the features common to the Maine texts and the Child versions, we have in the reference to the Lord of Salvary (Maine B), or Duke of Salgereee (Maine A), a detail which at once connects the ballad with a Breton ballad of closely similar content. In the Breton text (Child II, 378) the hero is named *Les Aubrays*. There can be no doubt that this Les Aubrays is the original of Child B, "King of Aulsberry," and of "Salvaree" and "Salgereee" of our Maine texts. We should expect an intermediary stage in the transition of the name to have been "Salisbury." The points of contact with Child's texts are too diffuse, and, as aids to a theory of traditional relationship, too inconclusive to warrant the application to our Maine texts of the term "variant" lately proposed by Professor Kittredge as a means of distinguishing American texts which accord more or less closely with specific texts printed by Child, from texts which conform to Child's conception of "version," as meaning "a copy with distinguishing char-

acteristics in plot, style, age, atmosphere, or the like." (R. Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, p. 169.) If it were desirable to press the distinction between "variant" and "version," a distinction which has the defect of making the process of tradition rather too simple, Maine A and Maine B might properly be regarded as two distinct variants of a version of "Johnny Scot" independent of any of the versions published by Child, to the same extent that Child's versions are independent of each other.

WILLIE O' WINSBURY

(Child 100)

"THE story," says Child (II, 377), "of 'Willie o' Winsbury,' No. 100, has considerable resemblance to that of 'Johnie Scot,' but Willie's extreme beauty moves the king, the lady's father, to offer his daughter to him in marriage, without a combat."

No text of "Willie o' Winsbury" has been found in Maine. In the final stanza, however, of Maine B of "Johnny Scot" (Mr. Holt's version) we have an intrusion from Child 100:

She rode on a milk-white steed,
And he rode on a grey,
There's land enough in fair Scotland
To ride on a fair summer's day,
To ride on a fair summer's day.

A stanza corresponding to the above is found in Child C, F, and I of "Willie o' Winsbury." No trace of any such stanza is in any one of the twenty texts of "Johnie Scot" edited by Child. Yet in Greig's text of "Johnny Scot" (*Last Leaves*, p. 75) we have the concluding stanza:

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himsel on a dapple grey,
She's got as much land in fair Scotland
As she'll ride roun in a lang simmer's day.

Greig's text of "Johnny Scot" belongs to the group which we have here distinguished as Type I A,—whereas Mr. Holt's text is of Type II C.

The absence of the intruded stanza in Child's twenty texts proves that it cannot have attached itself to "Johnny Scot" prior to the split in the tradition of the ballad. We can only guess, then, that it has independently become combined with the two versions of "Johnny Scot," in which it appears.

Combs, in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, pp. 140-141, has printed a defective text of "Willie o' Winsbury" from West Virginia.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

(Child 105)

TAKEN down, October, 1927, from the recitation of Mrs. John Alexander of Campobello, New Brunswick, who learned it in childhood in England.

- 1 There was a youth, and a well beloved youth,
 And he was a squire's son,
 He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
 Who lived in Islington.
- 2 But she was coy and would not believe
 That he did love her so,
 And neither would she at any time
 Any countenance to him show.
- 3 Now when his friends did understand
 His fond and foolish mind,
 They sent him to fair London
 An apprentice for to bind.
- 4 And there for seven long years,
 And never his love did he see,
 "O, many a tear have I shed for her sake,
 When little she thought of me."

- 5 Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear,
She secretly stole away.
- 6 She then put off her gown of green,
And put on a ragged attire,
And journeyed up to fair London
Her true love to inquire.
- 7 And as she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a bank
And her true love came riding by.
- 8 She started up with color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle and rein,
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."
- 9 "Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."
- 10 "If she be dead, then take my horse,
My bridle and saddle also,
And I will to some far country
Where no man will ever me know."
- 11 "O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side,
She is not dead, she is here alive,
And ready to be thy bride."
- 12 "Farewell grief and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefor,
For now I've found my own true love
Whom I thought I would never see more."

In JAFL, XXXIX (1926), 106-107, there is an eight stanza version of this ballad called "The Comely Youth," recovered in Mississippi. The name of the town has been changed to Hazling town, and there are several other changes; for example, the girl, instead of disguising herself as a beggar, dresses in fine silk, and instead of asking for a penny, she begs a kiss. Her lover buys her jewels and they have a merry wedding.

Stanza 2 of the Mississippi text (corresponding to Child 3 and 4—as in our text) shows how the ballad is breaking down; for instead of "an apprentice for to bind," we have something without sense:

When his cruel parents came this to find,
That he was so inclined,
They sent him away down to London city,
Oh, and bid him a printer's bind, bind,
And bid him a printer's bind.

All of Child's copies were the same version from various printed broadsides of the seventeenth century.

THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN

(Child 106)

RECITED by Mrs. A. Welch, native of County Clare, Ireland, at Brunswick, September 4, 1907. MS collection of Phillips Barry, in Harvard University Library.

1 My father married me unto a knight,
My stepmother owed me a woful spite,—
She sent five robbers to me one night,
To rob my court, and slay my knight.

2 I cut my hair and changed my name,
From Ellen fair unto Sir William,
And horse and saddle I did ride,
With a sword and scarf down by my side.

- 3 I rode along to the King's hall,
And loud for service I did call,—
I gave the butler a diamond ring,
To deliver my message up to the King.
- 4 When the King came down, he made a bower,
Saying,—“Put on your hat, my girl and flower,
Put on your hat, my girl and true,
And tell to me what you can do.”
- 5 “I can be your stable groom,
Or I can be your kitchen cook,
Or I can stand in your grandest hall,
To wait on your nobles when they do call.”
- 6 “You'll not be my kitchen cook,
Nor you'll not be my stable groom,
But you may stand in my grandest hall,
To wait on the nobles when they do call.”
- 7 The King went out one day to hunt,
She got the flute, and played a tune,—
Saying,—“I was once at my father's hall,
And twenty servants was at my call.”
- 8 When the King came home from being at the hunt,
“What news, what news, my good old man?”
“Good news, good news, kind Sir,” said he,
“Your serving boy is a fine lady.”
- 9 “If that be true you are telling me,
Lord of manor I'll make of thee,—
If that be a lie you are telling me,
That tree yonder is your dying tree.

- 10 "Come bring me down that suit above,
And dress this lady to be my love."
"Oh, no, no, no, kind Sir," said she,
"Pay me my wages and set me free."
- 11 "Come bring me down that suit of white,
And I'll dress this fair maid to be my bride."
"Oh, yes, oh yes, kind Sir," said she,
"In marriage bonds I do agree."

To this may be added the following emendations. Miss M. M. Welch recalled an additional stanza, forgotten by her grandmother, which should follow stanza 1:

She could do me no worser harm,—
She killed my baby, lay on my arm,—
She left me nothing to roll it on,
But the Holland sheets my love lay on.

Three weeks after first having sung the song, Mrs. A. Welch made the following changes.

Stanza 4:

When the king came down he made a bow,
Saying, "Put on your hat, my gallant flower,
Put on your hat, my gallant youth,
And tell me what you can do."

Stanza 12 (additional):

"Go bring me down that suit of green,
And I'll dress this fair maid to be my queen,"—
"Oh yes, oh yes, kind sir," said she,
"In marriage bonds I do agree."

"The Famous Flower of Serving Men" must have been known and sung in New England during the nineteenth century, since we have a

text of it in the *Blackbird Songster*, one of the many pocket songbooks published during the 'forties. The text is as follows:

FAIR ELEANOR

ILLUSTRATION: a young woman, wearing an ermine robe, sitting in a large armchair.

- 1 My father he was a noble lord,
As ever old England did afford,—
My mother was a lady bright,
And in her I took great delight.
- 2 My brothers they built me a little bower,
And covered it over with pinks and flowers,
My father he married me to a noble [k]night,
For which my mother owed me great spite.
- 3 She sent nine robbers, all in one night,
For to rob my bower and slay my knight,—
She could not have done me a greater harm,
Than to slay my knight which lay on my arms.
- 4 They robbed my bower of everything,
They stripped my bower so neat and clean,—
They left nothing for to wrap him in,
But the bloody sheets that they slew him on.
- 5 It was all alone his corpse I washed,
It was all alone his corpse I dressed,
It was all alone a grave I made,
And into it my true love I laid.
- 6 My brothers and sisters from me did flee,
And left me in great misery:
I cut off my hair and I changed my name,
From fair Eleanor to Sweet William.

- 7 I mounted me a nimble steed,
With sword and pistols all by my side,
I rode till I came to the King's long hall,
And loud for services there I did call.
- 8 O come to me, my handsome youth,
And tell to me what you can do.
I pulled off my hat and bowed full low,
It was love and duty all for to show.
- 9 Sir, I can be your kitchen cook,
Or I can be your stable boy,
Or I can be at your service all,
For to wait on nobles all when they call.
- 10 O you shan't be my kitchen cook,
Nor you shan't be my stable boy,
But you may be at my service all
For to wait on nobles all when they call.
- 11 One day when the King was a-hunting gone,
He left his house all alone,—
He left no one at all at home
But fair Eleanor and this brisk young man.
- 12 Fair Eleanor, thinking herself alone,
A cup it flew to play a tune,—
Saying,—once I had a noble [k]night,
And I myself am a lady bright.
- 13 At night when the King had returned home,
What news, what news, to this brisk young man.
Brave news, brave news I have to-day,
Sweet William is a lady gay.

- 14 But if this be a lie that you tell me,
Yonder gallows shall be your fate,
But if this be true that you tell me,
I will buy you a bride and set you free.
- 15 Go fetch me down a gold diamond ring,
That fits her finger both long and slim.
O no, O no, cries this lady gay,
Pay me my wages and set me free.
- 16 Go fetch me down a gown of green,
That I may crown her for my queen,—
For it never was known, nor it never was seen,
A servant man crowned a queen.
- 17 Fair Eleanor is once more at rest,
I think she finally has been blest,
Her griefs and sorrows are o'er and past,
And happy she has become at last.

Child's text is based on three copies of an English broadside, the oldest dating to 1660-75, which he says "may reasonably be believed to be formed upon a predecessor in the popular style" (II, 430). Our texts are independent of the broadside, which names the lady "Elise," and is more prolix, but are closer to a fragmentary text sent to Percy in 1776 by the Dean of Derry, reprinted by Child, II, 429. This text, which names the lady "Eleanore," and agrees with our texts against the broadside in making the mother (i.e., stepmother) send the robbers as agents of her spite, was regarded by Percy as a "fragment of an older copy than that printed of 'The Lady turn'd Serving-Man'" (Child, II, 429, note).

Our B-text must have been derived from tradition; a printer's ignorance may account for the misspelled words, but not for the absurdity of the second line of stanza 12, which corresponds to A 7, line 2.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE PRINCE OF ARAGON

(Child 129)

FROM the recitation of Mr. J. P. A. Nesbitt, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, seventy-four years old, who learned it from his father sixty years before. Text taken down, October, 1927; melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog, September 28, 1928.

The singer varied the last two phrases in a bewildering manner; the $\frac{1}{2}$ = 56. form as here given, seems best to indicate his intention.

As Will Scarlot and Ro-bin Hood Was roamin' o'er the plain, A
good fat buck that Will Scarlot With his own bow had slain. "Jo
on. jo on." said Ro-bin Hood, Th' day is run full fast, My
nephew's not a breakfast gave. So I've not broke my fast.

Though not regarded as an ancient ballad, "Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon" is found in a ballad sheet printed before 1700, which is given in Child and in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, reprinted by the Ballad Society, II, 431-440. Mr. Nesbitt should not be charged with the absurdities of the piece. The original, in 58 stanzas, is highly ridiculous; it is a "Mysteries of Udolpho" done into small-town rhymes. Mr. Nesbitt's Will Scarlet replaces the Will Scadlock of the old broadside, but is the same person. In reciting the first lines he mentions Little John, as in the printed sheet; but in singing the same lines, Little John was omitted.

- 1 Robin Hood and Will Scarlot and Little John
Was roamin' over the plain;
A good fat buck Will Scarlot
By his own bow had slain.

- 2 "Jog along, jog along," quayth Robin Hood,
 "The day has run full fast;
 My nephew's not a breakfast gave,
 So I've not broke my fast."
- 3 Wi' geestern an' jokin' they spent their day,
 Till Phoebe sunk into the deep,
 And each man to their own quarters went
 Their own guard for to keep.
- 4 They hadn't travelled the greenwood long
 Till Robin Hood did spy
 A beautiful damsel come jogging along,
 All on her black palfrey did ride.
- 5 Her ridin' suit was the saddle-hue black,*
 A sypress† over her face,
 A red rosee her cheek did blush,
 All with a comerly grace.
- 6 "Where are you goin'?" says Will Scarlot,
 "Pretty maid, come tell me right;
 Where are you from, or whither thou goest,
 All in such a mournful plight?"
- 7 "From Dublin City," the damsel cries,
 "From London all on those towns;‡
 It is a grievous thing to tell,
 Likewise 'tis a foryen arms.
- 8 "For the Prince of Oregon
 Sware by his masked hand§
 He has a princess as his spouse
 Or else he'll spoil this land,

* Saddle-hue—sable hue.

† Sypress—a veil (Child).

‡ "All on the Thames."

§ Masked hand—martial hand.

- 9 "Unless those champions can be found
To dare to fight three and three,
Against those twins, though giants two,
So horrible to see.
- 10 "The grevi looks and eyes that burned*
Strike terror from whence they come,
And serpent hissin' on their heads
Instead of feather plume.
- 11 "We are three damsels sent abroad
From East, West, North and South
To see what fortune could be great
To bring those champions forth.
- 12 "But all in vain we set about
Where none so brave they are
That would dare venture flesh and blood
To free a lady fair."
- 13 "When is the day," quayth Robin Hood,
"Tell me and no more."
"On midsummer next," the damsel cries,
"On June the twenty-four."
- 14 And as the tears trickled down her cheeks
And silent was her tongue,
The sigh and grief she took her leave,
And away her palfrey sprung.
- 15 The news struck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the grass,
His actions and his troublèd mind
Show how deplex† he was.

* "Grisly looks and eyes that burned."

† Deplex—perplexed.

- 16 "What is the matter?" said Will Scarlot,
"Dear master tell to me;
If the damsel's eyes have pierced your heart,
I'll bring her back to thee."
- 17 "No nay, no nay," quayth Robin Hood,
"Not her that caused my smart;
It is the poor distressed princess,
She's wounded to the heart."
- 18 "I will fight those giants all
To set this lady free."
"Bad luck to me," said Little John,
"If I part with my companee."
- 19 "Shall I stay behind?" said Will Scarlot;
"Oh, nay, that will not be,
I'll make you third man in the fight,
So we'll be three and three."
- 20 The news struck Robin to the heart,
Love shinèd in his face,
And with his arms he hugged them both
And kindly them embraced.
- 21 "We'll put on our mantles grace,*
With long staves in our hands,
Scrips and bottles from our side,
Like them from the Holy Land."
- 22 "So we'll march along the highway,
No one would ask us whence we come;
They'd take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men."
- 23 Now they're on their journey gone
As fast as they could speed;
But all the haste that they had made,
The princess forth was led,

* Grace—gris, grey.

- 24 To deliver unto the prince,
Who in the list did stand,
Ready to fight or else receive
His lady by the hand.
- 25 The prince he walked around the list
With the giants by his side;
"Bring me the champions," he cries,
"Or bring me forth my bride;
- 26 "For this is the four and twentieth day,
The day we pitched upon;
Bring me my bride, or London burns,
I swear by archerin'!"*
- 27 Then up stepped the king and queen,
Weepin' as they spake,
"Here we bring our daughter dear,
Her we're forced to forsake."
- 28 And then upspeakèd Robin Hood:
"For my pledge† it is not so;
As pretty as the fair princess is
She's not for tyrants small."
- 29 "You infidel, you tyrant Turk,
You frantic fool barboon,
How dare you stop my victor's prize,
I would kill you with a frown!"
- 30 "You infidel, you tyrant Turk,"
Robin Hood replies,
"Your frown I scorn, lo! here's my gage,
And that I will defy.

* "I swear by Acaron," i.e., Al Caron, El Koran, this Moor from Aragon.

† My liege.

- 31 "And as for your two G'liers* there
That stand on either side,
Here is two little Davids
They will soon tame their pride."
- 32 Then the prince for armor sent,
For sword, lances and shields,
And all those three with armor bright
Came marching to the field.
- 33 The trumpets commenced to sound each charge,
Each singled out their man,
Arms in pieces was hewn,
Blood sprung from every vein.
- 34 At length the prince reached Robin a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Caused him to kneel about the field,
As though he had been slain.
- 35 "God crave mercy for that blow,"
Robin Hood replies,
"That blow shows a fair dispose
Between you and your bride."†
- 36 Then from his shoulders he cut his head
And to the ground did fall,
With a grumbling sound of Robin Hood
Would be redealt with all.‡

* Goliaths.

† "God-a-mercy," quoth Robin, "for that blow!

The quarrel shall soon be try'd

This stroke shall shew a full divorce

Betwixt thee and thy bride."

‡ "And grumbling sore at Robin Hood

To be so dealt withal."

- 37 He saw the giants in their rage
 To see their prince lie dead.
 "You'll be the next," said Little John,
 "If you don't guide your head."
- 38 And with his sword he turned about
 A bin keen and sharp;
 He closed* the giant by the belt
 And he cut between† his heart.
- 39 Now Will Scarlot he played his part,
 He brought his to the knee;
 He says, "The devil will break his heart,
 So it will take all three."‡
- 40 Now the field with joy was filled,
 The sky did renoun;
 He's brought the princess to herself,
 She's lying in a swoond.
- 41 "The princess as she the victors spies,§
 She can't have all three;"
 "She shall choose," says Will Scarlot;
 Little John says, "She ain't for me."
- 42 The princess she lookt on those three
 With a calm and comely grace;
 She took Will Scarlot by the arm,
 And says she: "I've made my choice."
- 43 Then up stepped a Maxler,
 And a Maxler was he;||
 He looked Will Scarlot in the face
 And he wept most bitterly.

* Closed—clove.

† Between—in twain.

‡ Quoth he, "The devil cannot break his fast,
 Unless he have you all three."

§ "The princess I promised the victor's prize."

|| "Of Maxfield earl was he."

- 44 He says, "I had a son like thee,
Who I liked wondersome well,
He's either gone, or else he's dead;
His name was Younghan Well."*
- 45 Will Scarlot fell on his knees,
Said, "Father, father dear,
Here is your son, your Younghan Well,
You said you liked so dear."
- 46 How more embracin' could there be
When all those friends were met;
They're gone to the weddin', they're now to the beddin',
And I'll bid them all farewell.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THREE SQUIRES

(Child 140)

A.

"ROBIN HOOD." Sent in, March, 1928, by Mr. George A. Stanwood of Steuben, who said it was "as much as he could remember," and with the verses probably not in the right order.

- 1 Robin Hood marched the forest all round,
The forest all round marched he;
The first that he met was a fair young lady
Crying on the highway.
- 2 'What makes you weep?' my fair young lady,
'What makes you weep?' said he.
'There's weeping and wailing in all Nottingham
For the loss of the squires all three.'

* Young Gamwell.

- 3 'So weep no more, weep no more today,
And I'll call out my merry men
To see what they will say.'
So Robin Hood marched the forest all round,
The forest all round marched he.
- 4 The next that he met was an old beggar man
Traveling along the highway;
'What news, what news, you old beggar man?
What news, what news today?'
- 5 'There's weeping and wailing in all Nottingham
For the loss of the squires all three.'
'Go change your clothes for mine,' he said,
'Go change your clothes for mine;
- 6 'Here's fifty bright guineas I'll give unto you,
Go spend them for beer and wine.'
So Robin Hood put on the old man's clothes
That was made of hemp and tow,
- 7 'It rubs, it scrubs,' says bold Robin Hood,
'But I must go farther this day.'
So Robin Hood marched the forests all round,
The forests all round marched he.
- 8 The next that he met was master's high sheriff,
Come galloping o'er the highway;
'What news? what news, you old beggar man,
What news, what news today?'
- 9 'There's weeping and wailing in all Nottingham
For the loss of the squires all three;
Now I want to stand hangman this livelong day
To hang the squires all three.
- 10 'I want three blasts on my bugle horn
That their souls in heaven might be.'
'You may stand hangman this livelong day
To hang the squires all three.

- 11 'And you can have their gay clothing,
Also the bright money.
And you can have three blasts on your bugle horn
That their souls in heaven might be.'
- 12 So Robin Rood mounted the scaffold high,
The scaffold so high mounted he,
He gave three blasts on his bugle horn,
That their souls in heaven might be.
- 13 He gave three more so loud, so shrill,
Five hundred and ten of bold Robin Hood's men
Came galloping o'er the hills.
- 14 'Whose men are these?' said the master's high sheriff,
'Whose men are these I see?'
'They're mine, not thine,' says bold Robin Hood,
'And has come for the squires all three.'
- 15 'So take them, you old beggar man,
So take them for thine,
There's not another beggar man in all Nottingham
That shall have three more of mine.'

This is a good traditional version of Child C, which occurs in several editions of *Robin Hood's Garland* (III, 177). Printed about 1753, it must have been orally current much earlier. Quite a different variant was printed in America in *The American Songster* (P. J. Cozzens, 107 Nassau Street, New York City, p. 204). This seems to have come from either a poor stall copy or from some oral source, judging by the punctuation. That it is related to our text is shown by the "gay lady" or "fair lady," who is the mother of the three squires in Child C. In Child B they are the sons of "a silly old woman." Child A lacks the introductory stanzas, but represents Robin Hood, after he has called his men to him, as throwing off his disguise and threatening to shoot. The sheriff and his "sergiant" are amenable to reason, and the sheriff "held up both his hands" in approved modern fashion. In Child B the sheriff is hanged upon his own gallows. Child C ends with his releasing the prisoners.

CHEVY CHASE

(The Hunting of the Cheviot, Child 162)

"THE BATTLE OF SHIVER CHASE." Written out by Mr. D. Cromett Clark, Winter Hill, Mass., as he was taught it in his boyhood by his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Leonard Morton of Buckfield, Maine, when she was eighty-four years old.

Mrs. Morton, born in Middleborough, Mass., in 1798, learned it of her father in her childhood.

Mr. Clark writes: "About ten years ago I wrote out the poem, laid it aside, and went over it several times at intervals of several months. . . . Three or four years ago I picked up a second-hand book and discovered in it what is called the 'modern version' of Chevy Chase. Then I was glad of having written out the remembered version before seeing any other."

Mr. Clark has accompanied his text with such full and discriminating notes upon its variations from the usual printed form that there is no question of his version representing precisely what he learned from his grandmother. In order to get the full value of the caesural pause, we have printed Mr. Clark's long two-line stanzas in the more usual short four-line stanza.

- 1 God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safety all;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 At Shiver Chase befall.
- 2 To drive the deers with hound and horn
 Earl Percy went his way.
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.
- 3 The gird Lord of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer days to take,

BRITISH BALLADS FROM MAINE

- 4 The chiefest harts at Shiver Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas sped
In Scotland where he lay.
- 5 He sent Earl Percy of his word—
He would prevent that sport.
But England's earl, no fear of that,
Did to those woods resort.
- 6 His fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.
- 7 His gallant grayhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt
Ere daylight did appear.
- 8 Yea, long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain.
Then having dined, the drove-yers went
To rouse the deers again.

[Stanzas 9, 10, 11, 12 are missing.]

- 13 Lo! yonder doth Lord Douglas come,
With men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
A-marching into sight.
- 14 Oh, cease your sports, Earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed;
Ye men of pleasant Tivetdale,
Fast by the river Tweed.

- 15 And now with me, my countrymen,
With courage, never fear;
I durst encounter any man
With him to break a spear.

[Stanza 16 consolidated with 15.]

- 17 Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed
Wast like a baron bold;
Rode foremost of his companee
Whose armor shawn like gold.

- 18 Show me, he said, whose men ye be
That hunt so boldly here;
That without my consent do chase
And slay my fallow deer.

- 19 The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy he,
Who said, We list not to declare
Nor tell what men we be.

- 20 Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a mighty oath
And thus in rage did say:

- 21 Ere thus will I out-bravèd be,
One of us twain shall die;
I know thee well, thou art an earl,
Lord Percy. So am I.

[Stanza 22 is missing.]

- 23 Let thou and I the battle try,
And save our men aside.
Cursèd be he, Earl Percy said,
By whom this is denied.

- 24 Then stepped a gal-yant squire a-forth,
Withrington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To our King Henry's shame,
- 25 That e'er my captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on.
You be two earls, said Withrington,
And I a squire alone,
- 26 But I'll do all that do I may,
While I have strength to stand,
While I keep power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.
- [Stanzas 27 and 28 missing.]
- 29 The fight did last from high noonday
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.
- 30 Oh! God! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men fast in their gore
And scattered there and here.
- 31 With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Edgerton,
Sir Robert Ratscliff, and Sir John,
Sir James the bold baron.
- 32 Likewise Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account;
And Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain
Whose courage none surmount.

- 33 For Withrington all hearts were sad
And lost in doleful dumps,
Yet when both legs were smitten off
He fought upon the stumps.
- 34 Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three,
The rest were dead at Shiver Chase
Beneath the greenwood tree.
- 35 Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
To wash the wounds and shed salt tears,
But all without avail.
- 36 The bodies stiff in purple gore
They bare with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times
Ere they were wrapped in clay.
- 37 God save our king and bless our land
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant that henceforth fool debate
'Twixt noble lords may cease.

We have given the omissions as Mr. Clark gave them in his text. In reality, when compared with any standard text of 256 lines, this one of only 116 lines will be seen to be less than half the length of the received version. We may complete the collation as follows. Stanza 29 corresponds to Child B 47; stanza 30 corresponds to Child B 30 (c, d, e); stanzas 31-33 correspond to Child B 48-50; stanzas 34-36 correspond to Child B 54-56; stanza 37 corresponds to Child B 64.

Barring the omissions, this text is very close to Child B, from old English sheets. Seeing that the omissions did not hurt the story, Mr. Clark suggested that possibly the text had been cut down purposely to fit it to some small American broadside. We have seen no American "Chevy Chase" broadsides except the four Massachusetts prints listed by Ford. Two of these we had examined and saw nothing notable in them. But to test Mr. Clark's suggestion, we asked Dr. Clarence S.

Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., to have *Ford 3011 a*, of the Isaiah Thomas Collection critically examined. Miss Nourse, of the staff, reports that the broadside has 256 lines, just the number in the standard English text, but in dislocation. There are also other differences which show that Coverly's text was traditional and not in very good form. The imprint, "Boston, 1811," shows that it could hardly have been printed before Mrs. Morton had already committed the lines to memory, while the fact that she was taught them by her father is proof enough that she did not get them from Coverly. The inference is that hers is an old traditional form of the ballad independent of any known American text.

The tune of "Chevy Chase" was a very favorite one in New England. Numerous songs were set to it, among them one upon the capture of Louisburg in 1745. That it might be used in derision is illustrated by the Revolutionary parody of "The Cow Chase" and by the following anecdote of the battle of Lexington, recorded by Dr. William Gordon, at that time minister of the church at Jamaica Plain:

"The brigade marched out, playing, by way of contempt, *Yankee Doodle*, a song composed in derision of the New Englanders, scornfully called *Yankees*. A smart boy, observing it as the troops passed through Roxbury, made himself extremely merry with the circumstance, jumping and laughing so as to attract the notice of his lordship, who, it is said, asked him at what he was laughing so heartily, and was answered: 'To think how you will dance by-and-by to *Chevy Chase*.'" (*History of the Rise, Progress and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of America*, by William Gordon, D. D. [London, 1788], I, 481.)

SIR ANDREW BARTON

(Child 167)

A.

"THREE BROTHERS OF MERRY SCOTLAND." Sent in, 1926, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston of West Gouldsboro. See *Addenda*, for air.

- 1 There were three brothers in Merry Scotland,
Three loving brothers were they;
They all drew lots to see which should go
A-robbing all on the salt sea.

- 2 The lot it fell to Andrew Battam,
The youngest of the three,
That he should go a-robbing all on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.
- 3 He had not sailed for two winter's nights,
For two winter's nights or more,
When they saw a ship sailing far off and far on,
Till at length she came sailing close by.
- 4 "Who's there? who's there?" cried Andrew Battam,
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We are the rich merchants of Old England,
And it's won't you please let us pass by?"
- 5 "O, no! O, no!" cried Andrew Battam,
"Such things can never be;
We will take away all your rich merchandise,
And your mariners drown in the sea."
- 6 "Go home, go home!" cried Andrew Battam,
"King Henry he wears the crown;
It is now that he offers a large sum of gold,
If this Andrew Battam can be found."
- 7 "Go build me a ship," cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"Go build it strong and sure,
And I will bring you this Andrew Battam,
Or my life I'll no longer endure."
- 8 They had not sailed for two winter nights,
For two winter nights or more,
When they saw a ship sailing far off and far on,
Till at length they came sailing close by.
- 9 "Who's there? who's there?" cried Captain Charles Stewart,
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We are the bold robbers of Merry Scotland,
And it is won't you please let us pass by?"

- 10 "O, no, O, no," cried Captain Charles Stewart,
 "Such things can never be;
 We will take away all your rich shining gold,
 And your mariners drown in the sea."
- 11 And then the battle it did begin,
 The cannon loud did roar,
 They had not fought but an hour or two,
 When this Captain Charles Stewart gave o'er.
- 12 "Go home, go home!" cried Andrew Battam,
 "And tell your King for me,
 If he reigns King upon dry land,
 It is *I* who reigns King on the sea."

B.

"ANDREW MARTINE." From a text in the "Notes and Queries" of the *Boston Transcript*, September 24, 1904, contributed by A.C.A. who said: "I can give the song, as I heard it sung many years ago in Portland, by Eliza Ostinelli, daughter of Ostinelli, the musician." This text was reprinted by Phillips Barry in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, XVIII, 302-303 (1905).

- 1 There dwelt three brothers in merry Scotland,
 Three brothers there dwelt there, three,
 And they did cast lots to see which one
 Should go robbing upon the salt sea,
 Should go robbing upon the salt sea.
- 2 The lot it fell upon Andrew Martine,
 The youngest of the three,
 That he should go robbing upon the salt sea,
 To support his three brothers and he.
- 3 "Oh, who are you?" said Andrew Martine,
 "Who are you that comes tossing so high?"
 "I am a brave ship from merry England,
 Will you please for to let me pass by?"

- 4 "Oh, no, oh no!" said Andrew Martine,
 "Oh, no, that never can be!
Your ship and your cargo we'll all take away,
 And your bodies give to the salt sea!"
- 5 The news it came to merry England,
 And to King George's ears,
And he did fit out a nice little band,
 For to catch this Andrew Martine.
- 6 "Oh, who are you?" said Captain Charles Stuart,
 "Who are you that comes tossing so high?"
"I am a brave ship from merry Scotland,
 Will you please for to let me pass by?"
- 7 "Oh, no, oh, no!" said Captain Charles Stuart,
 "Oh, no, that never can be!
Your ship and your cargo we'll all take away,
 And your bodies give to the salt sea."
- 8 They fought and fought, and fought again,
 Until the light did appear,
And where was Andrew and all his brave crew?
 Their bodies were in the salt sea.

Eliza Ostinelli, born in Boston in 1824 or 1827, was the daughter of Louis Ostinelli; her mother was the daughter of a Boston music publisher. She was married in 1847; her début in New York was at the Astor Place Opera House, December 8, 1847, and in Boston at the Howard Athenaeum, January 5, 1848. The next ten years of her life were spent in Europe. A note in Dwight's *Journal of Music*, February 12, 1859, says: "Mme. Biscaccianti has left town for Canada . . . She has been singing to overflowing and enthusiastic audiences in Portland. The Portlanders, in fact, lay claim to her as theirs: since the memory of her mother is much cherished, and much of the girlhood of our prima donna was spent there." It was then, probably early in 1859, when Mme. Biscaccianti sang "Andrew Martine" in Portland.

C.

"ANDY BARDAN." Printed in JAFL, XXV, 171-173, as contributed by Professor H. M. Belden, who received the text from Miss Lucy R. Laws, Christian College, Columbia, Mo. Miss Laws derived the text from Charlie Sims of Indiana, a pensioner of the Civil War, who, she supposed, "heard the ballad while in army service."

- 1 Three brothers in old Scotland did dwell,
Three loving brothers were they;
They all cast lots to see which of them
Should go robbing around the salt sea.
- 2 The lot fell on to Andy Bardan,
The youngest of the three,
For to maintain the other two
A-robbing around the salt sea.
- 3 He had not sailed very many long nights,
Before a ship he did spy;
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,
And then it came sailing close by.
- 4 "Who's there, who's there?" said Andy Bardan,
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We are the rich merchants from old England,
If no offense, let us pass by."
- 5 "Oh, no! oh, no!" said Andy Bardan,
"Oh no, that never can be!
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."
- 6 The news came into King Henry,
(For it was him they crowned)
His ship and his cargo both were lost,
And all his merry men drowned.

- 7 "Go build a ship both wide and deep,
And build it safe and secure,
And if Andy Bardan you do not bring in,
Your lives shall no longer endure."
- 8 They had not sailed very many long nights,
Before a ship they did spy,
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,
And then it came sailing close by.
- 9 "Who's there? Who's there?" said Captain Charles Stewart,
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"
"We are the bold robbers from old Scotland,
If no offense, let us pass by."
- 10 "Oh no! oh no!" said Captain Charles Stewart,
"Oh no! that never can be;
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."
- 11 "Peel on! peel on!" said Andy Bardan,
And loud the cannon did roar;
And Captain Charles Stewart took Andy Bardan,
He took him to Fair England's shore.
- 12 "What now, what now," said Andy Bardan,
"What now my fate it shall be!"
"The gallows are ready for Andy Bardan,
The bold robber around the salt sea."
- 13 "Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
And dig it close to the sea;
And tell my brothers as they pass by,
I'm done robbing around the salt sea."

The editors have, without hesitation, referred the Maine texts to the tradition of "Sir Andrew Barton" (Child 167), rather than to that

of "Henry Martin" (Child 250). Child's theory that "Henry Martin" must have sprung from the ashes of "Sir Andrew Barton," is quite correct. The precise relation, however, to each other, of the older and the later forms of the ballad,—for "Sir Andrew Barton" and "Henry Martin" are not two ballads, but one,—has been made clear only through the evidence of the American texts.

The salient details of the story of "Sir Andrew Barton" as compared with "Henry Martin," are, first, the name of the hero himself; second, the name of the king, that is, Henry; third, the name of the captor of Barton, Lord Charles Howard; fourth, the defeat of Sir Andrew, who dies of wounds received in action, and whose head is taken to London. Professor Belden's interesting and important text, our C, here printed for comparison, preserves these details of the old ballad story more closely than any other known version,—that is, the hero is Andy Barden, the king is Henry; the king's officer, Captain Charles Howard, has become Captain Charles Stewart, while the pirate, instead of meeting death in a sea-fight, is taken to England, a prisoner, and hanged.

With C, Maine A agrees in the name of the pirate, Andrew Battam, in the retention of King Henry, and of Captain Charles Stewart, but differs in leaving the pirate victorious and boastful. Maine B, which has Andrew Martine as the hero, is still nearer to "Sir Andrew Barton" in making the pirate to be killed in action, yet it has George, and not Henry, as the name of the king. To the same group, represented by our A, B, C, belong also three closely related texts: Child E (of Henry Martin); a text printed by Mr. R. W. Gordon, in "Adventure," Nov. 20, 1924, as derived from a Kansas correspondent who heard it sung as late as 1888; Cox's text (*Folk-Songs of the South*, pp. 150-151). In these texts, the pirate Andrew Bartin (Bardeen, Bardun) defeats and taunts Captain Charles Stewart, officer of the king, who is George in Child E, George III in Mr. Gordon's text, unnamed in Cox's text. The texts of "Bolender (i.e., Bold Andrew) Martin" printed by MacKenzie (*Ballads and Sea Songs*, p. 61) and Child D (of Henry Martin) from Nova Scotia and New Hampshire, respectively, though fragmentary, certainly belong to the same group.

"Henry Martin," however, is a mere torso, so to speak. It has preserved of the story of the older ballad only the account of the piracy, with nothing of the pursuit and capture. Child's groups of texts, listed

under the head of Henry Martin (exclusive of those which retain the name of "Andrew," and which, by reason of their content, preserving, as they do, the longer form of the story, are here referred to "Sir Andrew Barton"), are three. All have the name Henry Martin, except C, from Motherwell's MSS, which has Robin Hood as the name of the pirate. The story is short,—three brothers turn pirates, the youngest is chosen chief by lot, they meet and destroy (A, B), or plunder and scuttle (C) a royal merchantman, so that the bad news of the loss of the ship reaches England. In C, the king is Henry,—in the other texts, he is not named. Child notes that in A a, Henry Martin gets a deep wound, and falls by the mast. This detail is also in an American text (printed by P.B., in JAFI, XVIII, 135-136), in which Henry Martin receives his death wound, and falls overboard. It would seem at first sight, that, as Child thought, this detail must have come directly from the tradition of the older ballad. Yet both Child A a and the American text agree with the remaining texts of the ballad of "Henry Martin" in the concluding stanza, which tells of the bad news of the sinking of the ship, without any reference again to the death of the pirate. Now, if we turn to Child A b, and to the group of texts under Child B, we find that it is not the pirate, but the rich merchant ship which receives the death wound and sinks. Such an issue of the sea fight is quite consistent with the mood of the concluding stanza. It may then be inferred that Child A b and the texts of the B-group have the original form of the story, and that the incident of the pirate's wounding and death, if not a mere accident of traditional change, is at most due to crossing in tradition with some text of the older ballad.

For the reasons stated, therefore, it seems at least probable that the group of American texts, represented by "Andy Barden," should be reckoned as of an older tradition than that of "Henry Martin." In addition, certain specific details of this group of texts, absent from any known texts of "Henry Martin," have a certain bearing on the case, and may be dealt with at this point in the discussion.

In Child's E-version of "Henry Martin," and in the two texts most closely related to it, the pirate taunts his would-be captor, saying, "If you are brass without, I am steel within," and, after the battle, as also in Maine A, boasts that he will be king on sea, in spite of the king who reigns on land. These details are correctly stated in Child V, 302, to

have come from the ballad of "Captain Ward and the Rainbow." We have, however, in "Sir Andrew Barton," A 27 (Child III, 340):

Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
And beames hee beares in his topcastle stronge,
His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about,
Besids my lord, hee is verry well mand.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a reminiscence of this very stanza may have suggested to the author of "Captain Ward," the pirate boast of steel within to match brass without. The *dénouement* of the ballad of "Captain Ward," which leaves the pirate a winner, is not less satisfactory to the ballad singer, who loves a good fighter always, and perhaps all the better, if he happen to be a gallant rogue or a merry outlaw. Hence the intrusion of the pirate taunts into one form of the tradition of "Sir Andrew Barton."

A second interesting feature of the American tradition of the group of "Andy Bardan" texts, is the name of the king's officer, Captain Charles Stewart. There can be no doubt, of course, that "Stewart" has simply replaced "Howard," as the name stood in the older tradition of "Sir Andrew Barton." But why has "Howard" become "Stewart"? Mr. Gordon, in his notes to his Kansas text of "Andrew Bardeen," says: "The story is confused by the introduction of King George III and Charles Stuart." Apparently, he thought the Young Chevalier was meant. But Bonnie Prince Charlie was no sea-dog or sailors' hero. The absence of any reference to any Charles Stewart in English texts of either the earlier or later form of the ballad forces us to look elsewhere than in English history for the source of the name of the king's officer.

The historical Captain Charles Stewart (1778-1869) was one of the most dashing and popular naval heroes of the United States, with a long record of distinguished service in the French crisis of 1799, the Barbary War, and the War of 1812. An early Maine broadside song, "printed and sold at the Bangor Printing-Office," entitled "Yankee Tars: Tune, 'Mrs. Casey,'" contains the stanza:

With *Ironsides*, brave STEWART slips
To sea, on her *third* cruise sir,
And tir'd of flogging *single ships*,
She drubs them now by *two's* sir!

The allusion is to the sea fight of February 19, 1815, when Stewart, in command of the *Constitution*, defeated and took the *Cyane* and the *Levant*. In 1844 some Democrats of Pennsylvania named him as a "favorite son" for nomination for President. Of the songs composed at the time, and circulated to help his candidacy, several were printed in *The Union Song Book* (Leavitt and Allen, New York, pp. 109, 117, 119). The event of his career, however, omitted from most histories, but which must have made him for the time being, at least, much in the public ear, was the execution of the official order, which, as he expressed it, caused him to be "cashiered" from his position in the navy. This took place in 1855.

It may be a mere coincidence, but it is a fact, that about the time when Captain, or as he was then, Commodore Stewart was "cashiered," the ballad of "Sir Andrew Barton," with Charles Stewart, instead of Charles Howard as the name of the king's officer, was circulating in American tradition. Maine B was sung in Portland, probably early in 1859, by the well-known Boston singer, Eliza Ostinelli (1824-96). Child's E-text of "Henry Martin," may be dated with equal exactness; we know from the contributor, that it was sung in the winter of 1856-57, by a cadet in the West Point Military Academy. This date is significant. The American party ticket in the Presidential campaign of 1856 was headed by Fillmore and Donelson, who, in the election, carried the state of Maryland. This result was due in a measure to the efforts of Miss Anna Ella Carroll, who took up the cause of Stewart and others as a campaign issue, charging that their retirement was part of a plot to cripple the Navy. The case of Commodore Stewart was one likely to provoke feeling in official, as well as in nonofficial, circles. To put him into a good sea song as an officer of the king's navy might be as doubtful a compliment as it was a serious breach of history, —neither of which offenses are unknown in ballad tradition. As a working theory of the reason for the substitution of "Stewart" for "Howard" it does, at least, no more violence to history or to person than Mr. Gordon's hypothesis.

It is proper here to summarize the results of the foregoing discussion. The thesis is that "Sir Andrew Barton," a ballad extinct in English tradition, has survived in America. Capt. Charles L. Donovan, of Jonesport, whose memory of the content of songs sung by his sailors is excellent, even though he can recall no texts, has said that the older

ballad was still sung in his day. No broadside or songster text of "Sir Andrew Barton," printed in America, is known to have existed. Yet we cannot for this reason infer that the older ballad never circulated in print in this country. The traditional variants of this hypothetical printed text, the existence of which can neither be proved nor disproved, have through one group of texts, represented by Maine B, C, preserved the story of the older ballad with little change. The second group, represented by Maine A and three texts allied to it, has undergone a change in the theme, due to crossing with the tradition of "Captain Ward and the Rainbow."

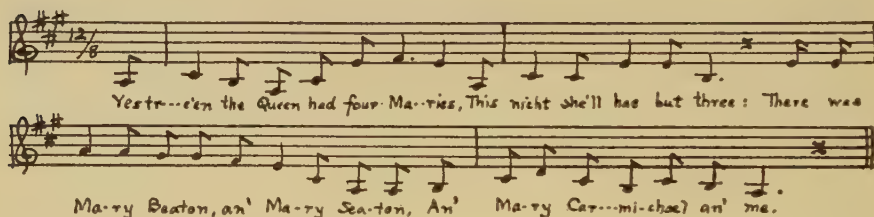
MARY HAMILTON

(Child 173)

A.

"MARY HAMILTON." Sent in, June 19, 1928, by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, Charlotte County, New Brunswick. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8} = 56$.



- 1 Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
This nicht she'll hae but three;
There was Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seaton,
An' Mary Carmichael an' me.
- 2 Last nicht I dressed Queen Mary,
An' pit on her braw silken goon,
An' a' the thanks I've gat this nicht
Is tae be hanged in Edinboro toon.

- 3 O little did my mither ken,
The day she cradled me,
The land I was tae travel in,
The death I was tae dee.
- 4 O happy, happy is the maid,
That's born o' beauty free;
O it was my rosy dimplin' cheeks,
That's been the deil tae me!
- 5 They-ve tied a hanky roon ma een,
An' they'll no let me see tae dee:
An' they've pit on a robe o' black
Tae hang on the gallows tree.
- 6 Yestre'en the queen had four Maries,
This nicht she'll hae but three;
There was Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seaton,
An' Mary Carmichael an' me.

In a letter, Mrs. McGill sent two lines of an additional stanza:

O I hae dressed up my queen,
And pit gowd in her hair.

Of "Mary Hamilton" Child published twenty-eight different versions, the largest number for any ballad with which he dealt. Yet it has almost disappeared from tradition in the British Isles. Even so indefatigable a collector as Gavin Greig was able to recover only two short versions, one of them not wholly traditional, and a fragment. Dr. J. H. Combs, in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, p. 142, has published an excellent text from West Virginia, which is very close to Child A. There is a reference in JAFI, XXXVI, 204, to a Virginia fragment, with melody.

Mrs. McGill's version belongs to a group which represents a secondary tradition of the ballad. Some of the versions in this group have been influenced by the intrusion of two stanzas of recent and known authorship. The feature of this secondary tradition, is its brevity: the details

of seduction and infanticide have either disappeared entirely, or have left only a trace. To this group belong the following:

1. Maine A,—Mrs. McGill's version;
2. Child BB;
3. Gavin Greig's B-text;
4. "The Four Maries": *a*, Methven Simpson Co., Ltd., Dundee (no date); *b*, W. F. Shaw (copyrighted, 1884), reprinted in *110 Scotch Songs*, arranged and revised by Thomas à Becket, Jr., Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.
5. A copy in J. P. McCaskey's *Franklin Square Song Collection*, VI, 75.

The close relationship of the foregoing versions to one another is shown partly by the music, since all except Child BB, the melody of which was never recorded, are sung to nearly identical versions of a single air. The editor of Greig's *Last Leaves*, states, on page 109, that "in 1884, Mr. Colin Brown printed in 'The Thistle,' an air which is but slightly different" from the air to which Greig's B-text was sung. This version of the melody we have not seen.

"The Four Maries" was sung at the *Scottish Entertainments* of the well-known Scotch singer, David Kennedy, by his daughter, Miss Marjory Kennedy, about 1882-1884. The text of this version is as follows:

B.

THE FOUR MARIES

- 1 Last nicht there were four Maries,
 This nicht there'll be but three—
 There was Mary Beaton an' Mary Seaton,
 An' Mary Carmichael an' me.
- 2 Oh, little did my mither think,
 When first she cradled me,
 That I would dee sae far frae hame,
 Or hang on a gallows tree.

- 3 They'll tie a napkin round my e'en,
 An' they'll no let me see to dee,—
 An' they'll ne'er let on to my father an' mither,
 But I'm awa o'er the sea.
- 4 I wish I could lie in our ain kirk-yard,
 Aneath the auld yew-tree,
 Where we pu'd the gowans an' thread the rowans,
 My brothers, my sisters an' me.
- 5 But little care I for a nameless grave,
 If I've hope for eternity,—
 So I'll pray that the faith o' the deecin' thief
 May be granted thro' grace unto me.

The editor of the music says in a note signed C.C.M.:

"In the version here presented only the first three stanzas are from the old ballad: the two last are from the pen of a lady resident in Dundee, and have not before been published."

The text of B, in a form with only such minor variations as the substitution of "hope" instead of "faith" in the third line of the last stanza, is found in an Edinburgh broadside, printed by J. Sanderson, Canongate. A copy of this broadside is in the Harvard University Library. It is likely that the broadside has largely helped to give the modern stanzas additional currency, with the result that they have passed into oral tradition. Child BB has the fourth stanza of our B-text, with "hazel" for "auld yew," and in the third line: "where aft we played in the long simmer nichts," a touch of sentimentality that goes the broadside one better. Greig B has the two modern stanzas, with not much change except that in the third line of the last stanza, the text reads: "for it was for the blood of the dyin' lamb."

The third stanza of our B, is in Child BB, and in Greig B, in the latter with slight changes, in the former, with "kerchief" for "napkin," and with the last two lines altered:

And they'll spread my story thro' a' the land,
 Till it reaches my ain countrie.

As it stands in our B, and in the texts of Child BB, and Greig B, it is a blend of two stanzas, namely, the one relating to the hanging, as we have it in our A-text, in the fifth stanza, and the one found in Child A, and many other texts:

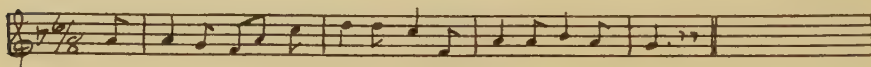
Here's a health to the jolly sailors,
That sail upon the sea,
Let them never let on to my father and mother
That I cam here to dee.

Since Mrs. McGill's text not only has the stanza in question in what was certainly its original form, but also lacks the two thin-blooded modern stanzas, the inference is that it has come from a tradition of "Mary Hamilton" which antedates the influence of the Edinburgh broadside, and the refurbishing touches of the pen of the lady resident in Dundee.

The evidence of the textual criticism is corroborated by a study of the melodies, which fall into two groups, distinguished by the form of the first two phrases. In Mrs. McGill's air, which agrees in this respect with the air to Gavin Greig's B-text, and with the music of the Kennedy Family version as sung to the first stanza, the opening phrases are as follows:



A different form of the same phrases is found in the air published by McCaskey, as "old Scotch," in the *Franklin Square Song Collection*:



We have already seen that there can be no question of any influence on Mrs. McGill's version of "Mary Hamilton," of the Kennedy Family version, since the texts of the two versions are so different, and Mrs. McGill's text lacks the two modern stanzas. The text of the McCaskey version, which has but four stanzas, is very close to Mrs. McGill's,—that is, stanzas 1, 3, 4 correspond to stanzas 1, 3, 4 of her version.

Stanza 2 of the McCaskey text gives the full form of the second stanza, as it must have been in Mrs. McGill's:

Oh! often hae I dressed my Queen,
And put gowd on her hair,
But noo hae I gotten for my reward,
Sair death to be my share.

Yet as the McCaskey melody differs in the first two phrases from Mrs. McGill's melody, any influence of print from this source, too, is excluded.

With the combined testimony of text and melody now before us, we may proceed to a tentative conclusion as to the place of Mrs. McGill's version in the tradition of "Mary Hamilton." The conclusion is, that it is nearer to the common source of our group of secondary texts than any other of this group. The McCaskey version, derived independently from the same source, has kept the same text, while the melody has been changed. A fragment of a text similar to Mrs. McGill's and sung to the same melody, was the source of the Kennedy Family version, which has the two modern stanzas. This version passed again into oral tradition and is the source both of Child BB and of Greig B. That Greig B is not wholly traditional is clear, since it not only has the melody, tonally and structurally identical, except for one note, with the Kennedy melody, as sung to the first stanza, but also both of the modern stanzas. Yet it has an allusion to the infanticide:

"But I mysel am Mary Mill,
The flower o a' the three;
But I hae kill't my bonnie wee son,
An' weel deserved to dee."

The last two lines of this stanza are represented in Child H 12 (Kinloch's version). We have the name of the heroine as Mary Moil in Child S, given in other texts variously as Myle, Miles, Mild, and even as a by-name, "Mary mild" in Child A c, V, X. As no trace, either of the infanticide, or of any form of the name Mary Moil is found in any other text of the group under consideration, it is at least to be suspected that Greig B is a conflate text, due to the fusion of a fragment of the older tradition of the ballad, bearing the name Mary Moil, with a form which goes back no farther than the Kennedy Family text.

C.

"PETER AMBERLEY," in *Minstrelsy of Maine*, by Fannie H. Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth, p. 100.

- 5 "Here's a due unto a dearer friend, I mean my mother dear,
 Who reared a son, who fell as soon as he left her tender care.
 Little did my mother know, when she sang sweet lullaby,
 What countries I might travel in, or what death I might die."

The old woods song of "Peter Amberley" has much of the conventions of the old popular ballad, *incremental repetition* and *relative climax*. It is not surprising, then, that a well-known stanza of "Mary Hamilton" should have entered into the text. "Mary Hamilton" must, therefore, have at one time been fairly well known in the locality where "Peter Amberley" was composed. One would expect to find versions still current in the region of the Miramichi, and on Prince Edward Island.

We have been independently informed by two reliable persons, one of whom knew him well, that the late Lawrence Gorman, the woods poet, was the author of "Peter Amberley."

BONNY WILLIE MACINTOSH

(Child 183)

FROM Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, who learned it in Galloway, Scotland.

- 1 "Turn, Wullie Macintosh,
 Turn, I bid ye;
 Gin ye burn Auchendoon
 Huntly will heid ye."
- 2 "Heid me or hang me,
 That canna fley me;
 I'll burn Auchendoon
 Ere the life lea me."

- 3 Comin' doon Deeside
 On a May mornin',
 Auchendoon was on fire
 Ere the cock crawling.
- 4 But comin' ower Cairn Croom
 An' lookin' doon, man,
 I saw Wullie Macintosh
 Burn Auchendoon, man.
- 5 "Bonnie Wullie Macintosh,
 Turn again I bid ye,
 For burnin' Auchendoon
 Huntly'll heid ye."

Mrs. McGill says that she never heard this sung; she learned it as a recitation. Indeed, the short, clipped lines would lose much of their force if put into song, particularly the two stanzas not in Mrs. McGill's text where Willie Macintosh, defeated in battle, answers the question as to where he left his men,

"Bonny Willie Macintosh,
 Whare left ye your men?"
 "I left them in the Stapler,
 But they'll never come hame."

"Bonny Willie Macintosh,
 Where now is your men?"
 "I left them in the Stapler,
 Sleeping in their sheen." (Child A 5, 6)

"Sleeping in their shoes!" There is nothing in all balladry of finer dramatic compression and intensity than the last ten words, in which the defeated leader, facing Huntly's wrath, wishes he were sleeping with his men. But they were not lines meant for singing.

Mrs. McGill's text is more Scottish in word-forms than Child's texts, but agrees substantially with Child A in the first four stanzas, except that in stanza 3: 3 she says "on fire" instead of "in flame." But her

stanza 5 is not in Child at all. In Child B 2, as in A 1, there is a warning before he burns the castle:

“Turn again, turn again,
Turn again, I bid ye,
If ye burn Auchindown
Huntly he will head ye.”

But in Mrs. McGill’s text, this warning, given in stanza 1, is repeated after the act.

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLIE

(Child 199)

A.

“THE BONNIE HOOSE O’ EARLIE.” Written out by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, November, 1927.

It fell on a day, a bonnie simmer's day, When the corn grew ripe and
ye?...low, There fell oot a great dispute: Be--tween Ar-gyll and
Ear...lie.

- 1 It fell on a day, a bonnie simmer's day,
When the corn grew ripe an' yellow,
There fell oot a great dispute
Between Argyll an' Earlie.
- 2 The Duke o' Montrose he's written tae Argyll
Tae com' in the mornin' early
An' lead in his men by the back o' Dunkeld
Tae plunder the bonnie hoose o' Earlie.

- 3 The Lady looked ower her winda sae high
An' O but she looked weary,
For there she espied the great Argyll
Com' tae plunder the bonnie hoose o' Earlie.
- 4 "Com' doon, com' doon, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Com' doon an' kiss me fairly,
For afore the morn is clear daylight
Ah'll no leave a stanin' stane in Earlie."
- 5 "I wadna kiss thee, great Argyll,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
Tho before the morn was clear daylight
Gin ye suldna leave a stanin' stane in Earlie."
- 6 He's taen her by the waist sae sma',
Sayin' "Ladye, where is your dowie?"*
"O, it's up, it's doon the bonnie burn side
That rins thro the plantin's o' Earlie."
- 7 They socht it up, they socht it doon,
They socht it late an' early,
They foun' it in the bonnie balm tree
That stan's in the bowlin' green o' Earlie.
- 8 He's taen her by the left shoulder,
An' O, but she grat sairly,
An' he's led her doon tae yon green bank
Till they plundered the bonnie hoose o' Earlie.
- 9 "O, it's a hae seven braw sons," she said,
"An' the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
An' gin I had as mony mair
I'd gae them a' tae Prince Charlie.

* I.e., dowry.

- 10 "O, gin my lord had bin at hame,
 As this nicht he's wi' Charlie,
 There dauna a Campbell in a' the west
 Hae plundered the bonnie hoose o' Earlie."

Our A-text is nearly identical with Child's A b as printed in 1808 by J. Finlay (*Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, II, 31-33). The melody, which is quite unlike Gavin Greig's 1 a, 1 b (forms of an air published also in G. Thomson's *Select Melodies*, I, 34, R. A. Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, II, 2, W. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 276), differs also from the air in G. R. Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 100, but is closely related to Greig's 2 a, 2 b (*Last Leaves*, p. 125), as well as to the Jacobite tune recently set to "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond."

B.

"THE PLUNDERING OF ARLEY." Sent in, 1924, by Capt. Lewis Freeman Gott of Bernard.

- 1 It was in the Wars of the Roses white and red,
 And in the days of Prince Charley;
 Argyle drew up with his ten thousand strong
 Before the courts of Arley.
- 2 A maiden fair from a window high
 Looked down to him quite surley,
 She wished for her Knight with his soldiers strong
 To defend the courts of Arley.
- 3 "Come down to me, my fair young maid,
 Come down and kiss me fairly,
 As I vow and I swear by the broad sword I wear
 I will not leave a standing stone in Arley."
- 4 "I will not come down, young man," said she,
 "I will not come down to you from Arley,
 I will not come down, young man," said she,
 "And I will not kiss you squarely."

- 5 "But there's one thing I would ask of you,
 And I hope you will grant it fairly,
 It is, take me down to the low green valley low,
 That I may [not] see the plundering of Arley."
- 6 He took me by my left shoulder,
 He turned me round quite squarely,
 He carried me up to the highest mountain top,
 Saying, "Look well upon the plundering of Arley."
- 7 "If my brave Knight had been at home,
 Instead of in the wars with Prince Charley,
 Then you with all your ten thousand strong
 Would never had the plundering of Arley."

This text, obviously traditional, does not agree closely with any of Child's. The reference to the Wars of the Roses is unique: stanza 3 is nearest to Child B 4, Cox 4 (*Folk-Songs of the South*, p. 128); stanzas 5, 6, correspond to Child C 5, 6, Cox 7, 8.

GIPSY DAVY

(Child 200)

A.

"GIPSY DAVY." Sent in, August, 1925, by Mr. Justin DeCoster of Buckfield.

- 1 The lord came home quite late at night,
 And inquired for his lady,
 The servant made him this reply:
 "She has gone with the Gipsy Davy."

Oh, willa do willa, diddle lala day,
 Oh, willa do willa Davy,
 The servant made him this reply:
 "She has gone with the Gipsy Davy."*

* The chorus each time repeats the last two lines of the verse it follows.

- 2 "Then saddle me my milk-white steed,
The gray one is not speedy,
I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day
Till I overtake my lady."
- 3 He rode till he came to the water's edge,
The water looked dark and r'ily;
Big tears came trickling down his cheeks,
For there he beheld his lady.
- 4 "Will you forsake your house and lands,
Will you forsake your baby,
Will you forsake your own wed lord,
To follow the Gipsy Davy?"
- 5 "Yes, I'll forsake my house and lands,
And I'll forsake my baby,
And I'll forsake my own wed lord
And follow the Gipsy Davy.
- 6 "Last night I lay on a fine feather bed,
And the servants called me 'lady,'
Tonight I'll lay on the cold, damp ground,
In the arms of the Gipsy Davy.
- 7 "Last night I lay in fine holland sheets,
And in my arms my baby,
Tonight I'll lay on the cold, damp ground,
The bride of the Gipsy Davy."
- "Oh, willa do willa, diddle lala day,
Oh, willa do willa Davy,
Tonight I'll lay on the cold, damp ground,
The bride of the Gipsy Davy."

B.

"THE GYPSY LADDIE." "From M.L.F., Portland, Maine, as sung before 1870, in Fort Kent, and written down from dictation, October 16,

1907." With this was collated a very similar copy from the same person, with one less stanza and the refrain, "I-iddy, um iddy Avey." Printed by P.B. in JAF^L, XXIV (1911), 347-348.

- 1 The Gypsy Davy came over the hills,
Came over the eastern valley,
He sang till he made the green woods ring,
And charmed the heart of a lady.
- 2 The lord, returning home at night,
Inquired for his lady,
The maid to this replied,
"She's gone with the Gypsy Davy."
- 3 "Go harness me my coal black steed,
The grey is not so speedy,
I rode all day, and I'll ride all night,
Till I overtake my lady."
- 4 He rode till he came to the muddy water's side,
It looked so dark and dreary,
Till there he espied his bonny, bonny bride,
By the side of the Gypsy Davy.
- 5 "Would you forsake your home and friends,
Would you forsake your baby,
Would you forsake your own wedded lord,
And go with a Gypsy Davy?"
- 6 "Yes, I'll forsake my home and friends,
Yes, I'll forsake my baby,
Yes, I'll forsake my own wedded lord,
And go with the Gypsy Davy!
- 7 "I never loved you in my life,
I never loved my baby,
I never loved my home and friends,
But I love my Gypsy Davy!

8 "Last night I slept in a warm, soft bed,
And in my arms, my baby,
To-night I'll lie on the cold, cold ground,
Beside of my Gypsy Davy."

C.

"GIPSY DAVY." Fragment, sent in by Mrs. Maude L. King, Baker Island, who took it down from the recitation of Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley, also of Baker Island.

I'll forsake my houses and land,
I'll forsake my baby,
And I'll forsake my wedded lord
To follow after Gipsy Davy.
Oh! I-tu-o! I-tu-un, my avey,
I never loved my own wedded lord
As I love Gipsy Davy.

D.

"GYPSY DAVY." Fragment, from Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer.
Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$$\frac{1}{4} = 100.$$

Partially bimodal; Mixolydian-Major.

How could you leave your house and home? How could you leave your ba--by? How
could you leave your love and lord, And e....lope with a Gyp-sy Da...vy?

Chorus:
Faddie daddie lin-go din-go day, Faddie daddie lin-go Da-vy: I
married you against my will, In sport for the Gyp-sy Da-vy

Variante: 7 3 3

How could you leave your house and home?
How could you leave your baby?
How could you leave your love and lord
And elope with a Gypsy Davy?
Faddle-daddle-lingo-dingo-day,
Faddle-daddle-lingo-davy,
I married you against my will,
In sport for the Gypsy Davy.

E.

TAKEN down, without title, from the recitation of Mrs. Rose Robbins,
Northeast Harbor, 1926.

- 1 Charles rode home in the middle of the night,
Inquiring for his lady O.
"She's gone, she's gone," cried his own servant maid,
"She's following the dark-eyed gipsy O."
- 2 "Go saddle, go saddle my milk-white steed,
The fastest of my horses O,
And I will ride the length of a night;
I'll find out that dark-eyed gipsy O."
- 3 He rode east and he rode west,
He rode south and northward, too,
Until he espied a gay old man,
And he was tired and weary O.
- 4 "Would you forsake your house and lands,
Would you forsake your children, too?"
"I'll eat of the grass and I'll drink of the dew
And I'll follow the dark-eyed gipsy O."
- 5 She took off her mantle, she tied it round her waist,
She lookèd gay and bonnie O,
Saying, "I'll eat of the grass, I'll drink of the dew
And I'll follow my dark-eyed gipsy O."

The texts A-D are evidently from the same stock, tracing to Child J. It is fair to reckon Child J b as a Maine text, since it was taken down about 1840 from the singing of a lady whose mother, Mrs. Farmer, was born in Maine. Professor Kittredge, in JAFL, XXX, 324, prints a Rochester, Mass., text, "a variant of Child's version J," with the air. This air, together with a Cambridge, Mass., air (P.B., in JAFL, XVIII, 195), a Providence, R. I., air (*ibid.*, p. 194), Mrs. Young's air, and Dr. Patch's air, has descended traditionally from a common original.

But Mrs. Robbins's E-text is utterly unlike the others and is apparently Irish. The Williams Collection of Irish Broad-sides, in the Public Library of Providence, R. I., contains the original of it, purchased some sixty years ago in Ireland. But so far from scouting Mrs. Robbins's text as being recent or doubtfully traditional, we do not question its having been sung on Mount Desert Island for almost a full century and perhaps for a much longer time. For it happens that there is about Mount Desert a stratum of early Irish settlement. Not to mention the terrible wreck of the ship *Grand Design*, in 1740, upon the ledges near the Western Way, when what were left of the Irish emigrants it was bearing to the New World settled along the Maine coast, there were a number of stalwart young Irishmen who came at a later period, married wives of the native stock and became the heads of well-known families, still resident. Such are the Longs, the Bulgers, and the Carrolls. And still later came William Lawler, from Waterford, a good singer, whose songs are still remembered as his own. The Irish songs on the Maine coast were in most cases brought over directly by bold sailors, sturdy fishermen, or good craftsmen who came as settlers at an early period, married Yankee girls, and identified themselves with the native English stock, as the laborers and forced emigrants of the Famine period never have done. The latter class had the comic "Paddy" songs of the middle of the last century; but the old balladry of Ireland, which we find abundantly along the Maine coast, came here very much earlier.

To show how near Mrs. Robbins's song is to the Irish broadside mentioned, we quote the latter, which we have never found in any American imprint, for comparison.

F.

BROADSIDE in the Williams Collection of Irish Broadside, Public Library, Providence, R. I.

DARK-EYED GIPSY, O

- 1 When Charley came home late at night,
Enquiring for his lady, O,
She's gone, she's gone, says his own servant man,
And she's followed the dark-eyed Gipsy O.
- 2 Go, saddle me my milk-white steed,
The brown was ne'er so speedy O,
That I may ride the length of the night
Till I find out the dark-eyed Gipsy O.
- 3 So Charley rode thus through the length of the night
Till the next morning early O,
It's then he met with a gay old man
And he both wet and weary O.
- 4 Where have you been my gay old man
Where have you been so early O?
Or did you see a fair lady,
And she following the dark-eyed Gipsy O?
- 5 I have been east, I have been west,
I have been north and southwards O,
And the fairest lady I e'er did see
Was following the dark-eyed Gipsy O.
- 6 Then he rode east and he rode west,
He rode north and southwards O,
Until he met with his own wedded wife,
And she following the dark-eyed Gipsy O.

- 7 Will you forsake your houses and lands,
Will you forsake your children O,
Will you forsake your own wedded lord,
And follow the dark-eyed Gipsy O.
- 8 What do I care for houses or lands,
What do I care for my children O?
What do I care for my own wedded lord,
While I follow the dark-eyed Gipsy O.
- 9 Then she took the garment that she wore
And wound it as a head-dress O,
Saying, I'll eat the grass and drink the dew
And I'll follow the dark-eyed Gipsy O.

G.

SENT in, November 17, 1928, by Dr. Edith M. Patch of the University of Maine, Orono, as recollected from her mother's singing.

Recorded by Dr. Ava M. Chadbourne
and Miss G. Merrill, University of Maine, Orono.

Chorus. Faster.

Twa-dle la-de dinktum.

dinktum. dinktum. Twa-dle la-de dinktum Da-ry: Sitting beneath a greenwood tree. And charming the heart of a la-dy!

- 1 [The gipsy came from o'er the hills
They called (him) the] gipsy Davy,
Sitting beneath a greenwood tree,
And charming the heart of a lady.

REFRAIN

Twadle-la-de dinktum dinktum dinktum!
Twadle-la-de dinktum Davy!
Sitting beneath a greenwood tree,
And charming the heart of a lady.

- 2 "Will you forsake your hearth and hame,
Will you forsake your baby,
Will you forsake your ain true love,
To roam with a gipsy Davy?"
- 3 "Yes, I'll forsake my hearth and hame,
And I'll forsake my baby,
And I'll forsake my ain true love,
To roam with a gipsy Davy."
- 4 My laird came hame very late one night,
Enquiring for his lady.
"My lady's gone," the servant said,
To roam with a gipsy Davy."
- 5 "Then bring to me my old bay mare,
The grey is not so speedy;
I'll ride all night, and I'll ride all day,
But I'll overtake my lady!"

The foregoing text is nearest to Child J. An unusual feature of it is the retention of the Scotch dialect, a feature which may be indicative of greater age than any of the numerous American texts derived from the J-source, and would point to a Scottish origin for the J-group as a whole.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

(Child 201)

A.

- 1 Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses:
They built their houses upon the lea,
And cover'd it with rushes.
- 2 Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry:
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

These lines were very familiar to the children of Maine two generations ago, as they were printed, as above, in *Mother Goose's Melodies*, published in 1869 by James Miller, successor to C. S. Francis, 647 Broadway, New York.

The first stanza is a genuine old ballad fragment, supplemented by later, but not necessarily new rhymes, to the same tune, making a nursery song.

Professor Child found several copies of Scotch origin, all taken down about a century ago. Brief as is the little ballad—only four stanzas and one of them repeated,—it is historical. In the plague of 1645, in the neighborhood of Perth, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, two handsome young women, both daughters of local lairds, thought to escape it by living apart in a rustic bower built by themselves. Their food was brought to them by a young gentleman who gave them the infection, of which both died.

But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,
And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lye in Methven kirkyard,
Amang their noble kin;
But they maun lye in Stronach haugh,
To biek forenent the sin.*

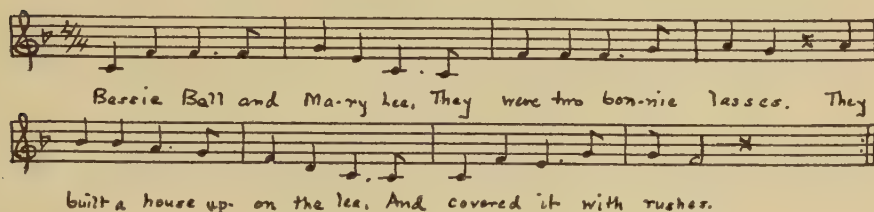
(Child 2, 3)

* "To bask in the sun."

B.

TEXT and melody sent in, October 30, 1928, by Mrs. Susie Carr Young of Brewer, as sung by her mother.

MS of Mrs. S. C. Young.



- 1 Bessie Bell and Mary Lee,
They were two bonnie lasses,
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it with rushes.
- 2 Bessie lived at garden gate,
While Mary lived at pantry:
And Bessie always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

(Child 210)

A.

TAKEN down, September 28, 1928, from the recitation of Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick.

- 1 High upon Highlands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonny George Campbell
Rode out on a day.

- 2 Saddled and bridled
And bitted rode he,—
Home came his saddle
But never cam he.
- 3 Out cam his mither dear
Greetin' full sair,
And out cam his bonny bride
Riving her hair.
- 4 The meadow lies green,
And the corn is unshorn,
But bonny George Campbell
Will never return.

The unique reading "bitted," in stanza 2, was carefully verified, the reciter repeating it several times.

B.

WRITTEN text, received October 19, 1928, from Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, who says, "This is all I can remember, and I never heard it sung, only hummed over as a rhyme."

- 1 Hi up in the Hielans an' lang the sweet Tay
Bonnie George Campbell rade oot on a day;
Saddled an' bridled, fu' gallant was he,—
Hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.
- 2 Wi' a plume in his bonnet, a sword at his knee,—
Hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.
O, the meadow lies green an' the babe is unborn,
But bonnie George Campbell will never return!

Mrs. McGill notes an alternative reading of the last line,
But bonnie George Campbell is dead and awa.

But when, in 1927, Mrs. McGill was shown the ballad in a copy of the abridged Child, she said that text C was just like her song, and even the spelling was correct, except that she substituted the word "mither" for "mother"!

The fragments of most ballads are variants which have started from a common center, developing in radial lines. It is impossible, and we add, undesirable, to assemble them. But "Bonnie George Campbell" is no more difficult to mend than a broken teacup; for we seem to have all the pieces. With the warning that the following lines have no standing as a text, we offer this reconstructed version as containing all the known lines of the little song, exclusive of slight verbal variations.

- 1 High up in the Highlands and lang the sweet Tay,
 Bonny George Campbell rode out on a day;
 Saddled and bridled and gallant was he,—
 Home came his good horse, but never came he.
- 2 Wi' a plume in his bonnet, a sword at his knee,
 Saddled and bridled and booted rade he.
 Toom home came his saddle, all bloody to see,
 Oh, home came his good horse, but never came he.
- 3 Out came his mither dear, greeting full sair,
 Out came his bonny bride, riving her hair:
 "My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,
 My barn is to build, and my babe is unborn!"
- 4 The meadow lies green and the babe is unborn,
 But bonny George Campbell will never return;
 High upon Highlands and low upon Tay,
 Bonny George Campbell is dead and awa.

As to the history of the song, Child printed four texts of "Bonnie James Campbell,"—three of them, A, B, D, evidently mere fragments. The other, C, from Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, V, 42, was declared by Child to have passed through editorial hands, "like so many other things in the *Scotish Minstrel*." Whether it did, or not, may be judged by comparison with Mrs. McGill's texts. For the compiler of the *Scotish Minstrel* printed, not one, but two texts of the ballad. The earlier text, a fragment, is found in the first edition of the *Scotish Minstrel* and was evidently unknown to Child. This text, with the harmonized melody, is as follows.

C.

FROM the *Scottish Minstrel*, edited by R. A. Smith, first edition, V, 50.

"Very old."

Hie up on Hielands, and laigh up on Tay, Bon-nie George
Camp-bell rode out on a day. He saddled, he bridled, and
gallant rode he, And hame cam his guid horse, but ne-ver cam he.

- 1 Hie upon Hielands, and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day:
He saddled, he bridled, and gallant rode he
And hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.
- 2 Out cam his mother dear, greetin' fu' sair,
And out cam his bonnie bryde, riving her hair,
"My meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build, and my baby's unborn."

.
.

The foregoing text was printed about 1823. Owing to its recovery, certain statements by Child, concerning the tradition of the ballad (IV, 142) must be modified. Motherwell's text (*Minstrelsy*, Glasgow, 1827, p. 44; Boston, 1846, I, 195) is that of the first edition of the *Scottish Minstrel*, expanded to three stanzas by the insertion of Child B, 1 (Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, p. xxxiii), as a refrain after each half of the second stanza, as printed by Smith. Textual changes are slight; "low," "rade," "big," "saddled and bridled" (1, 3), and "auld mither"; the last two from Finlay's text,—with omission of "and" in 1, 4. Child D is without independent value; it is but the first two and the last two lines of our C, with no changes, except "high," Highlands, "low" and "my babe is."

The later text of this ballad, as printed by Smith in the second edition (V, 42), consulted by Child, and by him reprinted, agrees with our C-text down to the last line, for which is substituted

But Bonnie George Campbell will never return.

The stanzas which follow, as printed by Child, are:

- 5 Saddled and bridled
and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
a sword at his knee.
- 6 But toom came his saddle
all bloody to see,
Oh, hame came his guid horse
but never cam he!

Mrs. McGill's first text is nearest to Child C, except in the second stanza, which is nearer to the first stanza of Child B (Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, I, xxxiii). Her second text is likewise the Child C (Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*), and proves that both forms of the song, as given by Smith, were traditional and not editorially altered.

Few ballads are more effective than this brief one of the Campbell who rode out on a quest of glory or death, and whose fate was mutely told by the return of the empty saddle. Its very brevity and poignancy have kept so fragile a song alive. It still lives in the south, as well as in the north. Dr. J. H. Combs, in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, pp.

144-145, has printed two admirable variants from West Virginia, with this very American touch:

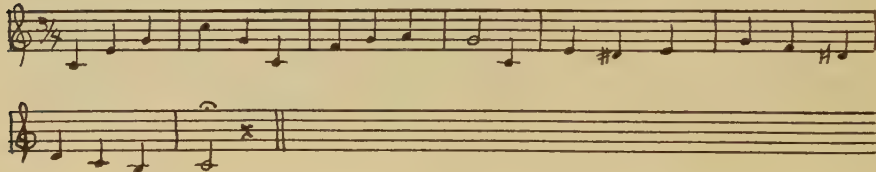
My house is not shingled,
my barn is not raised,
My crops are not gathered,
and my babe has not come.

Capt. Charles L. Donovan of Jonesport recognized Child B as the form of this ballad which his sailors used to sing. The following melody was printed by one of the editors in JAFL, XVIII, 294.

D.

NEWBURY, Vt., August 15, 1905, from R.J.P. of Bury, Quebec, who learned it a few years previously, from a Mrs. Jones, aged 80, a teacher of a primary school, who in turn, had learned it from her husband, a sea captain.

From "Traditional Ballads." (P.B. in JAF^L, XVIII, 294.)



SIR JAMES THE ROSS

(Child 213)

From a manuscript copy belonging to Mr. Howard S. Getchell of St. Stephen, New Brunswick. Mr. Getchell had also another manuscript copy, varying but slightly, but not so old as the one from which this copy was made. Both of these manuscripts differed from a printed text in Mr. Getchell's possession, but he himself sang the song as in the following text.

Child, in speaking of "Sir James the Rose" (No. 213), says that "Sir James the Ross," composed by Michael Bruce (d. 1767), on the same story, "perhaps enjoyed more favor with 'the general' than the original." This is evidenced today by its great popularity in New Brunswick.

- 1 Of all you northern chiefs of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross, a knight of muckle fame.
- 2 His growth was like the tifted fur that crowned the mountain's
brow,
Whilst wavering o'er his shoulders broad the locks of yellow
hue.
- 3 He was the bravest of his clan, that firm, undaunted band,
Four thousand warriors drew their swords beneath his high
command.
- 4 A bloody fight thrice had he stood against the English king,
Near two and twenty opening springs this blooming youth had
seen.
- 5 The fair Matilda he had loved, a maid of beauty rare,
Not Margaret on her Scottish throne was one half so fair.
- 6 Long he had wooed, long she refused with scorn and pride,
But yet her eyes confessed the truth her fearful lips denied.
- 7 They met one day as they had oft down in a shady wood,
Near by the borders of a berne where a blooming tall tree stood.
- 8 And there beneath the underwood the crafty Donald lay,
A brother to Sir John the Grames, to hear what they would say.
- 9 And thus the maid began her sire, her passion disappeared,*
'My father bids me wed the Grames, so here must end our love;

* And the maid began: "My sire your passion disapproved."

- 10 'My father's will must be obeyed, no doubt for to withstand,
Some other maid of beauty rare will bless you with her hand.
- 11 'Soon will Matilda be forgot and from your mind effaced,
Oh may that happiness be thine which I can never taste.'
- 12 'Oh what, oh what is this I hear,' Sir James the Ross replied,
'Oh will Matilda wed the Grames, thou has sworn to be my
bride.'
- 13 'The sword shall soon pierce my heart, bereave me of my
charms.*'
He held her to his beating breast, locked fast within his arms.
- 14 'I speak to try your love,' she said, 'I'll ne'er wed none but thee,
And death shall be my bridal bed, lest Ross† my husband be.
- 15 'Then take, dear youth, this faithful kiss in witness of my
troth,
May every plague become my lot the day I break my troth.'
- 16 They parted thus, the sun was set, up hasty Donald flies,
'Turn back, turn back, you badless‡ youth,' he loud insulted
cries.
- 17 Then turned around this fearless chief, when soon his sword he
drew,
For Donald's blade before his breast had pierced his tartan
through.
- 18 Then turned around this fearless chief, when soon his sword he
drew,
Whilst through the brain and crushing bones his sharp edged
weapon drew,

* The sword shall sooner pierce my heart, than reave me of thy charms.

† For "Grames."

‡ Beardless.

- 19 Then staggering, reeling, tumbled down a lump of lifeless clay;
‘So lay, my foe,’ quoth valiant Ross, and stately strode away.
- 20 Onward Sir James the Ross did hie unto Lord Bohan’s hall,
And at Matilda’s window stood and thus began to call,
- 21 ‘Art thou asleep Matilda dear, awake, my love, awake,
Thy luckless lover calls on thee a long farewell to take,
- 22 ‘For I have slain fierce Donald Grames, his blood is on my
sword,
And far, far distant are my men, they can’t assist their lord.
- 23 ‘And now to Skye direct my course, where my two brothers
abide,
To raise the valiant of that isle to combat on my side.’
- 24 ‘Oh do not so,’ the maid replied, ‘with me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night, and dangerous is the way.
- 25 ‘All night I’ll watch you in my park, my faithful page I’ll
send
To run and raise the Rossy clan my master to defend.’
- 26 She laid him down beneath the brush and wrapped him in his
plaid,
And trembling for her lover’s sake a distant stood the maid.
- 27 Swift ran the page o’er hill and dale, till in a lonely glen
He met the furious John the Grames and twenty of his men.
- 28 ‘Whither goest thou, thy* little page, so late who did thee
send?’
‘I’ve run to raise the Rossy clan my master to defend,
- 29 ‘For he has slain fierce Donald Grames, his blood is on his
sword,
And far, far distant are his men, they can’t assist their lord.’

* My.

- 30 'What, has he slain my brother dear?' the angry Grames replied,
'Death's honored blast my name, but by me a morn he dies.*'
- 31 'Tell me where is Sir James the Ross, I will thee well reward.'
'He sleeps fast in Lord Bohan's park, Matilda is his guard.'
- 32 They stirred up their weary steeds and scoured along the lea,
They reached Lord Bohan's lofty tower by the dawning of the day.
- 33 Without the gate Matilda stood, to whom the Grames did say,
'Saw you Sir James the Ross last night, or did he pass this way?'
- 34 'Last day at noon,' Matilda said, 'Sir James the Ross passed
by,
Quickly he stirred his weary steed, fast onward he did hie;
- 35 'He is now at Edinborough's cross, if horse and man hold good.'
'Your page must lie who said he now was sleeping in the wood.'
- 36 She wrung her hands and tore her hair, crying: 'Ross, thou art
betrayed,
And ruined by the very means which I had sought thine aid.'
- 37 Sir James the Ross awoke when the maiden's voice he heard;
Then he arose and drew his sword when the first band appeared.
- 38 'Your sword last night my brother slew, his blood yet dim it
shines,
And e'er the rising of the sun your blood shall reek, or mine.'
- 39 'You heard it well,' brave Ross replied, 'but deeds will prove the
man;
If you'll single out your men, hand to hand we'll try what value
can;

* Dishonor blast my name, but he by me, ere morning, dies.

- 40 'Off boasting he's a coward's heart, my mighty sword you fear,
While* showed in front of Loden's field whilst yours kept in the
rear.'
- 41 Four of Grames' men, the bravest four, sank down beneath his
sword,
But still he scorned that poor revenge and sought a haughty
lord.
- 42 Till basely Grames behind him came and pierced him on the
side,
Out spouting came the purple gore, then all his tartan dyed.
- 43 But yet brave Ross quit not his sword, nor fell he unto the
ground
Till through his enemy's heart a steel had pierced a mortal
wound.
- 44 Then staggering, reeling, tumbled down a lump of lifeless clay,
When down beside him sank brave Ross and faint and dying
lay.
- 45 Oh, when Matilda saw him fall, 'O spare his life!' she cried,
'Lord Bohan's daughter begs my† life, let her not be denied.'
- 46 Her well known voice the hero heard and raised his death closed
eyes,
And fixed upon the weeping maid and faintly thus replied:
- 47 'Matilda Bohan begs my life, by death she is denied,
My race is run, adieu my love,' then he closed his eyes and died.
- 48 The sword yet warm from his left side with frantic hand she
drew,
'I've come, Sir James the Ross,' she said, 'I've come to follow
you.'

* Which.

† His.

- 49 She leaned the hilt upon the ground and bared her snow-white
breast,
And fell upon her lover's sword and sank to endless rest.
- 50 Now by this fatal tragedy let parents a warning take,
And never let their children dear their sacred vows to break.

For other texts, see R. A. Smith, *The Scottish Minstrel* (1820-24), 2, 30; Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs* (1876), I, 18; Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea-Songs from Nova Scotia*, pp. 48-59. The other manuscript copy, and the printed copy, alluded to above, more nearly resembled Mackenzie's version.

Some contempt has been poured upon this song, "Sir James the Ross," as inferior to the other form, "Sir James the Rose," because it is "literary" and not "traditional." The matter is discussed by Alexander Keith, the editor of Gavin Greig's *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads* (Aberdeen, 1925), which stands second only to Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* as an authority. "All the texts of both versions," says Keith, "are clearly derived from stall copies, broadsides, or other prints of the second half of the eighteenth century." And, moreover, Michael Bruce did *not* write "Sir James the Ross," although it was printed among his posthumous poems; while, as Keith says, "in Aberdeenshire and the Northeast the latter [James the Ross] has, in great measure, ousted the traditional version, so that it is with the Bruce text we have to deal. . . . Accordingly, we give here (as being more interesting) the earliest text we have seen—one which is never alluded to in the controversy over the authorship of the literary ballad—from *One Hundred and Fifty Scots Songs*, London, 1768. The collection contains several ballad texts, and from its nature we do not hesitate to say that 'Sir James the Ross' (as it is called) was taken from a popular print. The four concluding lines, moreover, are heavily daubed with the ballad-hawker's paint-brush, and these lines have only once been noted in all the sung or recited Aberdeenshire versions."

But, these same four lines are found at the close of the text we present, which is undoubtedly a traditional copy of the same broadside printed in the book of Scotch songs in 1768! With some omissions and many corruptions, our copy is, line for line, like Gavin Greig's. In the

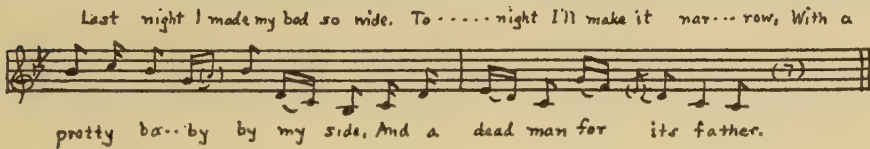
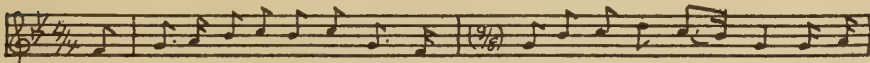
light of Mr. Keith's exposition, we do not hesitate about making this a primary, instead of a secondary, Child ballad, even though Professor Child himself preferred the other.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

(Child 214)

A.

SUNG by Mrs. Susie Carr Young of Brewer to the "tune of Barbary Allen." Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

 $\frac{1}{4} = 60.$ 

- 1
 Wherever it is ranging,
 For my true love is like the moon,
 That ev'ry month is changing.
- 2 O my lover roves, he trips the groves,
 He trips both groves and valley,
 Scarce in the dew there could I view
 The tracks of my loved Molly.
- 3 She has a heart would gain love's might,
 'Twould gain the heart of any:
 And the darkest night she'll show me a light,
 And that is known to many.

- 4 Last night I made my bed so wide,
 To-night I'll make it narrow:
 With a pretty baby by my side,
 And a dead man for its father.
- 5 Love is the cause of my downfall,
 Which leaves me broken hearted.

Of this rather incoherent farrago, stanza 4 alone is significant. It is clearly an intrusion from a lost version of "The Braes of Yarrow," despite the loss of the rhyme in the closing line, which may have been originally: "and a deid man for my marrow." A similar stanza occurs in Child's L-text of *The Braes of Yarrow*, a Peeblesshire version traced back to the eighteenth century (IV, 174):

I meant to make my bed fu wide,
 But you may make it narrow:
 For now I've nane to be my guide
 But a deid man drowned in Yarrow.

The melody, as we have elsewhere pointed out, is very closely related to the air to "The Braes of Yarrow," printed by Kidson (*Traditional Tunes*, p. 22), as derived from a granddaughter of Tibbie Shiel, the friend of Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg.

B.

FROM Mrs. J. McKenney, Boston, Mass., as recited in 1903, and again May 1, 1908. (MS collection of Phillips Barry, deposited in the Harvard University Library.)

- 1 "Oh mother, dear, oh, make my bed,
 Oh, make it both long and narrow,—
 Since Willie has died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow."
- 2

 Between two hills of Yarrow.

We have printed this fragment for comparison with A. The first stanza is a commonplace, of frequent occurrence in texts of "Barbara Allan." The first two lines, in a different form, are in Child A (stanza 2) of No. 215, "Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow" (first printed in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, II, 110, in 1733). It is Child's view that the stanza does not belong to the latter ballad; it has no doubt, intruded from a text of "The Braes of Yarrow" (Child 214). The reference in our B, stanza 2, to the "hills of Yarrow" is as clear proof of the identity of the text, as is for A, the double evidence of the melody and the reference to the "pretty baby."

Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford said that she recognized the whole of Child A as sung in Ireland in her youth.

THE BROOM OF COWDEN-KNOWES

(Child 217)

FROM the recitation of Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, October, 1927. Mrs. McGill came from Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, about sixteen years before. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{4} = 64$.

O bonnie Mavis tae the yowre buchts gone. Tae milk her daddy's yowes, An' ^{Chorus} aye as she sang her bonnie voice it rang Out o'er the taps o' the knowes. 'O the broom, the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom [The] broom o' the Cow-den knowes. - O fain wad a' be in me own countrie, Milkin' ma daddy's yowes.

- 1 Bonny Maisry's to the yowe-buchts gane
Tae milk her daddy's yowes,
And aye as she sang, her bonny voice it rang
Oot o'er the taps o' the knowes.
O, the broom, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom on the Cowden-knowes,
O, fain wud I be in my ain counterie
Milking my daddy's yowes.
- 2 There was a troop of merry gentlemen
Was riding atween twa knowes,
And they heard the voice of a bonny lass
In a bucht milking her yowes.
- 3 There's ane o' them lichted off his steed,
And has tyed him to a tree,
And he's gane to yon yowe-bucht
To hear what it might be.
- 4 "O, pity me, fair maid," he said,
"Tak pity upon me;
O, pity me and my milk-white steed
That's trembling at yon tree."
- 5 He's ta'en her by the waist sae small
And by the green gown-sleeve,
And he's led her into the yowe-bucht,
O' her freens he's spared no leave.
- 6 He has put his hand in his pocket,
And given her guineas three,
"If I dinna come back in half a year,
Then luke nae mair for me.

- 7 "Now show me to the king's hie street,
 Now show to me the way;
 Now show to me the king's hie street
 And the fair water of Tay."
- 8 When she cam hame her feyther said:
 "Come, tell to me richt plain,
 I doot you've met some [one] in the way,
 You hae na been your lain."
- 9 "The nicht it is baith mist and mirk,
 Ye may gang oot and see;
 The nicht is mirk and misty tae,
 There's naebody been wi' me."

This, however, is not the end of the ballad. Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford recognized the whole of the ballad, as printed in Child A, having heard it in Ireland. It is similar to the above text.

There is a song of the same name as the ballad, which may be found in Maine and mistaken for a fragment of the ballad itself. A good version in six stanzas was printed in 1805 at Augusta, by Peter Edes, the pioneer printer, in a little songbook called *The Warbler*, published by Ezekiel Goodale of Hallowell. It begins:

How blythe was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He leap'd the brook and flew to me;
 I met him with good will.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of the Cowdenknowes;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

ROB ROY

(Child 225)

WHEN Mrs. James McGill of Chamcook, New Brunswick, was asked whether she knew any Robin Hood ballads, she replied, "No, but I know 'Rob Roy.'" She knew the first five stanzas of Child A. The spelling is hers. She was born in Scotland and was very careful about the spelling of the Scotch songs she gave. This ballad has not before been reported from this country. Mrs. McGill knew no air to this ballad.

- 1 Rob Roy frae the hich Hielands
Cam to the Lowlan border ;
It was to stown a lady awa
To keep his Hieland hoos in order.
- 2 As he cam in by White Hoos,
He sent nae ane before him ;
Or she wad hae secured the hoos,
For she did aye abhor him.
- 3 Twenty men serundad the hoos,
and twenty they went in ;
They found her wi her mither ;
Wi sighs an cries an watery eyes
They pairted frae each ither.
- 4 "O will ye be my dear," he says,
"Or will ye be my honey?
O will ye be my wedded wife?
I lou you best of ony."
- 5 "I winna be your dear," she says,
"Nor will I be your honey,
Nor will I be your wedded wife,
Ye lou me for my money."

LIZZIE LINDSAY

(Child 226)

SENT in, November, 1927, by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{4} = 76$.

" Will ye gang tae the Hielan's Leezie Lyndsay, Will ye gang tae the Hielan's wi' me? Will ye gang tae the Hielan's Leezie Lyndsay, My bryde an' my darlin' tae be? " I'll no gang tae the Hielan's wi' you sir I'll no gang tae the Hielan's wi' you. For the nicht it is dark, an the road it is lang, I'll no gang tae the Hielan's wi' you.

Variant

- 1 "Will ye gang tae the Hielans, Leezie Lyndsay,
Will ye gang tae the Hielans wi' me?
Will ye gang tae the Hielans, Leezie Lyndsay,
My bryde an' my darling tae be?"
- 2 "O, what hae ye got in the Hielans, sir,
O, what hae ye got?" quoth she.
"O, what hae ye got in the Hielans, kind sir,
Gin I gang tae the Hielans wi' thee?"
- 3 "O, I hae got a hoose, Leezie Lyndsay,
O, I hae got a fine ha',
O, I hae got a hoose, Leezie Lyndsay,
A hoose in the Hielans for thee."

- 4 "I'll no gang tae the Hielans wi' thee, sir,
I'll no gang tae the Hielans wi' thee;
For dark is the nicht, an' the road it is lang,
I'll no gang tae the Hielans wi' thee."

On September 28, 1928, Mrs. McGill sang the first and last of the foregoing stanzas, with slight verbal changes: "you" for "thee," and in the third line of stanza 4, "the nicht it is dark." A fifth stanza, communicated, with the melody, by Mrs. McGill, in July, 1928, is as follows:

- 5 "Will ye gang tae the Hielans, Lezzie Lindsay,
Will ye gang, bonnie Lezzie wi' me?
Will ye gang tae be wife tae Macdonell,
His bride and his darlin' tae be?"

The relation of the above texts to the ballad of "Lizzie Lindsay," as given by Child in nine versions, is difficult to establish. Child's texts agree in the main features of the story; Lizzie Lindsay, with some misgivings, follows her lover, who represents himself as a poor man's son, to the Highlands. Once arrived in the Highlands, weary and homesick, she regrets her decision, whereupon her lover reveals himself as a rich young laird of a grand estate. Mrs. McGill's fifth stanza, which may be a fragment of the older tradition of the ballad, has kept the name Macdonell, and appears not to belong closely with the four stanzas of the text as originally sent in. Her earlier text, in fact, is nearer to the secondary tradition of the ballad,—less a version of the ballad itself than a song pendant to the ballad.

Burns sent with the air to Johnson, a single stanza of "Lizzie Lindsay" corresponding to the first stanza of Mrs. McGill's text, with a promise of additional verses from his own pen, which he never wrote. Two songs by Robert Allan, built up on the Burns fragment were printed in *The Scottish Minstrel*, third edition, II, 100, 101; a third, similarly built up, by Robert Gilfillan was printed in Graham's *Songs of Scotland*, II, 82. No one of the three keeps to the thread of the romance, as we have it in the older tradition of the ballad. A detail of

the secondary tradition, which distinguishes at once the later from the earlier form, is in the second of Allan's two songs, according to which, the lover declares himself to be a noble lord. We have a similar situation in the third stanza of Mrs. McGill's first text.

The characteristic feature of the secondary tradition of the ballad, the declaration by the lover of his true estate, has backed into the traditional form of the older ballad as well. In Gavin Greig's A-text (*Last Leaves*, p. 164), the suitor says, in answer to the question of Lady Dysie's old mother:

"My father he's laird o' Kinkussie,
My mother she's lady the same,
My name it is Donald Macdonald,
To tell it I never think shame."

This stanza, in the form in which we have it, shows the effect of the secondary tradition on the form of the similar stanza found in Child B, 9 (compare C, 7; D, 7; E, 16; F, 10; H, 3):

"My father he is an auld shepherd,
My mither, she is an auld dey;
My name it is Donald Macdonald,
My name I'll never deny."

The retention of the name Macdonell in Mrs. McGill's fifth stanza brings this part of her text into closer relation with Greig A.

The melody to which Mrs. McGill sings the ballad is clearly old, and, no doubt, traditional. There are only two known melodies to the ballad,—the air sent to Johnson by Burns, of which several variants exist, and an air printed by Christie (II, 88). The Museum air was printed in *The Scottish Minstrel*, third edition, II, 100, 101, in two variants or "sets," as the editor called them, fitted to the words of Robert Allan's two songs. Mrs. McGill's air shows more affinities with the second "set" of the Museum air than with the first, yet it has undergone considerable change through the introduction of a second strain.

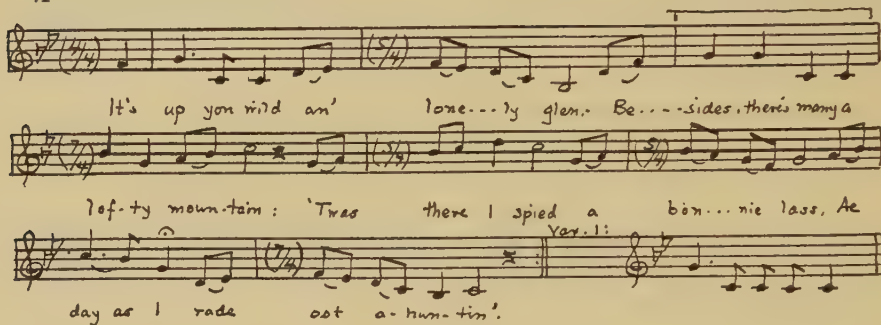
THE LAIRD O' DRUM

(Child 236)

"THE LAIRD AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER." Sent in, 1928, by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

 $\frac{3}{4} = 112.$

Dorian Mode.



- 1 It's up yon wild an' lonely glen,
Beside, there's many a lofty mountain,
'Twas there I spied a bonnie lass
Ae day as I rode oot a huntin'.
- 2 Her face was fair, her heart was true,
Her features they were comely, slender,
Her dooncast looks an' sparklin' ee
Has cast my heart nae mair tae wander.
- 3 Says I, "Fair lass, whaur is thy hame?
In maire or dell, pray tell me whither?"
"Kind sir, I tent my fleecy flocks
That feed among the bonny heather."
- 4 "It's wull ye wed the laird o Drum
And sleep wi' him on a bed o' feathers?
Ye'll wear fine silks an' satins braw,
An' be the flower among the heather."

5 "O it's deed, kin' sir, your offer's fair,
 I really think wi' me ye're jokin',
 For ye are sure some rich man's heir,
 An' I a lowly shepherd's daughter."

6 "It's true, I am my faither's heir,
 But he can ne'er control my fancy;
 For it's herdin' sheep on yon hill side
 I'll gang wi' you, my lovely Nancy."

On the back of the manuscript, Mrs. McGill wrote the title, "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter." At the foot of the page, she added the note, "'Nancy' may not be the proper name of the girl, but it is used often in the old country between two sweethearts. I think it must be the same one as on page 535 (of Child abridged) 'Laird o' Drum.'" Later, Mrs. McGill sent in a second copy, with the title "The Laird o' Drum." This copy differs somewhat from the earlier copy, which is here given preference. Thus the second copy has in 1, 3 "met" for "spied"; in 2, 1 "and" for "her,"—it omits stanza 3 entire; it has in 3, 1 (corresponding to 4, 1) "O" for "it's"; in 3, 3 "silks an' fine satins ye shall wear"; in 4, 3 (corresponding to 5, 3) "ye seem to be" for "ye are sure," and "squire's" for "man's"; in 4, 4 "only a" for "a lowly"; in 5, 4 (corresponding to 6, 4) "bonnie lassie" for "lovely Nancy." In a note at the bottom of the page, Mrs. McGill says: "This is the way we sung it. It might not be the right way, but I think it is all right."

Child prints six forms of the text of "The Laird o' Drum." These six forms fall into two groups. In the first, represented by A, C, D, E, F b, with which Gavin Greig's text agrees (*Last Leaves*, 183), the historical facts of the marriage of the elderly impoverished laird of Drum with a young country girl, are made clear. In Child D, F b, and in Greig's text, the laird meets his future wife while out hunting; in A b, D, E, F, and in Greig's text, he asks her to be lady of Drum. Child B, representing the second group, though in the manuscript it bears the title "The Lard of Drum" does not mention the suitor by name, but calls him simply a "barron's son"; and, unlike the texts of the first group, gives no hint that he had been married before. In his notes on the ballad, Child calls attention to "verbal agreements between B, especially,

and a fragment in Herd's MSS." The fragment, he goes on to say, "belongs to a ballad of a shepherd's daughter and an earl which is preserved in two copies in Motherwell's MS." The relation of the ballad of the earl and the shepherd's daughter to "The Laird of Drum," he leaves unsettled, stating simply that "there has been borrowing from one side or the other." (IV, 322.)

Mrs. McGill's text shows affinities with both groups of Child texts, as well as with the Motherwell ballad of the earl and the shepherd's daughter (Child, IV, 330-332). Thus in keeping the name of the suitor as "the Laird o' Drum," and making him meet the shepherd's daughter while out hunting, it is nearer to the first group of texts in Child, while the absence of any allusion to a deceased first wife forms a point of contact with the tradition of B. In this detail of the story, it has gone farther than B, since it represents the suitor's father as still living, but unable to control his son's fancy. The kinship of Mrs. McGill's text with the Motherwell ballad, which may account for the persistence of the subtitles, is shown also by verbal agreements. Thus in one of the Motherwell texts, we have the stanza:

"Oh, no, oh no," the fair maid says,
"Oh, that can never be;
For thou art a lord of good estate,
And I but of mean degree,"

which is rather closer to the fifth stanza of her text than any in the texts of "The Laird o' Drum" printed by Child. Moreover, the third line of stanza 3 of Mrs. McGill's second copy, corresponding to 4, 3 of the text as here given, is found in another stanza of the Motherwell ballad:

"Oh, you have a fair daughter;
Will ye give her me,
Silk and satin she shall wear,
And, shepherd, so shall ye."

The evidence in the case is too meager to make conclusions anything but rash. Yet it seems at least reasonable that Child A, and its kin, which have kept clear the historical facts, represent the oldest form

of the ballad. Child B, together with Motherwell's ballads of the knight, or earl, and the shepherd's daughter, have retained the romantic theme, detached from the historical facts of Drum's second marriage. Finally, Mrs. McGill's text, though it has kept the name of the laird of Drum, has, as has been noted, extended the development of a secondary tradition, by emphasizing the youth of the suitor. Such is the way of the folk.

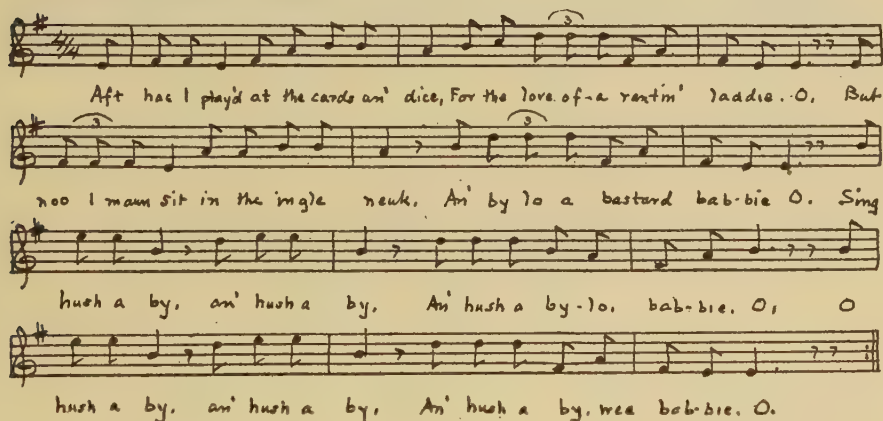
THE RANTIN' LADDIE

(Child 240)

TEXT and melody sent in, November 8, 1928, by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick.

From MS of Mrs. J. McGill.

Aeolian Mode.



Aft hae I play'd at the cards an' dice, For the love o' a rantin' laddie. O. But
 noo I maun sit in the ingle neuk, An' by lo a bastard bab-bie O. Sing
 hush a by, an' hush a by, An' hush a by-lo, bab-bie, O, O
 hush a by, an' hush a by, An' hush a by, wee bab-bie, O.

- 1 Aft hae I played at the cards an' dice
 For the love o' a rantin' laddie, O,
 But noo I maun sit in the ingle neuk,
 An' by-lo a bastard babbie O.

REFRAIN

Sing hush-a-by, an' hush-a-by,
 An' hush-a-by-lo babbie, O,
 O hush-a-by, an' hush-a-by,
 An' hush-a-by, wee babbie O.

Sing hush-a-by, an' hush-a-by,
 An' hush-a-by-lo babbie, O,
 O had your tongue, ma ain wee wean,
 An A gae a sook o' the pappie, O.

The present version, constitutes the only record of Child 240, in the north. A text from West Virginia is printed by Combs, in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, p. 145.

Mrs. McGill's version is unique, both as to text and melody. None of the published texts of the ballad—four printed by Child, five (one in full with a collation of the others) by Greig, and one by Combs—has the "hush-a-by" refrain. The air, in the Aeolian mode, is quite unlike the air first printed by Johnson, 462 in the Museum, two variants of which were taken down by Greig. It is dissimilar, also, to the air printed by Christie, I, 212, of which the editor of Greig's *Last Leaves* says, "It has not much melody in it."

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

(The Demon Lover. Child 243)

A.

TEXT, without title, written down, 1926, by Capt. Lewis F. Gott of Bernard, as sung by him for many years.

- 1 "I might have married a king's daughter fair,
 And she would have married me;
 But I've just returned from the salt, salt sea
 All for the sake of thee, all for the sake of thee."

- 2 "If you could have married a king's daughter,
I am sure you are much to blame;
For I have wed with a house carpenter,
And Johnnie it is his name, and Johnnie it is his name."
- 3 "If you'll go leave your house carpenter,
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the trees grow tall
On the isle of sweet liberty, on the isle of sweet liberty."
- 4 "If I go and leave my house carpenter,
And go along with thee,
What means have you provided for me
To keep me from slavery? to keep me from slavery?"
- 5 "Oh, don't you see that good light ship
A-standing in to land,
With a hundred and fifty brave young men
Shall be at your command, shall be at your command."
- 6 She took her babe upon her knee,
And she gave him kisses three,
Saying, "Stay at home with your father dear,
For to bear him company, for to bear him company."
- 7 They had not sailed more than two weeks,
I am sure it was not three,
When this cruel mother began to weep,
And to weep most bitterly, and to weep most bitterly.
- 8 "Oh, do you weep for your house carpenter,
Or the dangers of the sea?
Or do you weep for that sweet little babe
That you left when you came with me, that you left when you
came with me?"

- 9 "I don't weep for my house carpenter,
Nor the dangers of the sea,
But I do weep for the sweet little babe
That I left when I came with thee, that I left when I came
with thee."
- 10 They had not sailed more than three weeks,
I am sure it was not four,
When this good ship sprung a leak
And she sank to rise no more, and she sank to rise no more.
- 11 Come all you mothers far and near,
Take warning now by me,
And never sell your babe for gold,
Lest you sink in the salt, salt sea.

B.

FRAGMENT, from Mrs. Susie C. Young, Brewer, in whose family it had long been traditional. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 92.

Ancient Greek form.

3. O do you weep for the gold that you left, Or the dangers of the
sea? Or is it for fears of that house carpen-ter, That you left when you came with
me? lit...tle ba-bby

- 1 She took her baby [on her knee]
And she gave it kisses three,
Saying, "Stay at home, you sweet pretty babe,
Keep your father company."

- 2 They had not been out more than two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
Before this lady began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.
- 3 "O, do you weep for the gold that you left,
Or the dangers of the sea?
Or is it for fear of that house-carpenter
That you left when you came with me?"
- 4 "I do not weep for the gold that I left,
Or the dangers of the sea;
But it's all for the love of that little baby
That I left when I came with thee."

This ballad is a general favorite, especially in the South. There are many versions in the Sharp MSS; eleven were printed by Campbell and Sharp;—twenty-one were printed or summarized by Cox. A text is in Bayard Taylor's novel *The Story of Kennett* (New York, 1866, pp. 416-417). The characteristic air, printed by P.B., in JAF^L, XXV, 274, has since been recorded in a large number of variants.

"The Demon Lover" is a misnomer for the American texts of this old ballad. They have in them no ghostly apparition, no murder, no suicide—unless of the deserted husband—nothing supernatural and "daunting terrible," except for the lovers' vision of Heaven and Hell (Campbell and Sharp A, B; Cox A; Kittredge, JAF^L, XX, 258,—a detail found in Child E, F). It is the plain story of the elopement of a house-carpenter's wife with a former lover, and it is based upon a very sordid old tale of "James Harris," in a Roxburghe ballad sheet on Thackeray's list of 1685, called "A Warning to Married Women." Reading the old lines, one realizes that even though the lover is a ghost, they purport to give facts; but time and much repetition have caused them, in this country, to fall into pleasing ballad lines, which have no respect for actualities. In the De Marsan broadside below, which antedates the Civil War, and is regarded by Tolman and Eddy (JAF^L, XXXV, 347) as the standard text, the lovers are bound, by sailing ship, for "the banks of the old Tennessee," and after five weeks of sailing fail to arrive. The ballad must have been long sung in this country

to develop such lines before the Civil War. But, except for lacking the tenth stanza, our A-text is a close parallel.

C.

BROADSIDE in the Harris Collection of American Poetry, John Hay Library, Brown University, Providence. Imprint: De Marsan, List 5, No. 90.

- 1 "Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met," cried he—
"For I have returned from the Salt Sea
All for the love of thee.
- 2 "I might have married the King's daughter, dear,"
"You might have married her," cried she,
"For I am married to a House Carpenter,
And a fine young man is he."
- 3 "If you will leave your House Carpenter,
And go along with me,
I will take you where the grass grows high
On the banks of old Tennessee."
- 4 "If I forsake my House Carpenter,
And go along with thee,
What have you got to keep me upon
And keep me from misery?"
- 5 Says he, "I've got six ships at sea,
All sailing to dry land,
One hundred and ten of your countrymen,
Love, shall be at your command."
- 6 She took her babe upon her knee
And kissed it one, two or three,
Saying, "Stay at home, my darling sweet babe,
And keep your father company."

- 7 They had not sailed four weeks or more,
Four weeks or scarcely three,
When she thought of her darling sweet babe at home
And she wept most bitterly.
- 8 Says he, "Are ye weeping for gold, my love,
Or are you weeping for fear,*
Or are you weeping for your House Carpenter,
That you left and followed me?"
- 9 "I am not weeping for gold," she replied,
"Nor am I weeping for fear,
But I am weeping for my sweet little babe
That I left with my House Carpenter."
- 10 "Oh, dry up your tears, my own true love,
And cease your weeping," cried he.
"For soon you'll see your own happy home
On the banks of old Tennessee."
- 11 They had not sailed five weeks or more,
Five weeks or scarcely four,
When the ship struck a rock and sprung a leak,
And they never were seen any more.
- 12 A curse be on the sea-faring men,
Oh, cursed be their lives,
For while they are robbing the House Carpenter
And coaxing away their wives.

The last stanza links this to "The Distressed Ship Carpenter" in John Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs* (London, 1891), very similar in respect to most of its stanzas, although the lady is promised slippers of beaten gold, lined with velvet soft, a gilded boat with gilded oars,

And Mariners to row thee along
To keep thee from thy overthrow.

* Fear, i.e., fee, a ballad commonplace.

The ending of the sea song is also more dramatic:

When Tidings to *Old England* came,
 The Ship Carpenter's wife was drowned,
 He wrung his Hands, and tore his Hair,
 And grievously fell in a Swoon.

Oh! cursed be those Mariners
 For they do lead a wicked life,
 They ruin'd me a Ship Carpenter
 By deluding away my Wife.*

While the American and the English versions are not widely different, it is noteworthy that the American texts agree upon a house-carpenter, not a ship-carpenter, being the husband. Therefore the northern and the southern branches come from the same version; and if, before the Civil War, the southern forms had lost all clear recollection of what the sea was like, the song must have come over the water several generations before. Yet they seem to have been reinforced by some printed form, as a comparison of the texts printed here with those in Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South* will show. The De Marsan broadside and our A-text have phrases in common with Cox's southern versions which can hardly be laid to accident, like "to keep me from slavery" (Cox B), and "the banks of sweet libertee" (Cox D), while the De Marsan curse upon seafaring men is twice repeated (Cox D and E). It is likely that the De Marsan broadside had a considerable influence upon the northern texts.

THE GREY COCK

(Child 248)

TAKEN down, February 28, 1928, from the recitation of Mrs. Margaret Watson of Lewiston. Mrs. Watson came to this country from Ayrshire, Scotland, twenty-one years ago.

- 1 "Saw ye my faither or saw ye my mither?
 Or saw ye my true-love John?"
 "I ne'er saw your faither, I ne'er saw your mither,
 But I saw your true-love John.

* Compare Child B, 8, 12, 13.

- 2 "It's now ten at nicht an' the stars gae nae licht,
An' the bells they ring ding dong;
He's met wi' a delay that's caused him tae stay,
But he'll be here before long."
- 3 The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red.
Yet though he often sighed, he ne'er a word replied
Till all were asleep in their bed.
- 4 Up Johnny sprang, to the door he did gang,
And gently slipt the bar;
The lassie takin' tent, tae the door she went,
And she opened and bade him come in.
- 5 "Is it you that's here at last? and do I haud you fast?
And is my Johnny true?"
"I hae nae time tae tell, but sae lang as a lo'e mysel
Sae lang will a lo'e thee."
- 6 "Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And crawl when it is day;
Your neck shall be of the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey."

But the seventh and last stanza, which is the point of the ballad, showing how the cock proved false and crowed an hour too soon, was not recalled by Mrs. Watson. We therefore supply it from Child A.

- 7 The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon;
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

Cheaply modern as most of the ballad is in its present form, there is something about the crowing of a cock in any old song which warns the ballad hunter that ghosts are near. We were not surprised therefore to find in Joyce's *Old Irish Folk Music*, p. 219, a beautiful old ballad, which he says he learned when a boy at home, of which

neither words nor air were ever published before he printed them in 1909. It must stand as the original of "The Grey Cock."

THE LOVER'S GHOST

"Oh, you're welcome home again," said the young man to his love,

"I am waiting for you many a night and day.

"You are tired, you are pale," said this young man to his dear:

"You must never again go away."

"I must go away," she said, "when the little cock will crow,

For here they will not let me stay;

But if I had my wish, Oh, my darling," she said,

"This night should never, never be day."

"Oh, my pretty, pretty cock, oh, my handsome little cock,

I pray you will not crow before day;

And your comb shall be made of the very beaten gold,

And your wings of the silver so grey!"

But, oh, this pretty cock, this handsome little cock,

He crew full an hour too soon:

"Oh, my true love," she said, "it is time for me to part,

It is now the going down of the moon!"

"And where is your bed, my dearest dear?" he said,

"And where are your white holland sheets?

And where are your maidens, my dearest love," he said,

"That wait on you while you are asleep?"

"The clay is my bed, my dearest dear," she said,

"The shroud is my white holland sheet;

The worms and creeping things are my waiting maids,

To wait on me whilst I am asleep."

Professor Child came near to recovering this ballad, but did not quite secure it. In IV, 389-390, he cites Herd, Chappell and Buchan and mentions a parallel in Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (1827), p. 143. The injunction to the cock is found in "The Swain's Resolve":

She cries to the cock, saying, "Thou must not crow

Until that the day be worn,

And thy wings shall be made of the silvery gray,

And thy voice of the silver horn."

Child says that this is also cited in Graves's *Irish Songs and Ballads* (London, 1882), p. 249, No. 50, as "occurring in a ballad descriptive of the visit of a lover's ghost to his betrothed" and quotes substantially the first half of stanza 2, as given above. But Graves obtained the ballad from Joyce.

"The Grey Cock" is called an *aube* by Child, as well as by a more recent writer (C. R. Baskerville, "English Songs on the Night Visit," in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXXVI, 565 ff.), who, though ready to concede "a confusion of ballads on the ghostly visitant, with a ballad developed out of the aube tradition," has missed the real significance of the cock in the story. The bird belongs to folk-lore; we have in "Sweet William's Ghost," A 14, and "The Wife of Usher's Well," A 9, the same motif of the "red cock and the gray," warning revenant spirits to depart. Neither of these old ballads, however, has so clearly made the cock a supernatural bird, like the dove with feathers of gold, wings of precious stones, beak of diamond and legs of ruby, "none other than a Bird of Paradise" (J. Mehouyas, *Bible Tales in Arab Folk-Lore*, p. 160). In the Middle-Irish *imram* or "voyage of penance," entitled "The Voyage of Snedgus and MacRiagla," the pilgrims visit the island of the Tree of Life, on which is a flock of birds, whose leader has *a head of gold, and wings of silver* (*Revue Celtique*, IX, 21). The Irish text of "The Lover's Ghost" has quite properly kept this bit of Celtic, ultimately Oriental folk-lore, though all but reduced to a literary conceit.

The earliest printed record of "The Grey Cock" is of the year 1772. Within a few years, it was so well known in America that a favorite American song was written to the same air. A copy of this song is in the Isaiah Thomas Collection, III, 50: "Saw ye my Hero George . . . Lady Washington left Mount Vernon in June, 1778, in expectation of meeting her worthy companion George; on the 28th of the same month, found her favourite engaged in the battle of Monmouth: She made the following observations:

Saw you my Hero—saw you my Hero,
Saw you my Hero GEORGE?"

(Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, April, 1923,—compare also Ford 3270, 3333, 3334.) A fragment of this song was sung in 1907, in Vineland, N. J.

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE

(Child 272)

MRS. FRED W. MORSE of Islesford said that she often used to hear this song sung in her old home in Waterford, Ireland. She was unable to recall more than a few lines of the song, but she remembered the story. "A father sent his daughter to England to school. A young man vowed to get her, dead or alive. Her father had told her not to return until he sent for her. One moonlight night she looked out of her window and saw the young man. She knew him, as he was riding her father's horse and had on her mother's cloak. He rode across the courtyard and knocked. She wondered why he knocked. He had a holland handkerchief around his head, and he said, '*Mevelleia asthore* (Irish: *Mo Mollí a stóir*,—that is, *Molly, my treasure*), how my head does ache!'"

And when she came to her father's hall,
"Father, father," she loudly called;
"O father, did you send for me
By such a messenger?"—naming he.

And the father, knowing this young man being dead,
Every hair stood on his head;
He wrung his hands and he cried full sore,
And this young man's darling cried more and more.

With spades and shovels they dug his clay,
And although this young man was three weeks dead
There was a holland handkerchief wound round his head.

Mrs. Morse said she used to know a man named Quinlan, in this country, who sang the song, and Mrs. Lyman Harper of Southwest Harbor said, August, 1927, that she used to hear it sung. On being told the story she recognized it immediately.

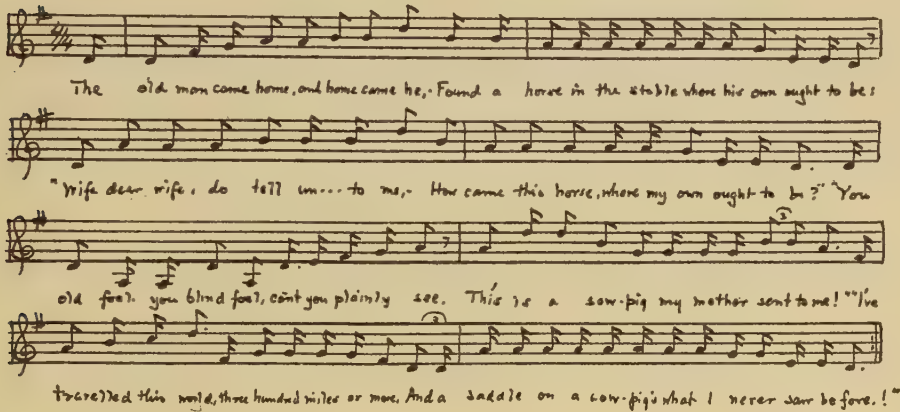
Cox gives a version in ten stanzas, and of these Mrs. Morse recognized the second to the sixth inclusive as carrying the story. Campbell and Sharp's A- and B-texts have the handkerchief, which has dropped out of Cox's, but these southern forms lack the lines Mrs. Morse has given.

OUR GOODMAN

(Child 274)

A.

"THE OLD MAN CAME HOME." From Mrs. Susie Carr Young, traditional in her family. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

 $\frac{1}{4} = 80.$


The old man came home, and home came he, Found a horse in the stable where his own ought to be:
 "Wife dear wife, do tell un--- to me, How came this horse, where my own ought to be?" You
 old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see. This is a sow-pig my mother sent to me! "I've
 travelled this world, three hundred miles or more, And a saddle on a cow-pig's what I never saw before!"

- 1 The old man came home, and home came he,
 Found a horse in the stable, where his own ought to be.
 "Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me:
 How came this horse where my own ought to be?"
 "You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
 This is a sow-pig my mother sent to me?"
 "I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
 And a saddle on a sow-pig's what I never saw before."
- 2 The old man came home and home came he,
 Found a whip on the nail where his own ought to be.
 "Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me:
 How came this whip where my own ought to be?"

"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
This is a churn-dash that my mother sent to me?"

"I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
And a lash on a churn-dash's what I never saw before."

- 3 The old man came home, and home came he,
Found a hat on the table where his own ought to be:
"Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me,
How came this hat where my own ought to be?"
"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
This is a cream-pot my mother sent to me?"
"I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
And fur on a cream-pot's what I never saw before."

- 4 The old man came home, and home came he,
Found a man in the place where himself ought to be.
"Wife, dear wife, do tell unto me:
How came this man where myself ought to be?"
"You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see,
This is a baby my mother sent to me?"
"I've travelled this world three hundred miles or more,
And whiskers on a baby's what I never saw before."

This old song is rather common, yet, since the form of it makes improvisation easy, it is often so vulgar as to be undesirable. A version, "Ods bobs, here's fun," was sung by Mr. Walcot at the Boston Museum, October 14, 1841.

B.

MRS. FRED W. MORSE of Islesford used to hear this sung and could recall a few lines.

- 1 Home comes the old man,
Home comes he;
He found a horse in the stable
Where his own ought to be.

(She could not remember his remarks)

"You blind cockle-comber,

Blind you must be;

Don't you see that's a cow

That my mother sent to me?"

"Miles have I travelled,

Hundreds and more,

But stirrups on a cow I never saw before."

.

2 He went into the hall

And a strange stick did see.

.

"You blind cockle-comber,

Blind you must be,

Don't you see that's the stirabout stick

My mother sent to me?"

"Miles have I travelled,

Hundreds and more,

But a silver-mounted stirabout stick I never saw before."

.

(He sees a great coat hanging up and comments on there
being buttons upon blankets. Then he finds a man in
his own bed.)

3 "You blind cockle-comber,

Blind you must be,

Don't you see that's the baby

My mother sent to me?"

"Miles have I travelled

Hundreds and more,

But whiskers on a baby I never saw before."

("Then he catches her on something she can't explain and
has no answer for")

A "stirabout stick" is the same as a pudding stick, or porridge stick,
used in making "hasty pudding," now regarded as an antique.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

(Child 275)

A.

WRITTEN down as sung by Mrs. James McGill of Chamcook, Charlotte County, New Brunswick, who carefully revised the spelling. Mrs. McGill learned the song from her mother in Scotland. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

 $\frac{3}{8} = 80.$

It fell a-bout the Martinmas time. An' a gay time it was then, O, Oor
 auld guid wife had puddins-tae mak. An' she boiled them in the pan. O. O, the
 bar-rin' o oor door, neel!

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gey time it was then, O,
 When oor gudewife got puddins to mak,
 And she's boiled them in the pan, O.
- 2 The wind sae cauld blew sooth and north,
 And blew into the floor, O,
 Quoth oor guidman tae oor guidwife,
 "Get up and bar the door, O."
- 3 "My han' is in my hussyfscap,
 Guidman, as ye may see, O,
 An' it shuldna be barred this hundred year
 It'll na be barred by me, O."

- 4 They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and shair, O,
That the first word whae'er shoud speak
Should rise and bar the door, O.
- 5 Then by cam twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nicht, O,
And they coud ne'er see hoos or hall,
Or coal or cannel-light, O.
- 6 "Now what if this be a rich man's hoos,
Or what if it be a pair, O?"
But ne'er a word wad ane of them speak
For barring o' the door, O.
- 7 And first they ate the white puddins,
And then they ate the black, O,
Though muckle thocht the guidwife tae hersel
Yet ne'er ane word she spake, O.
- 8 Then said the ane untae the ither,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife, O,
Dae ye tak off the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the guidwife, O."
- 9 "But there's nae watter in the hoos,
And what will we do then, O?"
"What ails ye at the puddin brew
That boils in the pan, O?"
- 10 O, up then got our guidman,
An angry man was he, O,
"Will ye kiss my wife afore my een,
And sead me wi' puddin-brew, O?"
- 11 Then up and started oor guidwife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O;
"Guidman, you've spake the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O."

B.

TAKEN down, September 11, 1928, from the singing of Miss Eunice M. Macauslan, Islesford. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

It came a-bout the Michaelmas time, And ma--ny-good times more then. When
oor gude wife had puddings to make, And boiled with... in the pan. And the
barring of the fore--door weel, weel, weel. And the barring of the fore--door,
weel, weel, weel!

6. in V 7. in II, VI. 8. 7 (sometimes: 1st line, III. 1st line, VI. etc.

- 1 It came about the Michaelmas time,
And many good times were then,
When oor gude wife had puddings to make,
And boiled within the pan.
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!
- 2 They made a paction 'twixt them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
The first that spak the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door.
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

- 3 Long cam twa gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night;
They neither could see house nor ha',
Nor hae coal nor candle-light.
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!
- 4 Said the tane unto the tither,
"You tak here me knife,
And you'll cut off the old man's beard
While I kiss the gude wife."
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!
- 5 Up starts the gude man,
An angry man was he,
"Wud ye kiss me good wife before me face,
Scaud me wi' pudding brae!"
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!
- 6 Up starts oor gude wife,
Takes three steps o'er the flure,
"Gude man, you've spoke the first word,
So rise and bar the door!"
And the barring of the fore-door, weel, weel, weel,
And the barring of the fore-door, weel!

Mrs. Rose Robbins, Northeast Harbor, said, October, 1926, that she knew this ballad in substantially the form printed by Cox, pp. 516-517 (Child B), except that she said "bar the door" instead of "shut the door." Mrs. Fred W. Morse, Islesford, knew the same form, with the exception of stanzas 4 and 7, but said "bolt" instead of "shut the door."

THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

(Child 277)

A.

TAKEN down in August, 1925, from the singing of Mr. Horace E. Priest of Sangerville, who learned it in a lumber camp some forty or fifty years before from Mr. Everett York of Medway.

This variant most closely resembles Child F (*English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Cambridge edition, p. 604,—cf., V, 304 of the large edition).

- 1 I married a wife, I took her home,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
And I think I got married a little too soon,
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 2 My wife would neither card nor spin,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
She was afraid of soiling her delicate skin,
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 3 My wife would neither bake nor brew,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
She was afraid of soiling her high heeled shoe,
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 4 When I came in from holding the plow,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
I said to my wife, "Is my dinner ready now?"
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 5 "There is some cold johnny-bread on the shelf,"
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
"And if you want any more you can get it yourself,"
As the dew flies over the green valley.

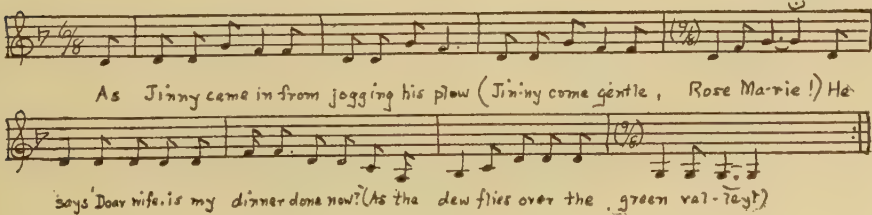
- 6 I went straightway into my field,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
It was there I cut two little willows so green,
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 7 I went straightway into my barn,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
It was there I took my old sheepskin down,
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 8 I placed the sheepskin on her back,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
And the two little willows went whickety whack,
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 9 Go tell my friends, go tell my kin,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
I was only tanning my old sheepskin,
As the dew flies over the green valley.
- 10 But when I come in from holding the plow,
Gentle Jinnie fair Rose Marie,
It is "Yes, sir, and No, sir, and How do you do?"
As the dew flies over the green valley.

B.

FRAGMENT, recalled by Mrs. Susie Carr Young as a part of one of her Grandmother Carr's old ditties. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 88.

Hexatonic.



- 1 As Jinny came in from jogging his plough,
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
He says: "Dear wife, is my dinner done now?"
As the dew flies over the green vallee.
- 2 "Get you gone, you dirty dog!"
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
"If you want any dinner, go get it yourself,"
As the dew flies over the green vallee.
- 3 He threw his old wether skin o'er his wife's back,
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
And with his long goad-stick went whickerty-whack,
As the dew flies over the green vallee.
- 4 "I'll tell to my parents and to my kin,"
Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie,
"How you've bruised my flesh and my skin,"
As the dew flies over the green vallee.

When Mr. Priest sang the refrain, "Gentle Jinny fair Rose Marie," he said that these words referred to the heroine of the ballad, but he seemed to think, and rightly, that there was something peculiar in the double name given her, each name being preceded by its own adjective. In Mrs. Young's version there is a similar refrain, "Jinny, come gentle, Rose Marie," and in still another American text, that of Cox, from the South, we have "Gentle Virginia my Rosy my Lee." It is significant, also, that text F, as printed in the abridged Child, is a New England text, and that it has the refrain, "Gentle Jenny cried rosemaree." This text may throw some light on the probable corruptions undergone by the refrain in question.

In the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, VII, 232, comment is made on the fact that in another Child ballad, 1 B, the words "Juniper gentle (for *gentian*) and rosemary," constituting a plant-burden, have been taken for names of persons. And in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, II, 12-15, Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, in a valuable note on plant-burdens, mentions the old superstition that plants were regarded as

charms against demons. She says that when a demon disappeared from a song, the plant-burden survived.

In the case before us, the ungentle wife may have been regarded as possessed of an evil spirit, so that not only the plant-burden, but also the beating would be part of an exorcising ceremony. We should then have, in "The Wife Wrapped in the Wether's Skin" (Child 277), and "The Farmer's Curst Wife" (Child 278), companion pieces. In the former the demon is exorcised; in the latter, he meets his match in the person of the cursed wife herself.

The supposition that gentle Jenny used the old plant-burden to ward off the evil spirit, is borne out by the words in Child's refrain, "Gentle Jenny *cried* rosemaree." But by Americans such incantations would, sooner or later, have been changed into something more sensible, and so the names of plants became the names of persons in our American texts. Child F may be a possible intermediary between the earlier English and the later American texts, and the word "cried" will then be significant.

THE FARMER'S CURSED WIFE

(Child 278)

A.

No title. Contributed by Mr. George H. Goodell, Hampden, by the kindness of Mrs. Susie Carr Young.

- 1 There was an old farmer, he hired a farm,
 Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
 There was an old farmer, he hired a farm,
 He had no oxen to carry it on,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 2 He yoked up his hogs in order to plow,
 Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
 He yoked up his hogs in order to plow,
 They went this way and that, and the devil knows how,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.

- 3 He had not plowed more than a furrow or so,
Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
He had not plowed more than a furrow or so,
When the Devil he met half-way on his row,
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 4 Then cries the old man: "I'm surely all done!"
Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
Then cries the old man: "I'm surely all done;
For the Devil has come for my oldest son,"
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 5 "Oh, no! oh, no! it's your old scolding wife!"
Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
"Oh, no! oh, no! it's your old scolding wife!"
"Oh, take her! oh, take her!" the old man cried
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 6 The old Devil he shouldered her on his back,
Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
The old Devil he shouldered her on his back,
Just like an old Scotchman a-carrying his pack,
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 7 He carried her over some fields or moor,
Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
He carried her over some fields or moor,
Until he came to Lucifer's door,
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.

- 8 And there sat Lucifer bound in chains,
 Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
And there sat Lucifer bound in chains;
She up with her feet and kicked out his brains,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 9 And the little devils peeped out of the wall,
 Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
And the little devils peeped out of the wall,
They cried: "Take her away, or she'll brain us all!"
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 10 He shouldered her again upon his back,
 Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
He shouldered her again upon his back,
And, like a dam fool, went carrying her back,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.
- 11 The old man cried: "She was born for a curse,"
 Fi-diddle, fi-lay!
The old man cried: "She was born for a curse;
She's been through hell and she's ten times worse,"
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down,
 Fi-lay, fi-liddle fi-lay, derry down.

B.

FRAGMENT from Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, which, except for the burden, is substantially the same as the above.

- 1 There was an old farmer, he had a farm,
 Sing tu-ri-iddle-li-fol-lo-day,
There was an old farmer, he had a farm,
He had no oxen to carry it on,
 Sing tu-ri-iddle-li-fol-lo-day.

- 2 He yoked up his hogs one day for a plow,
 Sing tu-ri-iddle-li-fol-lo-day,
 He yoked up his hogs one day for a plow,
 They went this way and that and the devil knows how,
 Sing tu-ri-iddle-li-fol-lo-day.
-

- 3 "The women are ten times worse than the men,
 Sing tu-ri-iddle-li-fol-lo-day,
 The women are ten times worse than the men,
 They'll go to hell and come back again,
 Sing tu-ri-iddle-li-fol-lo-day."

C.

"THE OLD SCOLDING WIFE." Sent in, August, 1925, by Mr. Justin De-Coster of Buckfield.

- 1 There was an old man, he had a farm,
 Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
 He had no oxen for to plough for his corn,
 To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 2 So he hired the old devil to help him one day,
 Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
 Then the old devil came after his pay,
 To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 3 " 'Tis not your oldest son I want,"
 Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
 " 'Tis your old scolding wife, and 'tis she I will have,"
 To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 4 "Take her, O take her, with all my heart,"
 Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
 "I hope you and she never will part,"
 To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.

- 5 The old devil he took her upon his back,
Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
He looked like a peddler carrying his pack,
To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 6 He carried her home to his door all nice,
Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
He threwed her down, saying, "Go in there, you old scolding
wife,"
To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 7 Along came lots of young devils, rattling their chains.
Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
She up with her foot and kicked out their brains,
To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 8 Then said the old devil, "Let's boost her up higher,"
Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
She up with her foot and kicked him in the fire.
To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 9 Then the old mother devil peeked over the wall,
Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
"Carry her back, carry her back, or she'll kill us all,"
To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 10 Then the old devil took her upon his back,
Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
Then like an old fool came bringing her back,
To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.
- 11 "Oh, well, you've got back, my old scolding wife!"
Whack-fol-la, fol-lidle, fol-lee;
"You're ten times worse than you was before you went to hell in
your life,"
To my fa-la, ludy, fol-lidle, fol-lee.

D.

No title. Taken down from the singing and recitation of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Robbins, Northeast Harbor, August, 1928. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{8}$ = 116. The lines of the refrain, as recited, do not fit the air.

There was an old man who owned a small farm; [Refrain:] He
had no ox-en to car-ry it on; [Refrain:] Ver. II

"From "Oh devil, oh devil: repeat continuously, D.S."

- 1 There was an old man who owned a small farm,
Scratch-a-fillee, fillee, filiddle, filum,
And he had no oxen to carry it on,
Scratch-a-fillee, fillee, filiddle, filum.
- 2 He yokes his hogs right onto the plow,
And down comes the Devil, saying, "How are you now?"
- 3 "Devil, O Devil, are you after my life?"
"O, no, I'm after your darned ugly wife."
- 4 "Take her, O take her, with all of my heart,
And I hope to the Lord you never will part."
- 5 The Devil he slung her acrost his back
And to Hell he went flipperty crack.
- 6 She saw the Devil preparing his chains,
And she up with her foot and kicked out his brains.

- 7 A little wee devil looked over the wall
And said, "Take her away, or she'll murder us all."
- 8 The Devil he slung her acrost his back,
And, like an old fool, went carrying her back.
- 9 He carried her right to the man with the plow,
And said, "You dumb beast, I won't have you now."
- 10 "My dear old wife, you have done well,
For you've killed all the devils and rent* over Hell,"
Scratch-a-fillee, fillee, filiddle, filum.

E.

"As recollected by an old soldier of the northern part of Penobscot County, Maine." Printed by P.B. in JAFL, XXIV (1911), 348.

- 1 The old farmer was ploughing his field one day,
.
Fallal-ding, tal-lal-o-day,
Fallal-ding, tal-lal-o-day,
- 2 The old Devil came into his field one day,
Saying, "One of your family I'll carry away."
- 3 "Is it my eldest son you do crave?"
.
.
.
.
.
.
- 4 "It is not your eldest son I do crave,
But it's your old scolding wife I'll carry away!"
- 5 He picked her up into his knapsack,
And like a brave soldier went sacking his pack.

* Rent, reigned.

- 6 He carried her till he came to Hell's gate,
Then he laid her down a spell for to wait.
- 7
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire.
- 8 Then a little imp comes peeping over the wall,
Saying, "Take her back or she'll destroy us all!"
- 9 He picked her up into his knapsack
And like a d—d fool went packing her back.
- 10
"She's been through Hell and she's ten times worse!"

All these texts are characteristically English; but Prof. F. E. Pierce of Yale University notes that in his boyhood an Irish farmhand of his father's sang an Irish song which was much like this.

If we were to piece together the different texts above, we should probably make out a story something like this. The old farmer, who has no oxen to plow his land, has made a bargain with the Devil for help. When the Devil comes to demand the pledge of the soul of one of the family, the farmer is fearful that either he himself or his eldest son will be taken, and is much relieved when he finds Satan willing to take his old scolding wife. Apparently the farmer, in the D-text, cares for his wife, but considers her capable of holding her own even against the Devil, who in the end has to acknowledge himself beaten for once and brings her back in order to get rid of her. The closing lines in most texts are only a moral added, not a part of the original story.

Tales like this were not uncommon in old New England. We recall one of a farmhand who worked for a woman in the next town to us, who had a reputation fully equal to that of the cursed wife. One day the hired man came down to breakfast, appearing tired and listless, and refused to eat. Ma'am Shepherd's curiosity was aroused and she asked the reason. He said that he preferred not to tell her. Then she demanded an explanation, which he still declined. Her curiosity knew no bounds, and he finally told her reluctantly what a bad dream he had had; how he had died and went to Hell. Nothing was stirring, no one about

except guards, who were fast asleep. He explored the place at his leisure, but every imp he saw was sound asleep. Finally, parting the curtains of a great high-post bedstead, he found Satan himself—asleep. Roused from his slumber, Satan responded: “Lie right down anywhere, get all the comfort you can; we’ve just got word that old Ma’am Shepherd is coming here tomorrow, and after that there’ll be no rest or peace for any of us!” The cursed wife may be regarded as a stock character of medieval stories; but this particular ballad is probably steeped more deeply in demonology than appears from the fragments we have left of the tale.

THE GABERLUNYIE MAN

(Child 279, Appendix)

“THE BEGGAR’S BRIDE.” Text written down by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick. Air recorded from her singing by Mr. George Herzog.

 $\frac{1}{4} = 80$.

Ancient Greek form.

A beggar-man cam' ower the lea, Seekin' help an' cha-ri-tee,-
 Seekin' help an' chari-tee, Could'e lodge a beggar man? Singin' Ladli tae mi
 tow row ra.

- 1 A beggar man cam' ower the lea,
 Seekin' help an' charity,
 Seekin' help an' charitee—
 “Could 'e lodge a beggar man?”
 O, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

- 2 Doon by the fire the auld man sat,
An' cast his meal pouch aff his back,
He cast his meal pouch aff his back,
An' aye he rant an' sang—
Singin', Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 3 "If I was as black as I am white,
As the snaw that lies on yonder dyke,
I'd dress mysel' up beggar-like
An' awa' wi' you I'd gang,"
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 4 "O lassie, O lassie, ye're far ower young,
'E ha' na got the cant o' a begging tongue,
'E ha' na got the cant o' a begging tongue,
An' wi' me ye canna gang."
Singing, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 5 "I'll bow my back an' bend my knee,
An' pit a black patch on my e'e,
An' for a beggar thae'll tak' me
An' awa' wi' you I'll gang."
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 6 "Betide me weel, betide me woe,
It's wi' the beggar man I will go,
An' follow him thro frost an' snow,
I care na' what they say."
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 7 Sae the twa made up the plot
Tae rise two oors afore the auld folk,
Tae rise two oors afore the auld folk,
An' ower the fields they ran,
Singin', Ladli tae mi tow row ra.

- 8 Up in the mornin' the aul' folk arose,
[Remainder of stanza forgotten.]
- 9 She went tae the room where the dochter lay,
The sheets were cauld an' she was awa',
The sheets were cauld an' she was awa',
Awa' wi' the beggar man.
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 10 Some rode on horseback, some rode on fit,
But the auld wife she wasna fit,
She hirpled aboot frae bit to bit,
Sayin', "A beggar I'll ne'er lodge again."
Singing, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 11 Seven lang years are past an' gane,
Whan back cam' the same beggar man again,
Seekin' a place to lodge in,
Sayin' "Could 'e lodge a beggar man?"
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 12 "A beggar, a beggar I'll ne'er lodge again,
I had ae dochter but ane o' ma ain,
An' awa' wi' a beggar man she's gane,
An' a' canna' tell when nor where."
Sae, Ladli tae mi tow row ra.
- 13 "Yonder's your dochter comes ower yon lea,
Wi' many a fine story to tell to thee,
Not a beggar's bride but a gay ladye,
Since she followed a beggar man."
Sae ladli tae mi tow row ra.

This is the ballad, rewritten in 1724 by Allan Ramsay, which tradition ascribes to King James V, of Scotland. Greig's texts are somewhat similar, but are from the northeast of Scotland, while Mrs. McGill's is a Galloway version.

The words deserve comparison with an Irish song, apparently from the same stock, which Petrie printed in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1855, p. 117, with the remark that he had both words and music from William Allingham, who learned them in County Donegal, and that the words were old then.

It was an old beggar man, weary and wet,
And down by the fireside he sat;
He threw down his bags and his oaken staff,
And merrily he did sing.
 With his pipe in his jaw, and his jaw full of smoke,
 And his beard that hung down to the breast of his cloak,
 His bag on his back and his staff in his hand,
 He's the jolly old beggarman, O!

My dear, said he, if I were as free
As when I first came to this countrie,
I'd dress you up all beggarly
And away with me you should gang.
 With his pipe in his jaw, and his jaw full of smoke
 And his beard that hung down to the breast of his cloak,
 His bag on his back and his staff in his hand,
 He's the jolly old beggarman, O!

A County Tyrone version of "The Beggar Laddie" is in the MS Collection of Phillips Barry (Harvard University Library) as recorded from the singing of S.C., Boston, Mass.

THE KEACH I' THE CREEL

(Child 281)

A.

SUNG by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, September 28, 1928, as learned from her grandmother. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{4} = 88.$

Bimodal; Mixolydian-Major.

Too ra loo ra li-do, Fol the diddle li-do. Too ra loo ra li-do day

Too ra loo ra li-do, Fol the diddle di-do Diddum, daddum day.

Variants 1 2 3

The variants are more common than the forms above. They also occur when the air is sung to the first stanza.

- 1 When the creel cam' to the top o' the lum,
 It's dune the creel did fall,
 An' broke twa ribs, an' the auld wife said,
 An her heid cam' against the wall,
 Sayin': Too ra loo ra lido,
 Fol the diddle li do,
 Too ra loo ra lido day,
 Too ra loo ra lido,
 Fol the diddle dido,
 Diddum daddum day,

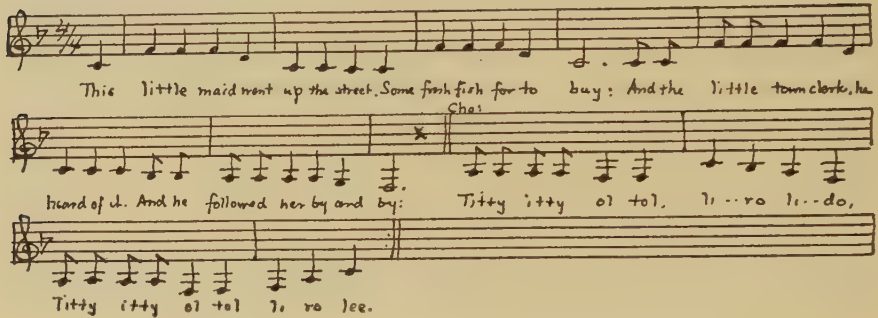
This stanza, the only one which Mrs. McGill could recall, must have come from a version of the ballad nearest to Child D (from Kinloch's manuscripts), the only text which has the old Scottish dialect word "lum," instead of "chimney."

B.

MS COLLECTION of Phillips Barry (Harvard University Library), as taken down April 25, and May 2, 1908, from the singing of Mrs. S. Carson, native of County Tyrone, Ireland.

MS collection of P.B.

Harvard University Library.



- 1 This little maid went up the street,
 Some fresh fish for to buy,
 And the little town-clerk he heard of it,
 And he followed her by-and-by.
 Titty itty ol tol, liro lido,
 Titty itty ol tol liro lee.
- 2 "Oh, where are you going, my pretty fair maid?
 Oh, where are you going?" said he,

- 3 "Oh, where are you going, old man?" she says,
 "Oh, where are you going so soon?
 You've deprived me of my evening prayer,
 Just at my lying down."
- 4
 "She's just the prayer book in her arms,
 She's praying for you and I."

5

“You prayed for the devil to break my neck,
But he took me clean away.”

6

“A blue, a blue, a bit of blue,
A blue last night on green,
And if any old woman is jealous of her daughter,
That she may get a rock in the creel.”

This version, printed here for comparison, is nearest to Child A, the stanzas corresponding, respectively, to 1, 2, 8, 9, 13, 17, of Child's text.

THE *GOLDEN VANITY*

(Child 286)

“*The Golden Vanity*” appears to be entirely traditional in Maine. We know no copy in any broadside or early songbook, yet the song was known all over Maine, particularly along the coast, and even to the shores of the St. Lawrence; but we did not happen to find it on the Border, possibly because we saw none of the fishermen. We have not found the “happy ending” of Child B. Instead, our copies end with the death and burial of the intrepid cabin boy. None of Child's traditional copies are very old, and it may be that the American version is as much older than the happy ending versions as it is more effective in singing. During the Civil War “Lowlands,” variously rewritten, was one of the most popular songs.

A.

FROM Capt. Lewis Freeman Gott, Bernard, 1925.

- 1 ‘Twas all on board a ship down in a southern sea,
And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanity*;
I’m afraid that she’ll be taken by this Spanish crew,
As she sails along the Lowlands,
As she sails along the Lowlands low.

- 2 Then up speaks our saucy cabin boy, without fear or joy,
Saying, "What will you give me, if I will her destroy?"
"I'll give you gold and silver, my daughter fine and gay,
If you'll destroy her in the Lowlands,
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands low."
- 3 The boy filled his chest and so boldly leaped in,
The boy filled his chest and then began to swim;
He swam alongside of that bold Spanish ship,
And he sank her in the Lowlands,
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.
- 4 Some were playing cards and some were playing dice,
And some were in their hammocks sleeping very nice;
He bored two holes into her side, he let the water in,
And he sank her in the Lowlands,
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.
- 5 The boy then swam back unto our good ship's side,
And being much exhausted, bitterly he cried;
"Captain, take me in, for I'm going with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowlands,
And I'm sinking in the Lowlands low."
- 6 "I will not take you in," our captain then replied,
"I'll shoot you and I'll stab you and I'll sink you in the tide,
And I'll sink you in the Lowlands,
And I'll sink you in the Lowlands low."
- 7 The boy then swam around next the larboard side,
And being more exhausted, bitterly he cried,
"Messmates, take me in, for I'm going with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowlands,
And I'm sinking in the Lowlands low."
- 8 They hove the boy a rope and they hoisted him on deck,
They laid him on the quarter deck, the boy here soon died;
They sewed him up in a canvas sack, they hove him in the tide,
And they buried him in the Lowlands,
So they buried him in the Lowlands low.

B.

"SINKING IN THE LOWLANDS LOW." Sent in by Justin DeCoster, Buckfield, 1925.

- 1 There was a ship a-sailing in the northern seas,
 All in the Lowlands low ;
 The name of this ship was the *Golden Rea*,
 A-sailing in the Lowlands low, Lowlands low,
 A-sailing in the Lowlands low.
- 2 They had not sailed more miles than three,
 All in the Lowlands low ;
 They had not sailed more miles than three
 Till they came up with the French gener-ree
 That was cruising in the Lowlands, Lowlands,
 A-cruising in the Lowlands low.
- 3 Up stepped Jack, the little cabin boy,
 Of the Lowlands low ;
 Up stepped Jack, the little cabin boy :
 "What will you give me if that ship I will destroy,
 And sink it in the Lowlands, Lowlands low,
 And sink it in the Lowlands low?"
- 4 The captain said : "I'll give you gold and I will give you fees,
 All in the Lowlands low ;
 I'll give you gold and I will give you fees,
 And my eldest daughter your bride shall be,
 If you will sink it in the Lowlands low, Lowlands low,
 If you will sink it in the Lowlands low."
- 5 Jack jumped into the waves and away swam he,
 All in the Lowlands low ;
 Jack jumped into the waves and away swam he,
 Till he came up to that French gener-ree
 That was sailing in the Lowlands, Lowlands low,
 That was sailing in the Lowlands low.

- 6 Jack had an auger that was made on the shore,
 All in the Lowlands low;
 Jack had an auger that was made on the shore,
 While he was boring one hole, it would bore twenty-four;
 She began to sink in the Lowlands low, Lowlands low,
 She began to sink in the Lowlands low.
- 7 Some waved their hats and some waved their caps,
 All in the Lowlands low;
 Some waved their hats and some waved their caps,
 Some was trying to stop up the salt-water gaps;
 Jack sunk her in the Lowlands low, Lowlands low,
 She sank in the Lowlands low.

This text is nearest to "The Little Cabin Boy" (printed by P.B., with the air, in JAF^L, XVIII, 125-127), a Vermont version of fifteen stanzas, which names the ships, respectively, "The Gold China Tree," and "The French Galilee," and brings the story to a happy ending.

C.

From the manuscript copy loaned by Mr. Howard Getchell of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, who learned the song forty years ago (about 1888) from Capt. George E. Sanborn. The copy is reproduced verbatim.

- 1 My father owns a ship
 In the North Country
 She goes by the name
 Of the *Golden Vanity*
 And I fear she will be taken
 By some Turkish crew
 As she sails along the lowlands.

CHORUS

Lowlands, lowlands, as she sails along the lowlands low.

- 2 The first to speak up
Was the saucy cabin boy
Saying what will you give me
If I will her destroy.
I will give you gold and silver
And my daughter fair and true
If you'll sink her in the, etc.

(CHORUS)

- 3 Then this boy took an auger
And over the side got he
He swam down along side
Where the Turkish frigate lay
And the sentinels all slept
While outward of her he crept
For to sink her in the, etc.
- 4 This boy he took his auger
And bored it through her twice
While some played cards
While others played the dice
And the water it came in
And put out all her lights
And he sank her in the, etc.
- 5 This boy he crept down
And back swam he
He swam along side of the *Golden Vanity*
Crying, Captain pick me up
For I fear I will be drowned
For I've sunk her in the, etc.
- 6 I will not pick you up
This cruel captain cried
I'll shoot you, I'll drown you,
I'll send you down the tide
And you shan't have my daughter
To be your loving bride
For I'll sink you in the, etc.

- 7 This boy he swam around
All on the starboard side
Crying shipmates pick me up
For I fear I will be drowned
I am weary, faint and tired
And I can swim no more
I have sunk her in the, etc.
- 8 His shipmates picked him up
And on the deck he died
They sewed him in his hammock
Which was so long and wide
And they sent his lifeless body
Drifting down the tide.
And they sank him in the lowlands,
Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And they sank him in the lowlands low.

D.

"SINKING IN THE LOWLANDS LOW." Fragment taken down by Mrs. Maude L. King from the singing of Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley of Baker Island.

- 1 Oh! I have a ship in the North Counterie,
I fear she will be taken by the Turkish galley.
- 2 And I will give you houses and I will give you land,
And you shall have my daughter as soon as you reach the land,
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands low,
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands low.
- 3 Your ship now lies in the North Counterie,
No fear of being taken by the Turkish galley,
For I have sunk her in the Lowlands low.

E.

FROM the singing of Mrs. Rose Robbins, Northeast Harbor, September, 1928. Air recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

Intonation uncertain in
 $\frac{3}{8}$ = 92. parts marked by query.

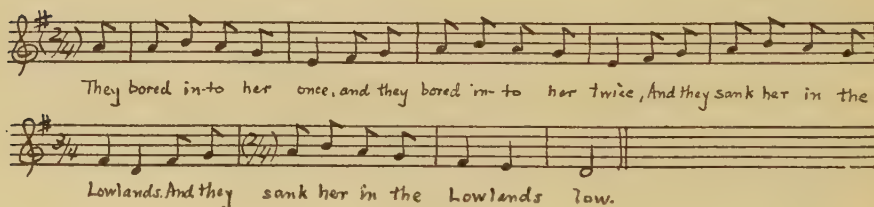
I have a ship in the northern countree. The name she does go under is the
 Golden Vanity. I'm a--fraid she will be taken by some Turkish Rover bold, As she
 sails along the lowlands, lowlands, As she sails along the lowlands low.

- 1 I have a ship in the northern countree,
 The name she goes under is the *Golden Vanity*,—
 I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish rover bold,
 As she sails along the lowlands, lowlands,
 As she sails along the lowlands low.
- 2 Then up spoke the little cabin boy,
 Saying: "What will you give me, if I will her destroy?"
 "I'll give you gold and silver, and my daughter that's on shore,
 If you'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands,
 If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."
- 3 The boy took his auger, and overboard jumped he,
 He fastened it to his braces, and away swum he,
 He swum until he came alongside the Turkish rover bold,
 And he sunk her in the lowlands, lowlands,
 And he sunk her in the lowlands low.

- 4 He bored her once, and he bored her twice,
While some were playing cards, and others playing dice,
He bored in thrice, and dazzled all their eyes,
And he sunk her in the lowlands, lowlands,
And he sunk her in the lowlands low.
- 5 The boy took his auger and back swum he,
He swum until he came alongside the *Golden Vanity*,
He says: "Captain, take me in, for this will never be,
Or I sink you in the lowlands, lowlands,
Or I sink you in the lowlands low."
- 6 The boy swum around to the other side,
His messmates took him in, and on the deck he died,
They sewed him in his hammock, for it was long and wide,
And they sunk him in the lowlands, lowlands,
And they sunk him in the lowlands low.

F.

FRAGMENT of text and melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog, September, 1928, from the singing of Mrs. Sarah (Robinson) Black, Southwest Harbor.



- 1 Some were playing cards and others were playing dice
And they sank her in the lowlands,
And they sank her in the lowlands low.

- 2 They bored into her once and they bored into her twice,
And they sank her in the lowlands, lowlands,
And they sank her in the rolling sea.

This is another of the songs found equally along the Maine seacoast and in the Appalachian highlands; and like those noticed before, it is one of the older ballads, well known in England at a period before the emigration to America began. Indeed the subject matter insures its having been exceedingly popular at just the period when the English settlers were thronging to America; for in one version it is the Turk who is the enemy, and in the other it is Sir Walter Raleigh who is the hero, and both Turk and Raleigh, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were what today would be called "front-page stories."

Though Walter Raleigh might be called almost the patron of all early adventurers to Virginia, the A-text of Child, bearing his name, does not seem as popular as the other text about the *Golden Vanity*. Copies containing some mangled form of the name of *The Sweet Trinity* are found in the South, but in New England the *Golden Vanity* is usually understood to be the vessel's name, indicating a preference for Child's B-text. We do not recall a copy containing the line, "In the Neatherlands," so characteristic of Child A, but always, "the Lowlands," as in B. After all, except for the difference in the burdens, the two versions are closely similar. What is important is that a song which must have reached the height of its popularity in England at the period when colonists were leaving for the New World, should be found in the characteristic "split"—texts in the southern Highlands balancing other not dissimilar texts found on the Maine seacoast. One could hardly have better evidence of the date when it came to America. "With the very first emigrants," is the only answer.

CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW

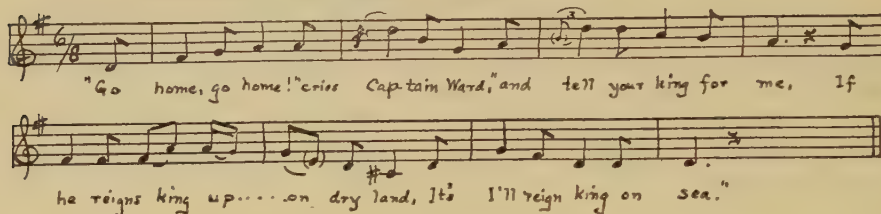
(Child 287)

A.

FRAGMENT, taken down September 27, 1927, from the singing of Mr. Edward Holt, St. Andrews, New Brunswick. He could give no more of

the words and no one was seen in New Brunswick who did know them.
Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

This air is the second part of an
 $\frac{3}{8}$ = 68. Irish melody of the Come-All-Ye type.

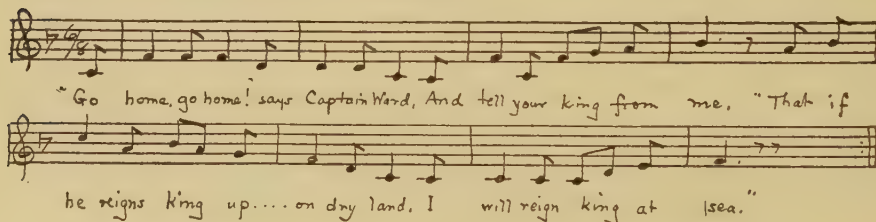


"Go home, go home," cries Captain Ward,
"And tell your king for me,
If he reigns king on dry land,
It's I'll reign king on sea."

B.

SENT in, October, 1924, by Capt. Lewis Freeman Gott of Bernard
(formerly Bass Harbor, Mount Desert).

MS of Mrs. H. R. Murphy, Rumford,—a niece of
Captain L. F. Gott. Received Oct. 29, 1928.



- 1 Our King built a ship, 'twas a ship of great fame,
The *Rainbow* she was called, and the *Rainbow* was her name:
He rigged her and fitted her and sent her off to sea,
With five hundred bold mariners to bear her company.

- 2 She cruised the blue waves over and sailed on many a lee;
At length a wicked pirate we chanced for to see;
He bore right down upon her, and hailed in the King's name,
We knew it was a pirate ship, a pirate of great fame.
- 3 "We've got you now, you cowardly dog, you ugly, lying thief;
What makes you rob and plunder, and keep your King in grief?"
"You lie, you lie," cries Captain Ward, "such things can never
be,
I've never robbed an English ship, an English ship but three."
- 4 Our guns we trained upon her, as everyone might see;
"We'll take you back to England, and hanged you shall be,
Or fill your ship with shot and shell, and sink you in the sea."
"Fire on! Fire on!" cries Captain Ward, "I value you not a pin,
If you are brass on the outside, I am good steel within."
- 5 They fought from six that morning till six o'clock at night,
And then the gallant *Rainbow* began to take her flight;
"Go home! Go home!" cries Captain Ward, "and tell your King
of me,
If he reigns king upon the land, I'll reign king on the sea."

C.

"CAPTAIN WARD." Sent in, March 31, 1928, by Mr. Lincoln P. Shorey, Carmel.

- 1 Come all you jolly sailors bold, that live by tuck of [d]rum,
I'll tell you of a rank robber, now on the sea is come,
His name is called Captain Ward, as you the truth may hear,
There's not been such a robber this hundred and fifty year.
- 2 He wrote a letter to our king, on the fifth of January,
To see if he would take him in, and all of his ship's company,
To see if he would accept of him and all of his jolly sailors bold,
And for a ransom he would give ten thousand pounds in gold.

- 3 "First he beguiled the wild Turks, then the king of Spain;
How can he prove true to us when he proved false to them?
Oh no, no, no," said the King, "for no such thing can be,
For he is a rank robber, and a robber of the sea."
- 4 "Oh, then," said Captain Ward, "my boys, let's put to sea again,
And see what prizes we can find on the coast of France or
Spain."
Then we espied a lofty ship, sailing from the west,
Loaded with silks and satins, and cambrics of the best.
- 5 Then we rode up to her straightway, they thinking no such
thing,
We robbed them of their merchandise, and bade them tell their
King.
And when their King did hear of this, his heart was grieved full
sore
To think his ships could not get by, as they had done before.
- 6 Then he caused a lofty ship, a ship of fame,
The *Rainbow* she was called, and the *Rainbow* was her name;
Then he rigged and freighted her and sent her to the sea
With five hundred bold mariners to keep her company.
- 7 They sailed east, they sailed west, but nothing could they spy
Until they came to the very spot where Captain Ward did lie.
"Why lie you here, you cowardly dog, you ugly wanton thief?
What makes you lie at anchor here, and keep our King in grief?"
- 8 Then they took bold Captain Ward, his ship and crew as well,
Carried them straight to London, shut him fast in a prison cell;
They brought him out before the King; he spoke both firm and
free:
"I never robbed an Englishman, an Englishman but three.

- 9 "As for the worthy Scotchmen, I love them as my own;
My chief delight is for to pull the French and Spaniards down."
They found him guilty of high crimes, so beside the river
Thames,
They built a strong, stout gallows tree and hung him high in
chains.

D.

FROM *The Forget-me-not Songster* (J. S. Locke, Cornhill, Boston, no date, but probably about 1842).

- 1 Come all you jolly sailors bold,
That live by tuck of drum;
I'll tell you of a rank robber,
Now on the seas is come.
- 2 His name is called captain Ward,
As you the truth shall hear;
For there's not been such a robber,
This hundred and fifty years.
- 3 He wrote a letter to our king,
On the fifth of January,
To see if he would take him in
And all his company.
- 4 To see if he would accept of him,
And all his jolly sailors bold;
And for a ransom he would give,
Two thousand pounds in gold.
- 5 First he beguiled the wild Turks,
And then the king of Spain,
Pray how can he prove true to us,
When he proves false to them?

- 6 O no, O no! then said the king,
For no such thing can be;
For he has been a rank robber,
And a robber on the sea.
- 7 O then says captain Ward my boys,
Lets put to sea again,
And see what prizes we can find,
On the coast of France and Spain.
- 8 Then we espy'd a lofty ship,
A sailing from the west,
She was loaded with silks and satins,
And cambrics of the best.
- 9 Then we bore up to her straitway,
They thinking no such a thing,
We robb'd them of their merchandise,
Then bade them tell their king.
- 10 And when their king did hear of this,
His heart was griev'd full sore,
To think his ships could not get past,
As they had done before.
- 11 Then he caused a worthy ship,
And a worthy ship of fame!
The *Rainbow* she was called,
And the *Rainbow* was her name.
- 12 He rigged her and freighted her,
And sent her to the sea,
With five hundred bold mariners,
To bear her company.
- 13 They sailed East, they sailed West,
But nothing could espy,
Until they came to the very spot,
Where captain Ward did lie.

- 14 Who is the owner of this ship?
The *Rainbow* then did cry,
Here I am, says captain Ward,
Let no man me deny.
- 15 What brought you here you cowardly dog
You ugly wanton thief!
What makes you lie at anchor,
And keep our king in grief?
- 16 You lie, you lie, says captain Ward,
As ever I heard you lie;
I never robb'd an Englishman,
An Englishman but three.
- 17 As for the worthy Scotchmen,
I love them as my own,
My chief delight is for to pull
The French and Spaniards down.
- 18 Why curse thou so bold a robber,
We'll humble soon your pride,
With that the gallant *Rainbow*,
She shot out of her side.
- 19 Full fifty good brass cannons,
Well charged on every side,
And then they fired their great guns,
And gave Ward a broadside.
- 20 Fire on, fire on, says captain Ward,
I value you not a pin,
If you are brass on the outside,
I am good steel within.
- 21 They fought from eight o'clock in the morn,
Till eight o'clock at night,
At length the gallant *Rainbow*,
Began to take her flight.

- 22 Go home, go home, says captain Ward,
And tell your king from me;
If he reigns king upon dry land,
I will reign king at sea.
- 23 With that the gallant *Rainbow*
She shot and shot in vain;
And left the Rover's company,
And home returned again.
- 24 Tell our royal king of England,
His ship is returned again,
For captain Ward he is too strong,
He never will be taken.
- 25 O shame! O shame! said the king,
For no such thing can be,
For I have lost two thousand pounds,
Besides lost jewels three.
- 26 The first was brave lord Clifford,
Great Earl of Cumberland:
The second was brave lord Mountjoy
As you shall understand.
- 27 The third was brave lord Essex,
From field would never flee;
Who would have gone unto the sea,
And brought proud Ward to me.

This copy does not undertake to reproduce all the inaccuracies and misprints of the songster text. It is clearly a corrupt form of the ballad, derived, no doubt, from a poorly printed stall-copy. The same text, with trifling variations, is in editions of *The Forget-me-not Songster* printed by Turner and Fisher, Philadelphia, and by Nafis and Cornish, New York,—also in *The Pearl Songster* and *The Forecastle Songster*.

E.

FROM a photostat of the Coverly broadside, Ford 3006, owned by the Boston Public Library.* A three-line heading, in large Roman and small italic, stands between two woodcuts, a man-of-war on the left and a merchant vessel on the right. The text is in two unbroken columns between which, as a line of division, is the imprint, "Nathaniel Coverly, Jun. Printer, Boston." There is no clue to the exact date, but it is likely that it would be between 1812 and 1815 when we were at war with England and any song casting discredit upon a royal warship would be popular.

CAPTAIN WARD

THE PIRATE—with an account of his famous Fight with the *Rainbow*, ship of war.

Strike up, you brave and lusty gallants,
With music sound of drum,
For we have espied a rover,
Which to our seas have come,
His name you know is captain Ward,
Right well it doth appear;
There has not been such a rover
Found out this thousand year.
For he hath sent unto our king,
On the fifth of January,
Desiring that he might come in,
With all his company.
And if you will let me come,
'Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom,
Full thirty tons of gold.
First he deceiv'd the wild Turk,
And then the king of Spain;
Pray how can he prove true to us,
When he proves false to them?

* See also P.B. in JAFL, XVIII, 137-138.

O no, O no, then said the king,
For no such thing can be,
For he has been a rank robber,
And a robber on the sea.
O then says captain Ward, my boys!
Let's put to sea again
And see what prizes we can find
On the coasts of France and Spain.
Then we espied a lofty ship,
A sailing from the west;
She was loaded with silks and sattins,
And cambricks of the best.
Then we bore up to her straightway,
They thinking no such thing,
We robb'd them of their merchandise,
Then bade them tell their king.
Now when their king did hear of this,
His heart was griev'd full sore,
To think his ships could not get past,
As they had done before.
Then he caus'd built a worthy ship,
And a worthy ship of fame;
O the rainbow she was called,
And the rainbow was her name.
O he rigged her, and freighted her,
And sent her to the sea,
With five hundred and fifty mariners,
To bear her company.
They sailed east, they sailed west,
But nothing could espy,
Until they came to the very same spot
Where captain Ward did lie.
Who is the owner of this ship?
The Rainbow then did cry,
Here I am says captain Ward,
Let no man me deny:

What bro't you here you cowardly dog,
You ugly, wanton thief?
What makes you lie at anchor,
And keep our king in grief.
You lie, you lie, says captain Ward,
So well I hear you lie,
I never robb'd an Englishman,
An Englishman but three.
As for the worthy Scotchmen,
I love them as my own;
My chief delight is for to pull
The French and Spaniards down.
Why say'st thou so bold robber?
We'll soon humble your pride,
With that this gallant Rainbow,
She shot out of her side,
Full fifty good brass cannons,
Well charg'd on ev'ry side,
And they fir'd their great guns,
And gave Ward a broad side.
Fire on, fire on, says captain Ward,
I value you not a pin;
If you be brass on the outside,
I'm as good as steel within.
They fought from eight in the morning,
'Till eight o'clock at night,
'Till at once the gallant Rainbow
Began to take to flight.
Go home, go home, says captain Ward,
And tell your king from me,
If he reigns king upon dry land,
I will reign king at sea.
With that the gallant Rainbow,
She shot and shot in vain;
Then left the rover's company,
And home return'd again,

To tell our king of England
His ship's return'd again,
For captain Ward he is so strong,
He never will be taken.
O everlasting shame, said the king,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the sea,
And bro't proud Ward to me.
The first was the brave Lord Clifford,
Great Earl of Cumberland;
The second was the Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand: -
The third was the brave Lord Essex,
From the field would never flee;
Who would have gone unto the sea,
And brought proud Ward to me.

Early as it is, this Coverly broadside was not the first American reprint of "Captain Ward." A Newburyport broadside (Ford 2919) of the infamous Captain James, with the imprint of "No. 4, Middle-Street"—which is probably the same as "W. and J. Gilman, Middle-Street" (Ford 3041)—appends a list of songs for sale there, among which is "Captain Ward, a famous sea song." The text of this is not known, but, since two songs in the list relate to the death of Washington, Mr. Ford dates the sheet as 1799. A number of American broadsides of "captain Ward" are listed—Ford 3006 (which we reprint), 3007 (similar, but with only one cut), 3007 a, 3007 b, 3041, all early. It is found in C. H. Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads*, printed for the Navy Record Society (English Navy), 1908, pp. 342 ff., with the remark: "The ballad is possibly a legendary version of Rainborow's expedition to Sallee in 1637. Essex is celebrated as a naval commander in Queen Elizabeth's Champion (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 405)."

The suggestion might be possible, if ballads were made in that way. A historical ballad may not be accurate—often it does not desire to give a correct impression of an event; and it may be revived, if once it was well known; but what is the chance, if a nautical song were wanted in America today to stir the people, of its having for its subject Admiral Decatur, or Admiral Farragut, or Admiral Dewey? The popular

hero must be near to the people in time, if he is to appear in an entirely new song. The chances are always strong that a historical ballad was contemporary with the event.

It is not hard to place the date of the persons mentioned in this song. Professor Child gives the dates of the death of Essex, Clifford, and Mountjoy, named in the ballad, as 1601, 1605, and 1606, respectively. From this, if authentic, we should put Captain Ward's exploits as after 1606. "He seems not to be heard of after 1609, in which year Ward and his colleague Dansekar, are spoken of as the 'Two late famous pirates,'" says Professor Child. The original text of the Bagford copy of the ballad (Child, V, 144-145), "printed by and for W. Onley," is referred to *c.* 1620 by Ebsworth (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 405): the broadside itself was "dated at the British Museum, 1680 at the earliest" (Child, V, 145). W. Onley's printing dates are given by Child (III, 150) as 1650-1702.

An examination of the Maine texts presented shows that they fall into two classes, differing in the issue of the sea fight between Ward's ship and the *Rainbow*. Captain Gott's B-text, representing one class, agrees with A, D, and E in leaving the pirate victorious, flinging a mocking taunt to the king's ship as she retires from the conflict. Mr. Shorey's C-text, on the other hand, stands in a class by itself, since it closes with the capture, trial, and execution of Ward. We have already seen that "Sir Andrew Barton," the original form of which made the pirate meet defeat and death in a fight with the king's ship, has in American tradition been crossed with the vulgate text of "Captain Ward," as a result of which the pirate is made to win the fight and cry defiance to his lawful sovereign as "king of the sea." Defying one's sovereign was an American game, and a song like this was good propaganda in war-time.

One cannot tell exactly what has happened, since the change might have been made by merely cutting off the end of the song. But there may be something more significant. Mr. Shorey's text adds a new element. Both his text and Captain Gott's are traditional, and in spite of their differences, both seem allied to the text in *The Forget-me-not Songster*. And, as we study it, the text in the *Songster* does not seem to be altogether that of the Coverly broadside. The songster text does not come from the Bagford broadside, since it contains some lines lacking in the British text, but found in Coverly's American print. The more

one reads the Bagford text, the more it appears to be a rather garbled rewriting of an old and partly forgotten song, dressed in somewhat mock-heroic form. It lacks the ring of reality which the American texts have. It deals in futile exaggerations. "There has not been such a rover found out this thousand years," it says, where the *Songster* and the Maine texts say "a hundred and fifty years." Ward offers a ransom of "full thirty tun of gold," whereas the American proffer of "ten thousand pounds in gold" should have been sufficient to tempt a Stuart king. Stanza 9 of the Bagford sheet is very weak historically when it refers to Essex, who died much more than "one two-years before" the fight with the *Rainbow*; while the reference to fighting the Dutch seems to place the text as after the middle of the seventeenth century.

We believe the date of printing of the broadside assigned by Professor Child is somewhat too early, and the date of the fight suggested by Firth is much too late. Taking the substance of all the texts together, we make out a consistent story. There is no question about Captain Ward having been a real person, who lived in the early reign of James I of England. The song says that he was a freebooter who preyed upon the Turk and the Spaniard, enemies of England both. He admits that he had also taken three English ships. He is on the wrong side of the law, but he is a brave and capable seaman and desirous of being a loyal one, too, offering King James his services and a large sum of money for a pardon.

But James could not understand a brave man. Instead of accepting Captain Ward's overtures, he is piously abhorrent of having anything to do with one who had preyed upon England's enemies a bit irregularly. Read in the light of James's known character, the story seems a true one. The king fits out the *Rainbow* to capture Ward, and the commander of the King's ship vilifies Ward as a thief and a cowardly dog. Ward defies him and they fight for twelve hours, after which the *Rainbow* is forced to withdraw. As they sail away Ward taunts them, but does not seem to try to destroy or to capture them, if indeed he was in condition to do so. But his taunt is of the sharpest.

"Go home, go home," cried Captain Ward,
"And tell your King from me,
If he reigns king upon dry land,
I'll reign king of the sea."

It is only twenty years after Elizabeth, James's immediate predecessor, had won the fight with the Armada, and here is a freebooter ordering the King of England off the high seas, telling him that he has lost the sea power which was England's glory! Many of his English subjects would enjoy the mortification of their Scotch overlord under that stinging taunt, and would know the ballad when it would not be safe to be caught singing it.

But King James takes his loss as we should expect King James to do. His two thousand pounds invested in the *Rainbow* outweighs the loss of his sea power. Instead of saying a good word for a captain who has fought a twelve-hour fight for him, he cries shame upon him and laments the time when he had men

Who would have gone unto the sea
And brought proud Ward to me.

Now comes Mr. Shorey's contribution to the story after the commoner version comes to a close. Apparently there was someone willing to make the attempt. They take bold Ward and all his crew and carry them prisoners to London. In this version Ward's words in his own defense fall into their proper place. He is defending himself before a Scotch king upon an English throne, so that there is reason behind his words:

They brought him out before the King; he spoke both firm and free:
"I never robbed an Englishman, an Englishman but three.
As for the worthy Scotchmen, I love them as my own;
My chief delight is for to pull the French and Spaniards down."

But being a coward himself, James knows no mercy.

They found him guilty of high crimes, so beside the river Thames,
They built a strong, stout gallows tree and hung him high in chains.

It was the custom to hang pirates in chains between low-water and high-water marks. Lines like these in an American text are necessarily ancient. And they were quite unknown to Professor Child.

The Maine texts seem to be more nearly related to the *Forget-me-not Songster* copy. The history of the *Songster* text is yet to be written. A chapbook, owned by the Harvard University Library, bearing

the imprint "Stirling, C. Randall," contains a copy of "Captain Ward and the *Rainbow*." This text, in *Bibliographical Contributions*, No. 56, p. 42, is compared with the vulgate text printed by Child, and described as "a different version, beginning 'Come all ye jolly sailors bold, who live by tuck of drum,' and containing several additional stanzas." Now "Randall's printing dates," according to W. Walker (*Peter Buchan*, 273), "are known to be from 1794 to 1812." The Coverly broadside, on the other hand, is closer to the vulgate text. It may seem fantastic to claim that a text picked up in Maine in 1928 can be older than one printed in London about 1680; but it is entirely possible. The Onley sheet has the appearance of a re-made song, printed for quick sale by peddlers. The Maine texts have deficiencies, but no careless glosses. We believe them to be purely traditional from the same source as the *Songster* copy, and to have been very early introduced into America, where the song has been kept for a very long time.

If Captain Ward was executed before 1609, then the song upon him was almost certainly contemporary. But with a Stuart upon the throne, as the target of the song, it could not have been printed in England nor openly sung there. That it would have been agreeable music to the ears of many of the emigrants to America who came with the first rush here, is obvious. And here it could have been more safely sung, at least occasionally. But until the Stuarts were driven out in 1688, it could not have been sung in England. We feel it safe to say that the Onley broadside was printed soon after 1688, rather than "not before 1680." And it would have been likely to be, in some respects, poorer than traditional American copies, because the ballad had never been sung openly in England.

A modified version of "Captain Ward," is in W. A. Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, p. 63. The editor says "the words were still printed as a sheet," but does not specify the date. The feature of the text is the change of "king" to "queen":

"Go home, go home," says saucy Ward, "and tell your Queen from me,
If she rules Queen of England, I'll rule King at sea."

This form of the text, however, coincides rather closely with a traditional text printed in JAFL, XXV, 177, as written down by Mr. Kerns, a student in the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Michigan. "It has been traditional in his family for many years. About twenty years ago,

one of them made a written copy. The Kerns family came from the north of England to New Jersey about a hundred and fifty years ago, and it is thought they brought the ballad with them (in memory, not in print)." This text shows that Elizabeth was the queen meant, for in the last lines, she says:

"There was *Captain Drake* and Witherington and bold Lord Willoughby.
If e'er a one of them was alive, he'd have brought proud Ward to me."

This detail indicates that the text is "modified," and in all probability, not very old. Witherington is an intrusion from "Chevy Chase."

To settle the history of our ballad in American tradition, we need a good text from the Southern Appalachians.

THE MERMAID

(Child 289)

A.

SENT in, October, 1924, by Capt. Lewis Freeman Gott of Bernard.

- 1 It was Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When our captain spied a mermaid fair
With comb and glass in her hand.
Then the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
Then we old sailors will skip into the top,
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
While the landlubbers lie down below.
- 2 Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a nice old salt was he:
"This fishy maid has warned me of our doom,
We shall sink in the salt, salt sea."

CHORUS

- 3 Then up spake the mate of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he:
"I have married a wife in Salem town,
And tonight a widow she will be."

CHORUS

- 4 Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cook was he:
 "I think much more of me kettles and me pots
 Than I do of the deep, deep sea."

CHORUS

- 5 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 Then three times around went she,
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 Then she sank in the bottom of the sea.
 Then the ocean waves may roll,
 And the stormy winds may blow,
 Then we brave sailors will skip into the top,
 While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
 While the landlubbers lie down below.

B.

"THE MERMAID." Taken down, January, 1926, from the singing of Capt. John T. White, Brewer, formerly of Prince Edward Island, who said he "learned it long ago on the Island from a good old songster." The air to which he sang it was the familiar college air.

- 1 On Friday morning as we set sail,
 And the wind being wonderfully fair,
 'Twas then I espied a pretty mermaid
 With a comb and a glass in her hand, hand, hand,
 With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 And the stormy winds do blow,
 And the raging seas do roll,
 And we poor sailors running round aloft,
 And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,
 And the landlubbers lying down below.
- 2 Up jumps the captain of that good ship,
 And a noble man was he,
 Saying, "I have a wife in fair Jersey town,
 And this night a widow she will be, be, be,
 And this night a widow she will be."

- 3 Up jumps the mate of the good ship,
And a brave young man was he,
Saying, "I have a girl in fair Jersey town,
And this night she'll be looking for me, me, me,
And this night she'll be looking for me."
- 4 Up jumps the cook of our good ship,
And a brave young lad was he,
Saying, "I have a mother in fair Jersey town,
And this night she'll be weeping for me, me, me,
And this night she'll be weeping for me."
- 5 Three times round went our good ship,
And three times round went she,
And three times round went our good ship,
And she sunk in the bottom of the sea, sea, sea,
And she sunk in the bottom of the sea.

C.

"OUR GALLANT SHIP." Sent in, April, 1928, by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick, who learned it in Scotland.

Then up spoke the Cap-tain of our gallant ship, And a fine old man was
he; "O, it's I have a wife in old Edin-bur-ro town, An this nicht she'll be looking for
me. She may look to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea, She may
look to the bottom of the sea.

- 1 On a stormy sea as we set sail,
Not far, not far from land,
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.
.
- 2 Up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a fine old man was he,
"O, I hae a wife in Edinboro toon,
An this nicht she'll be lookin' for me, for me, for me,
An this nicht she'll be lookin' for me."
She may look, she may sigh wi' a watery eye,
She may look tae the bottom o' the sea, the sea, the sea,
She may look tae the bottom o' the sea.
- 3 Then up spoke the mate o' our gallant ship,
An' a brave young man was he,
"O, I hae a wife in fair Edinboro toon,
An' this nicht she'll be lookin' for me, etc."
- 4 Then up spoke the cabin boy on our gallant ship,
An' a fine wee boy was he,
"O, I hae a sweetheart in auld Edinboro toon,
An' this nicht she'll be lookin' for me, etc."
- 5 Then up spoke the cook on our gallant ship,
An' a cross old cook was he,
"O, I hae mair bother wi' ma kettles, pots an' pans,
Than ye wi' your wives all three, etc."
- 6 Then three times round went our gallant little ship,
An' three times round went she,
An' three times round went the gallant little ship,
An' she sank to the bottom of the sea.

D.

FROM the *Forget-me-not Songster* (Locke, Boston, about 1840).

- 1 One Friday morning we set sail,
And when not far from land,
We all espied a fair Mermaid,
With a comb and glass in her hand.

The stormy winds they did blow,
And the raging seas they did roar,
The sailors on the deck did go,
And wished themselves on shore.
- 2 Then spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
And a good lad was he,
My parents in fair Portsmouth town,
This night will weep for me.
- 3 Then spoke a man of our good ship,
No braver man than he,
I have a wife in fair London town,
Who will a widow be.
- 4 Then spoke the captain of our ship,
A valiant man was he,
We want a boat, we shall be drown'd,
Shall founder in the sea.
- 5 The moon shone bright, the stars gave light,
My mother looked for me,
She long may weep with watery eyes,
And blame the ruthless sea.
- 6 Then three times round went our good ship
And sank immediately,
Left none to tell the sorrowing tale
Of our brave company.

This last text is derived from Child D b (V, 152) a broadside by Such, with slight additions from other texts. It is by all odds the most aberrant form we have found, whether sung on the Maine coast, on Prince Edward Island, in Scotland, or by American college boys. Cox gives full references (p. 172), but no ballad has less interest to the student than this. A copy in *Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster* (no date), which is intermediate between the foregoing and those which precede it, shows that the song must have been a favorite with sailors long ago. The copy in Alfred M. Williams' article on "Street Ballads and Songs" (antedating 1895), which he says "may be heard even now perhaps from some old American shellback in the dog watch, when the vessel is drifting on a calm sea," is identical with the copy in *Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster*.

A variant of this text is in *The Forecastle Songster* (Nafis and Cornish, New York, 1849), pp. 112-113. It has an additional stanza, inserted between stanzas 1 and 2:

The boatswain at the helm stands,
Steering his course right well,
With tears a standing in his eyes,
Saying how the seas do swell.

The cities named are *New York* and *Boston*.

E.

CAPT. CHARLES L. DONOVAN of Jonesport, in a letter dated February 28, 1929, quotes the lines:

We poor sailors go skimming through the tops,
While the land lubbers lay down below, down below, below,
While the land lubbers lay down below.

"This," he adds, "is a real chantey." Of the chanteys as sung by the sailors, he says that "they usually made up the main part, and brought in the chorus, all singing together and repeating it several times."

WILLIE OF HAZEL GREEN

(John of Hazelgreen, Child 293)

A.

SENT in, February, 1929, by Mr. Thomas E. Nelson, Union Mills, New Brunswick. Melody recorded by Mr. D. A. Nesbitt.

As I walked out, one fine summer's evening, Down by yon sha---dy
grove. It was there I es-pied a pretty fair maid, La---menting for her
love. As I drew nigh, sure she did cry, For better it might have been seen, For
she was a-letting the tears down fall, For young Willie of Ha-ze! Green.

- 1 As I walked out one fine summer's evening
Down by yon shady grove,
It was there I espied a pretty fair maid
Lamenting for her love.
As I drew nigh, sure, she did cry,
For better it might have been seen,
For she was a-letting the tears down fall
For young Willie of Hazel Green.
- 2 "What grieves, what grieves, my pretty fair maid,
That you weep so near the tide?
Sure you might be a bride," said I,
"To many a Lord or Knight:
Sure you might be a bride," says I,
"To many a Lord or King,"
"I would rather be a bride," said she,
"To young Willie of Hazel Green."

- 3 "If you'll forsake your Hazel Green,
And come along with me,
I would have you to wed with my only son,—
I have no child but he:
I would have [you] ride in many coshays,*
And servants to wait upon thee,
If you forsake your Hazel Green,
And come along with me."
- 4 "Oh, for to ride in many coshays,*
My state it is rather low:
I would rather be wed to the boy I love,
Than man I never knew:
His arms are long, and his shoulders are broad,
He is rather to be seen,—
He is none of your north country gentlemen,
But he is my love Hazel Green."
- 5 Then he mounted on a milk white steed,
And she upon a bay,
And they rode together, that warm summer's night,
And part of the next day:
But when they arrived in front of the castle,
The bells began for to ring,
And who stepped [out] but that worthy young knight
Called Willie of Hazel Green.
- 6 "You are welcome home, dear father," he said,
"And why did you tarry so long?
And where did you find this pretty fair maid,
That I did send you for?"
He gave her a kiss, one hundred of kisses,
Before he would let her in,
So now she is wed to the boy she loved,
Young Willie of Hazel Green.

* Coachés.

- 7 He gave her a kiss, one hundred of kisses,
Before he would let her in,
And now she stays there, and enjoys happy life,
With young Willie of Hazel Green.

"Willie of Hazel Green" is a purely traditional version of the old ballad, "John of Hazelgreen," in an excellent state of preservation. It is quite unrelated to any of the five texts printed by Child (V, 160-164), and would, without any doubt, have been admitted by him, had he known of it, to full rank as an independent version. The name "Willie" is a unique feature of the tradition of the ballad: Child's texts all call the young man John or Jock. Our text makes Willie an only son. In Child B, the father speaks simply of "my son," but in A, C, of "my eldest son," in E, of "my youngest son." Child D, however, makes the father offer the maid the choice of his two sons. Stanza 5 of our text, especially the first half of it, is quite unlike anything in any of Child's versions.

Only two airs to "John of Hazelgreen" were known to Child. Of these, Kinloch's air is of the old ballad type, a form of melody to which we might expect the ballad to have been originally sung. Mr. Nelson's charming air is a lilting Irish melody of the modified come-all-ye type, suited by its form to an eight-line stanza. Since, however, it has a full cadence at the end of the second phrase, it is perfectly well adapted to the text as we have it, with its closing stanza of but four lines.

The ballad is all but extinct in British tradition. Gavin Greig (*Last Leaves*, pp. 244-245) obtained from Miss Bell Robertson, a fragmentary text of ten lines. Our version is the first to be recorded in the North. The only American versions previously taken down are from Virginia: Sharp MSS (Harvard University Library); Virginia Folk-Lore Society, *Bulletin*, III, 5; IV, 9; V, 9; VI, 7; VIII, 8; X, 7.

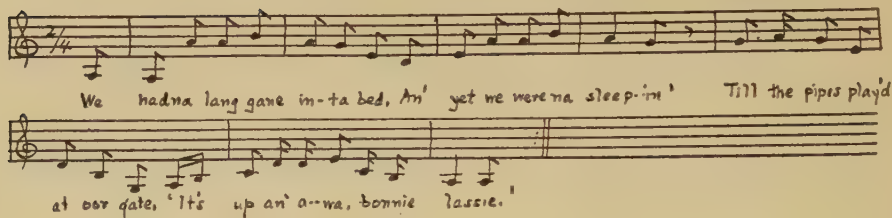
THE TROOPER AND THE MAID

(Child 299)

A.

FRAGMENT, written down, September, 1928, by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick.

$\frac{1}{4} = 76.$ A bagpipe tune.



We hadna lang gane in-ta bed, An' yet we were na sleep-in' Till the pipes play'd
at oor gate, 'It's up an' a--wa, bonnie lassie.'

- 1 We hadna lang gane inta bed
An' yet we were na sleepin',
Till the pipes played at oor gate,
"It's up an' awa', bonnie lassie."
- 2 "Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ee noo,
Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ee;
An' it's sair the day ye'll rue
That e'er I lay sae near ee."
- 3 "O, it's bread an' cheese for the Cavalrymen,
Corn an' hay for their horses,
Pipes an' tobacco for auld wives,
An' lads for a' bonnie lassies."
- 4 "But bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ee yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ee,
An' I'll tie a' yer ribbons yet,
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ee."

Campbell and Sharp print two texts of "Trooper and Maid," from North Carolina and Tennessee, respectively (pp. 149-150). Mrs. McGill's text is the only record of the ballad in the North. It is, on the whole, nearer to Greig's text (*Last Leaves*, pp. 246-247), than to any of Child's, since all four stanzas are represented in Greig's, though with such variants as are to be expected in different versions of any traditional ballad. Stanza 1 is not in any of Child's texts, while of stanza 2, only the first two lines have their counterpart in Child A, 6, lines 1-2, D, 8, lines 1-2.

The melody is of a strikingly archaic, not to say primitive, character, and is evidently a bagpipe air. It is distantly related to the air printed in two variants by Greig (*Last Leaves*, pp. 247-248), but is more characteristically Scottish in that it has kept the upward skip of the octave in the first phrase. Otherwise, the first phrase corresponds nearly to the first phrase of Greig's air. The final cadence, also, resembles the final cadence in Greig's air, but is sung an octave lower. The air printed by Child (V, 424) is nearly identical with Greig's, but admits the sixth of the scale, thereby losing another archaic feature of Scottish folk-melody.

Secondary Ballads

DERIVED FROM OLDER BALLADS IN
PROFESSOR CHILD'S COLLECTION

THE SOLDIER'S WOOING

(Cf. Child 8)

A.

"THE VALIANT SOLDIER." Sent in, 1926, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, of West Gouldsboro, who wrote, "I learned this song more than sixty years ago, hearing my brothers sing it, and I have written it from memory."

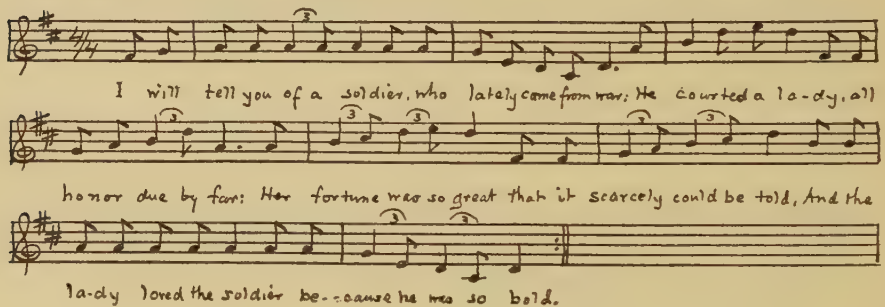
- 1 I'll tell you of a soldier that lately came from war,
He courted a damsel most beautiful and fair,
Her fortune was so great that it scarcely could be told,
But still she loved the soldier because that he was bold.
- 2 "O then," said the lady, "I fain would be your wife,
But my parents are so cruel that I fear they'd take my life."
Then he took his sword and pistol and drew them by his side,
And swore that he would marry her, whatever might betide.
- 3 So they rode away to church, and on returning home,
They met her old father, with seven well-armed men.
"Let us fly," cried the lady, "for I fear we will be slain."
"Fear nothing, my charmer," the soldier said again.
- 4 Then up stepped the old man, and unto her did say,
"Is this your behavior to me this very day?
And since you are so foolish as to be a soldier's wife,
Down in this lonesome valley I will quickly take your life."
- 5 "O stop!" cried the soldier, "I do not like such prattle,
For since I am the bridegroom, I am prepared for battle."
Then he took his sword and pistol and caused them to rattle;
The lady held the horses while the soldier fought the battle.
- 6 The first one he came to, he ran him amain,
The next one he came to, he trampled him the same.
"Let us fly!" cried the rest, "for I fear we will be slain,
To fight with this bold soldier it is altogether vain."

- 7 "Oh stop!" cried the old man, "you make my blood run cold;
You shall have with my daughter five thousand pounds in gold."
"Fight on!" cried the lady, "the portion is too small."
"Oh stop!" cried the old man, "and you shall have it all."
- 8 So he took home the soldier and acknowledged him his heir;
It was not for love, but it was through dread and fear;
For there never was a soldier that was fit to carry a gun,
Who would flinch or stir an inch, till the battle it was won.
- 9 So don't despise a soldier because that he is poor;
He is as happy in the battle field as at the barracks door,
And those are the boys who are jolly, brisk and free,
Who fight for the girls, their rights and liberty.

B.

WRITTEN down from memory by Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer, who learned it about 1872 from her uncle, Mr. Fred Fowler of Hampden. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{4} = 96$.



- 1 I will tell you of a soldier who lately came from war;
He courted a lady, all honor due, by far,
Her fortune was so great that it scarcely could be told,
And the lady loved the soldier because he was so bold.

- 2 As they were a-riding unto the church, 'twas then
And there they met the old man with seven armed men.
"O Dearest," cried the lady, "I fear we shall be slain!"
"Fear nothing, my charmer!" the soldier said again.
- 3 Then up spake the old man and unto her did say:
"Is this your good behavior to me this very day?
Since you have been so foolish to be a soldier's wife,
Down in this lonesome valley, I'll quickly take your life."
- 4 Then upspake the soldier, saying: "I do not like your prattle;
Although I am a bridegroom, I'm all prepared for battle."
He took his sword and pistols and caused them to rattle.
The lady held the horses while the soldier fought the battle.
- 5 The first man he came to, he quickly had him slain,
The next man he came to, he used him the same.
"O stay your hand!" the old man cried, "you make my blood run
cold!
And you shall have my daughter with five hundred pounds in
gold."
- 6 "Fight on! fight on!" the lady cried, "my portion is too small."
"Stay, stay your hand," the old man cried, "and you shall have
it all!"
The soldiers are the lads that are jolly, brisk and free:
They will fight for their girls and their rights and liberty.

C.

FROM the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "Notes and Queries," November 26, 1921, sent in by W.S.C., who says it was learned "from an old shoemaker, who, in my boyhood days, in the early fifties, was employed yearly by my father to come to our farm-home to make boots and shoes for him and his boys, out of stock tanned and dressed from skins of calves whose veal we consumed on the premises. . . . With memory's eye I can still see that quaint old son of Crispin—his twinkling eyes (possibly brightened by his morning dram of old Medford rum), hammering soles on his lap-stone, his T.D. pipe precariously held between

his mismated teeth, as he sang his song, while hammer and flickering pipe marked its tempo. This is the song":

- 1 I'll sing to you of a soldier who came from oversea,
He courted a fair ladye of honour, rich and free;
Her fortin was so great that it scurcelly could be told,
But yet she loved the soldier because he was so bold.
- 2 Said she, "My love, my jewel, I'd gladly be your wife,
But my father is so cruel I fear he'd end my life."
He bought a sword and pistol and hung them by his side,
And swore that he would marry her and nought should betide.
- 3 When they had been to church and returning home again
Her old father met them, with seven arm-ed men;
"O, dear," said the ladye, "I fear we shall be slain."
"Fear nothin', my charmer," the soldier said again.
- 4 Th' ol' man unto his daughter with a frown he did say:
"Is this your behavior, is this your happy day?
Since you have been so silly 's to be this soldier's wife
Here in this pleasant valley I'll end your useless life."
- 5 Up starts the soldier: "I do not like your prattle,
Although I am a bridegroom and unprepared for battle."
He snatched his sword and pistil and made 'em for to rattle
And the ladye hild the hoss while the soldier fought the battle.
- 6 The fust man he come to he quickly had him slain;
The next one he come to he serv-ed him the same;
"Let us run," said the rest, "or we all shall be slain,
For to fight a valiant soldier is altogether vain."
- 7 "Pray stay your hand," th' ol' man cried, "you make my blood
run cold;
I'll give you my daughter and five thousand pounds in gold."
"Fight on," cried the ladye, "my portion is too small."
"Pray stay your hand," th' ol' man cried, "and you shall have
it all."

8 He took the soldier home with him and acknowledged him his
heir;

'Twas not because he loved him; 'twas nothin' else but fear.

Ther' never was a soldier 'twas fit to kerry a gun

'Twould ever flinch ner budge an inch till the battle he had
won.

The tragic old ballad of "Erlinton" seems to have left a successor in this humorous song of "The Soldier's Wooing," or "The Valiant Soldier," which is often found in New England. The elopement, the pursuit, the warlike skill of the soldier, or the knightly lover, whose lady stands by and holds the horses, characterize both songs, although the temper of them is entirely different.

In addition to the texts cited, we found a fragment most like the old shoemaker's version, which was taken down from the recitation of Mr. George P. O'Mar of Oak Hill, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, in 1927:

The first one that he came to, he ran him through amain,

The next one that he came to, he servèd him the same.

"O stay your hand," the old man cried,

"And you shall have my daughter and five thousand pound in gold."

"Fight on, fight on!" the lady cries, "the po'tion is too small!"

"O stay your hand," the old man cries, "and you shall have it all!"

Mr. Wesley Hall of Moors Mills, New Brunswick, in October, 1927, recognized the version given in Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South*, but "corrected it," as it was not quite like his own way of reciting the lines. This brought Cox's text much nearer to the others we had found in Maine.

Though Ford does not list this in his *Massachusetts Broad-sides*, there is a copy in the American Antiquarian Society's library in Worcester, Mass., which he lists as No. 22 of "The Isaiah Thomas Collection of Ballads" (1923). This we have examined and compared. It is parallel to our copies, but is rather more careless and attempts to be humorous, the father being spoken of as "dadda" and the soldier declaring himself a "bridegroom and unprepared for battle," although just before, as in the old cobbler's lines, it has said that "He took his sword and pistols, and hung them by his side." The imprint of "Nathaniel Coverly, jun'r. Corner of Theatre Alley, Boston" fixes the date

approximately, for, as Ford notes, Nathaniel Coverly, Jr., was in business in Boston from 1806 to 1823. (*Proc.*, Amer. Antiq. Soc., 1923.)

The oldest text of this ballad is *The Masterpiece of Love-Songs*, "Licensed and Entered, London. Printed for A.M., W.O., and Tho. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck-Lane." Brit. Mus., c. 22 f. 14, pp. 20 ff. Compare *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 229-231. The plot is summarized by the author:

A Dialogue betwixt a bold Keeper and a Lady gay,
He woo'd his Lord's Daughter, and carried the day,
But soon after Marriage was forc'd for to fight,
With his Lord and six Gentlemen, for his own Right,
He cut them and hew'd them, and paid them with blows,
And made them his Friends, that before were his Foes.

THE LOATHLY BRIDE

(Cf. Child 81)

It would be rash to claim that the song which follows is a modernization of the *ballad* of "The Marriage of Sir Gawain"; but it certainly reproduces features of the medieval tale upon which the ballad was founded. The enchantment of the Arthurian legend is dismissed as out of date in a modern story. In the old tale, a lovely maiden, changed by her stepmother into a frightfully ugly hag, must, in order to regain her rightful shape, marry a man who will treat her courteously in spite of her hideousness. In the later story, a beautiful girl voluntarily assumes repulsiveness in order to test her lover. Because of her refusing to marry him, her lover in her presence has sworn a hasty oath that he will marry the first woman he sees who will accept him. Quickly disguising herself, the lady puts herself in the way of her lover in the shape of a ragged, dirty harridan, as ill-mannered as she is uncomely, to prove him, whether he will keep his oath or break it. As in so many degraded ballads, what was a serious subject is made into a comic tale.

The modern tale lacks the riddle and answer by which King Arthur's life is safeguarded, and lacks his rather unkingly saving himself by sacrificing the youth and hopes of his devoted Gawain. Yet some features of the old romance still persist. A vow is made; and it is per-

formed—which is the essence of knighthood. The young man in our story makes his own rash vow and repents it at leisure; but, like a knight, he does not repudiate his obligation. In the ballad of “Sir Gawain” there is a resemblance, which Professor Child has pointed out (I, 290-293, 297-298), to certain Danish stories and to the ancient romance of “The Wedding of Sir Gawen and Dame Reynell.” The same points—“the monstrous deformity of the woman,” “her exaggerated appetite,” her preference for public wedding and feasting which the groom would gladly have been spared, the repulsiveness of her ways of eating, the bridegroom’s reluctance to embrace her, and her transformation at the wedding into a beautiful woman—mark this Maine text of unknown ancestry. One detail in particular, of the bride’s loathliness (A, 11, line 3; compare Child 32 “King Henry,” 6, 1), suggests the effect, not of disguise, but of enchantment.

The theme of the marriage of the courteous knight to the loathly maiden is very old, and was used by romancers and even by the greater poets, as is pointed out in Maynardier’s *The Wife of Bath’s Tale, Its Sources and Analogues*. But in this recent text we notice one interesting point in the treatment which connects it with much earlier forms of composition. As sent in to us, the manuscript gave no indication of spoken parts being thrown in. It was not until after we had rearranged the lines to show this, that we saw the only other copy known to us. This also shows the spoken lines. This unusual feature recalls the medieval troubadours’ *chansons*, and makes it a sort of degenerate *cante-fable*. Finding this feature in two copies, which could not possibly have any immediate connection, shows that the spoken lines were not an individual caprice.

The other copy of this song referred to was printed in 1919 by Mrs. Edith B. Sturgis and Robert Hughes in their *Songs from the Hills of Vermont* and gives the harmonized air. In his Introduction, Mr. Hughes remarks: “I have been unable to find a printed version of the unique and interesting old ballad ‘The Half-Hitch’ (sung by James Atwood).” Mr. Hughes’s is the only other text we have seen beside the one we give, which was sent in to us by an old man, who entitled it “The Silk Merchant’s Daughter. An Old English Song.” Old and English it must be, but it is not “The Silk Merchant’s Daughter.” Nor is the Vermont title of “The Half-Hitch” any more satisfactory, referring, as it does, only to the way the lady’s petticoats hang. The name we have given points

to the medieval background of the tale, where knights in armor ranged in quest of adventure and relieved distressed damsels by their chivalry. For, the single feature that the young man holds his oath as binding, proves the line of descent of the tale.

A.

THE LOATHLY BRIDE

SENT in, July, 1925, by Justin DeCoster, Buckfield, as "An Old English Song."

- 1 There was a rich merchant in London did dwell,
He had a fair daughter, a beautiful girl,
A beautiful girl, with riches supplied,
A young man he courted her to be his bride.
- 2 He courted her long, he courted her well,
But still she [resolved] this young man to prove.
One time he said to her and then she replied,
She told him right off she would not be his bride.
- 3 He vowed right homeward he straightway would steer,
And all the sad oaths he made to his dear;
He'd wed the first woman he'd chance for to see,
If she was as mean as a beggar might be.
- 4 She ordered her servants this man to delay,
Her jewels and rings she put them away,
She dressed herself up in the worst rags she could find,
She looked like old gypsy before and behind.
- 5 She clapped her hands on the chimney back
And rubbed them all over her face;
Into the streets she flew like a witch,
Her clothes they all hung upon a half-hitch.
- 6 Soon this young man came riding along,
Then he cried for the oath he had sworn,
Although her old shoes, with the jumbled-out toes,
He soon overtook her, saying, "Who are you?"

(Spoken) "I'm a woman," she says.

- 7 This answer it struck him almost to a dead man,
He tottered, he trembled, he scarcely could stand,
He said to himself, "I wish I was buried,"
Then he did ask her, saying, "Are you married?"

(Spoken) She says, "No, I hain't."

- 8 This answer it suited as well as the rest,
Although they all lay very hard in his breast.
He says to himself, "Oh, can this all be?"
Then he did ask her, saying, "Will you marry me?"

(Spoken) She says, "Yes, I will."

- 9 This answer it struck him with grief to the heart,
He said to himself, "Oh, I wish I had died";
Then he did ask her behind him to ride.

(Spoken) She says: "I won't; your horse will kick up and throw
me off."

He said: "He won't."

She says, "He will, I know he will."

- 10 "Oh, no," he says, "my horse will not;"
So up behind him straightway she got.
"We'll go to my uncle's, a while with him we'll tarry,
And in a few days with you I will marry."
- 11 At dinner they sat down to the table to eat;
With her hands she clawed out both cabbage and meat;
She lapped and she smacked and she showed her old snags,
She lapped them and wiped them all on her old rags.
- 12 The wedding was over and the guests were about to depart;
There sat that poor fellow, he looked sick at the heart;
His wife she jump'd up and shook her frousy old head,
And said, "Give me a candle and I will go to bed."

(Spoken) And she said to her husband, "When you hear my
old shoe go *clum*, you can come."

- 13 By and by her old shoe it went *clum*,
They give him a candle, bid him go along.
Some of them pitied his hard fate,
While others wished them in his place.

- 14 He got into bed with his back to his bride,
Then she turned over from side to side,
And as she turned over the bedstead did squeal,
Then he says to her: "Why can't you lie still?"

(Spoken) She says, "My shins are sore; bring me a candle so I
can grease them."

- 15 He brought her a candle to grease his wife's shins,
Behold she was clothed in the finest of things.
He says, "Is it you?" with his arms round her waist;
She told him it was and they all came in haste.
- 16 They went downstairs and the frolic they had,
And all of their hearts were merry and glad.
She hugged him and kissed him, called him her dear boy;
We'll drink them a full glass and wish them much joy.

B.

THE HALF-HITCH

FROM *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, Sturgis and Hughes (1919),
pp. 50-57, by permission of Mrs. Edith B. Sturgis.

- 1 A noble rich man in Plymouth did dwell,
He had but one daughter, a beautiful girl,
A handsome young farmer with riches supplied,
He courted this fair maid to make her his bride.

- 2 He courted her long and gained her love,
And then she intended this young man to prove;
When he asked her to marry, she quickly replied,
And told him right off she would not be his bride.
- 3 He vowed then that home he quickly would steer,
And by a sad oath to her he did swear,
How he'd wed the first woman that e'er he did see,
If she was as mean as a beggar could be.
- 4 She ordered her servants this man to delay,
Her jewels and rings she laid them away,
She put on the worst of old rags she could find,
She looked like a teapot before and behind.
- 5 She rubbed both her hands on the old chimney back
And then blacked her face from corner to crack,
Then around to the road she flew like a witch,
With her petticoat hoisted all on the half-hitch.
- 6 The young man came riding and when he did see her,
He cried out "Alas!" for his oath he did fear,
But being so faithful to keep his words true,
He soon overtook her, saying, "Pray, who are you?"

(Spoken) "I am a woman."

- 7 This answer did suit him as well as the rest,
It lay very heavy and hard on his breast:
"How can I bear for to make her my bride?"
But still he did ask her behind him to ride.

(Spoken) "Your horse 'll throw me, I know."

- 8 "No," replied he, "my horse he will not,"
So then she climbed up and behind him she got;
He wished himself well from his promises free,
But he turned to her saying, "Will you have me?"

(Spoken) "Yes, I will."

- 9 "My heart it doth fail me, I dare not go home,
My parents will think I am sorely undone,
I will leave you here with my neighbor to tarry,
Within a few days with you I will marry."

(Spoken) "You won't, I know."

- 10 He told her he would, and home he did go,
He soon told his father and mother also
Of his woeful case and how he had sworn.
His parents said to him, "For that do not mourn.

- 11 "Oh, ne'er break your vows, but bring home your girl,
We'll soon snug her up and she'll do very well."
They asked his old spar^r in th^e wedding to come;
Her servants replied t^h with h^e was not at home.

- 12 They invited her maidens to wait on her there,
And then for the wedding they all did prepare;
Published they were and invited the guests,
And then they intended the bride for to dress.

(Spoken) "I'll just be married in my old clothes."

- 13 When they were married they sat down to eat,
With her fingers she hauled out the cabbage and meat.
As she stood a-stooping some called her his bride,
Saying, "Pray go along and sit by his side."

(Spoken) "I'll sit in the chimney corner as I'm used to."

- 14 She burned all her fingers in the pudding, I fag,
Then licked them and wiped them off on her old rags;
They gave her a candle, what could she want more?
And showed her the way to the chamber door.

(Spoken) "Husband, when you hear my shoes go 'clung,' you
may come along."

- 15 Upstairs then she went and kept stepping about,
His mother said to him, "What think is the rout?"
He cried out, "Dear mother, pray don't say a word,
For ne'er any comfort can this world afford."
- 16 A little while later her shoes they went "clung,"
They gave him a candle and bade him go 'long.
Upstairs then he went and quickly he found
As handsome a lady as e'er stepped the ground.
- 17 All dressed in the richest of clothes to behold,
She was finer and fairer than pictures of gold;
He greatly rejoiced at this end to his fears,
For he married the lady he'd courted for years.
- 18 Downstairs then they went and a frolic they had,
Which made both their hearts feel merry and glad;
They looked like two flowers, which pleased the eye,
With many full glasses all wished them great joy.

THE GALLOWS TREE

(Cf. Child 95)

A.

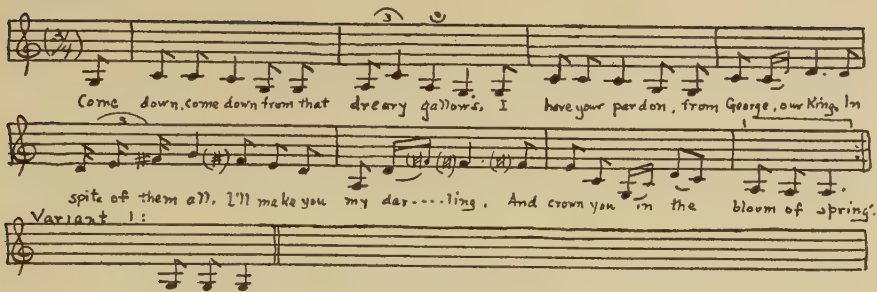
SENT in, 1926, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, West Gouldsboro. For air,
see *Addenda*.

- 1 My love he was as fine a fellow
As ever nature formed or the sun shone on,
And how to gain him I do not know,
For I hear his sentence is to be hung.

- 2 As I was walking the streets of Derry,
His charming features I chanced to espy;
He looked more like some commanding officer
Than any young man condemned to die.
- 3 When he got to the first step of the gallows,
His own father he chanced to see.
"Step up, step up, my beloved father,
I have one word to exchange with thee.
- 4 "Where is my love, oh, where is my jewel,
That she don't come and visit me?
Or does she think it a shame or a scandal
To see me die on the gallows tree?"
- 5 When he got to the second step of the gallows,
His own dear sister by chance he did see.
"Step up, step up, my beloved sister,
I have one word to exchange with thee."
- 6 He took a gold ring off from his finger,
And wrapped it in her silk so fine;
"Take this, take this, my beloved sister,
And keep your brother close in your mind."
- 7 And when he got to the top of the gallows
His own dear sweetheart by chance did see,
Riding in a coach that was lined with linen,
So swift she rode and swift rode she.
- 8 "Come down, come down, from that dreary gallows,
I have your pardon from George our King,
And in spite of them all I'll make you my husband
And crown your name in the bloom of spring."

B.

FRAGMENT, taken down from the singing of Mr. Ernest Sprague, Milltown, New Brunswick, September 27, 1928. Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{3}{4} = 44.$ 

- 1 "Come down, come down from that dreary gallows,
I have your pardon from George our King,
In spite of them all, I'll make you my darling,
And crown you in the bloom of spring.

.

- 2 As he took the first step of the gallows,
His own dear mother he chanced to spy,—
"Step up, step up, my beloved mother,
I have a word to exchange with thee."

- 3 As he took the second step of the gallows,
His own dear brother he chanced to spy,
"Step up, step up, my beloved brother,
I have a word to exchange with thee."

- 4 As he took the third step of the gallows,
.
.
Six white horses how swiftly did fly.

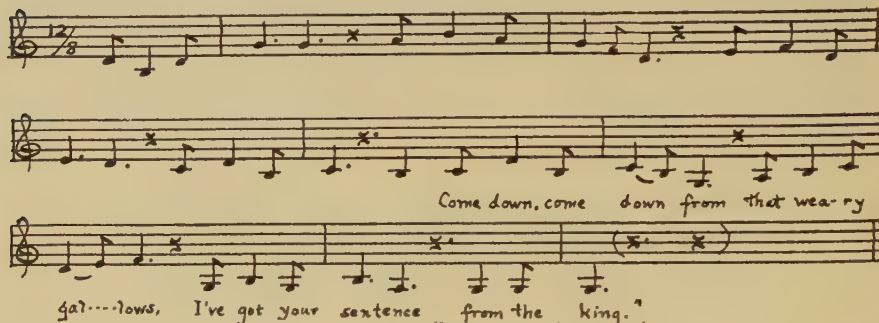
- 5 "O, where's my jewel, my precious jewel,
O, why don't she come for to comfort me,
Or does she think it a horrid sight
For to see me hung on the gallows tree?"

C.

FRAGMENT, communicated by Miss Eunice M. Macauslan, Islesford.
Melody recorded by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{8} = 100.$

Mixolydian Mode.



"Come down, come down from that weary gallows,
I've got your sentence from the king."

"The above lines," according to Miss Macauslan, "are part of a song of a girl about to become a mother, and her lover is to be hanged, and she and a friend, or her mother, have procured his pardon, and have arrived just in time to save him."

This ballad is Irish. The references to King George and the streets of Derry convey the suggestion that it has something to do with an incident of the rising of 1798. It is modeled, of course, on "The Maid Freed from the Gallows," but has retained more features of the best popular ballad style, such as the "relative climax," than are usually met with in the secondary forms of English ballads. There is also a suggestion of a reminiscence from "Geordie" (Child 209), which in stanza 19 of Child's F text, has the lines:

"Hold your hand, you bluidy wretch!
O hold it from my Geordie!
For I've got a remit from the king,
That I'll get my ain love Geordie."

A fragment of a song, referred to *The Maid Freed from the Gallows* (Child 95), obtained in 1909 by Prof. W. A. Neilson from an Irish

servant-girl, was printed in JAFI, XXVI, 175. The last stanza of this fragment is as follows:

"I brought you ne'er a money, nor ne'er a fee,
But I have got your pardon from the king, and come along with me!"

The closing line belongs to "The Gallows Tree."

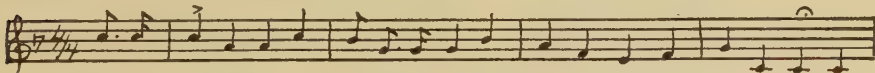
JOHN WEBBER

(Cf. Child 188)

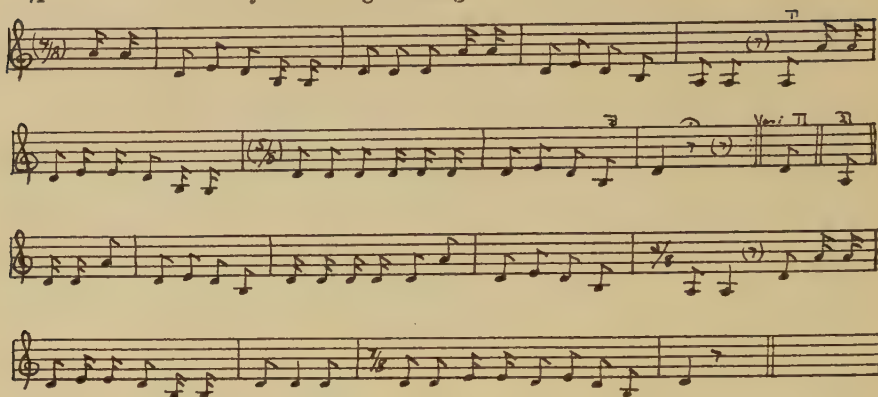
A.

"BILLY AND JOHNNY." Sent in, October, 1926, by Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, Southwest Harbor. Mrs. Thornton wrote, "The one about Billy and Johnny I have gathered line by line from my cousins, who remember their parents and grandparents singing it." Mrs. Thornton's contribution has been extended by a few lines in stanza 4, added by Mrs. Fred P. Barker, Brewer, who, like Mrs. Thornton, belongs to the old Carroll stock of Mount Desert, whose song it was. Mrs. Barker also contributed the air as taken down by Mrs. C. Carter; but later Mr. Herzog took down the air from the singing of Mrs. Thornton and her sister, Mrs. Alice Young.

MS of Mrs. C. Carter, Brewer.



$\frac{1}{4} = 112$. Recorded by Mr. George Herzog.



- 1 There were nine to hold the British ranks,
And five to guard the town about,
And two to stand at either hand,
And one to let Old Tenor out.
- 2 And Billy broke locks and Billy broke bolts,
And Billy broke all that he came nigh,
Until he came to the dungeon door,
And that he broke right manfullye.
- 3 There was eighty weight of good Spanish iron
Between his neck-bone and his knee;
But Billy took Johnny up under his arm
And lugged him away right manfullee.
- 4 They mounted their horses and away they rode,
[And who but they rode gallantly,
Until they came to the riverbank,
And there they were most. . . .]
- 5 And when they came to the river bank,
They swam its waters deep and wide,
.
.
.
.
.
And safely reached the other side.

- 6 And then they called for a room to dance,
And who but they danced merrilee;
And the best dancer among them all
Was old John Webb, who was just set free.

"This was sung by my great grandmother, Hannah (Boynton) Lurvey, who came here from Byfield, Mass., about 1800. John Webb was (I think) a mint master in Colonial days and lived in or near Salem. He was unjustly imprisoned by the Government and his friends set him free." So writes Mrs. Thornton. But who John Webb, or Webber, was does not so much matter until we have placed the ballad itself as a derivative of an older song.

The reference to Old Tenor suggests that the song was made over from an older ballad about 1740, when there was considerable excitement about the change in Massachusetts currency. This disturbance produced one broadside, "The Death of Old Tenor," which brought from the authorities a public advertisement of reward for information about the author and the printer (Ford, 915 and 938). Another early broadside, "The Dying Speech of Old Tenor" (Ford 912), is reproduced in facsimile in Ford's *Massachusetts Broad­sides*, p. 128. It has nothing in common with our song, which shows Old Tenor not dead, but escaping, to a very merry tune. The original ballad was Child's "Archie o' Cawfield," and the parody containing the reference to Old Tenor proves that this ballad must have been well known in Massachusetts before 1750, perhaps as early as 1737, when New Tenor first came in.

Judging by the fragments recovered, the song about John Webber must have been much sung in Massachusetts. On February 9, 1924, in the "Notes and Queries" of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "T.C.I." asked for "an old ballad which begins somewhat as follows":

B.

- 1 As I walked out one morning in May,
Just before the break of day,
I heard two brothers making their moan
And I listened awhile to what they did say.

- 2 "We have a brother in prison," said they,
"Oh, in prison lieth he,
If we had but ten men just like ourselves,
The prisoner we should soon set free."

C.

To this "M.D.L." responded, February 23: "My grandmother used to sing this swashbuckling old ballad, and some lines of it remain in my memory. If anyone recalls any other parts of it, I should much like to have them. I have no idea of the origin of the ballad."

- 1 As I walked out one merry May morn,
As it was near the break of day,
I heard three brothers a-making their moan
And I listened awhile to what they did say.
- 2 "We have a brother in prison so strong,
This day he is condemned to die,
If we had ten men just like ourselves
This prisoner we could soon set free."
- 3 "Oh no! O no!" then Billy he cried;
"O no! O no! That never could be!
For forty men is full little enough
And I to ride in your company."
- 4 Then they mounted their horses and away they rode,
And away they rode so merrily,
Until they all came to the broad prison gate
And there they alighted so manfully.
- 5 There were ten to hold the horses there,
And ten to guard the city about,
And ten to stand at the broad prison door,
And ten to bring John Webber out.

- 6 Then Billy broke bolts and Billy broke bars,
And Billy broke all that came in his way;
Took little John Webber right under his arm
And carried him out so manfully.
- 7 Then they mounted their horses and away they rode,
And away they rode so manfully,
Until they all came to the broad riverside,
And there they alighted so merrily.
- 8 They danced a dance upon the green. . . .

"But here my memory fails on the verses which tell how the high sheriff followed them. I only remember the exultant end":

- 9 "Come back! come back!" the high sheriff he cried,
"You are a great rogue as ever I see!"
"I thank you for nothing," then Billy replied,
"You are a great fool for following me."

D.

IN the same "Notes and Queries," June 14, 1924, a new correspondent, "C.E.G.," writes, "I shall be grateful for the missing lines and words of the following old song, and should also like to know its origin":

- 1 John Webber he is in prison so strong,
This day he is condemned to die.
: : : : :
: : : : :
- 2 "Oh, no, oh, no," then Billy replied,
"Oh, no, oh, no, this never can be;
Had I forty good fellows just like myself
I'd carry him off right manfully."
- 3 They mounted their horses and away they rode,
Away they rode so gallantly,
Until they all came to the high prison gates,
And there they all lighted so manfully.

- 4 Then Billy broke bolts and Billy broke bars,
And Billy broke all that came in his way,
Took little John Webber right under his arm
And carried him off so gallantly.
- 5 They mounted their horses and away they rode,
Away they rode right gallantly,
Until they all came to the broad river's side,
And in they all plunged so . . .
- 6 "You are an old rogue," the sheriff he cried,
"You are an old rogue as ever I see!"
"I thank you for nothing," then Billy replied,
"You are an old fool for following me."

E.

To this query, "F.C.D." replied, June 28, 1924: "This seems to be the same ballad a part of which appeared lately in these columns, numbered 7516. It is traditional in my family, and I can add a few more lines."

- 1 "Oh, no, oh, no," then Billy replied,
"Oh, no, oh, no, that never shall be,
For I see the High Sheriff with his bounty-bountee
And a hundred men in his company."
- 2 "Oh, no, oh, no," John Webber then cried,
"Oh, no, oh, no, that never can be,
For I've full twenty pounds of good Spanish iron
Betwixt my ankle and my knee.
- 3 "Remember me to my wife," said he,
"My wife that I love and children three;
For my horse grows lame, I cannot swim,
And this is the place where I must die."
- 4 "Oh, no, oh, no," then Billy he cried, etc.

"And this near the end":

- 5 "Give back my iron," the sheriff he cried,
"Oh, give me back my iron," said he. . . .
- 6 "Oh, no, oh, no," then Billy replied,
"Oh, no, oh, no, that never shall be,
For the iron will do to shoe all our horses
And a blacksmith rides in our company."

If the stanzas, from the fragments given here, were arranged in their proper order, they would very nearly complete the ballad, barring some repetitions, ballad fashion, which lengthen the singing. They may be compared with Child's F-text of "Archie o' Cawfield" (Child 188, III, 494) from Mr. J. M. Watson of Clark's Island, Plymouth Harbor, Mass.

Yet the fragments are nearer Child A-E than is a Pitts broadside found in England by the late Prof. Frank Egbert Bryant, and printed by him in his *History of English Balladry* (pp. 435-437). It was entitled "The Bold Prisoner" and the hero was called Arthur instead of Archie. It was probably printed about 1804-1805 and its nine stanzas are weaker than the American texts recovered. It may be regarded as an abbreviated form of the longest Massachusetts text, of no special interest except as showing that the ballad was less virile in England than here.

The name "Billy" seems to have worked its way into the song from the lines in Child A, where the rescuers go stealthily to the prison door and try quietly to arouse the prisoner, saying:

"O sleeps thou, wakest thou, Archie, my billy?
O sleeps thou, wakes thou, dear billy?"
"Sometimes I sleep, sometimes I wake;
But who's that knows my name so well?"
"I am thy brother Dicky," he says,
"This night I've come to borrow thee."

The same word is retained in Child B, which our texts more nearly resemble:

"O sleepst thou, wakest thou, Archie laddie?
O sleepst thou, wakest thou, dear billie?"

The affectionate "billy," meaning a comrade, was unknown in New England and so passed for a proper name.

Here we have five more or less complete texts from Massachusetts, and the Maine text which certainly split from Massachusetts stock much more than a century ago. Moreover, by its allusion to troublous times of a known date, the Maine text carries back, by a long distance, both the derived text of "John Webber" and the time when "Archie o' Cawfield" under its own name (which exists in the form of Child F), must have been introduced into Massachusetts. This can hardly have been much later than 1700. On the other hand, no southern texts of the ballad have been reported, which indicates that the song was not brought over with the first great migration. There seems to have been a period about 1700 when there was a great influx of songs into New England from Old England. For example, "Captain Kidd," composed upon a man who was executed in England, was so much more popular here that to this day it is still known everywhere in New England, though almost, if not quite, obsolete in England. The way in which the songs in D'Urfey's collection still are common here, is another instance. Also the way in which ballads were made in New England about this time—Ben Franklin with his two songs on Blackbeard the Pirate and the Lighthouse Tragedy; the songs of Captain Lovell's Great Fight, of Captain Moulton's Fight and of Tilton's Fight, all about 1720, of native growth, indicate a deep interest in new songs. This was the time when the Rev. Cotton Mather was lamenting the vogue of "foolish Songs and Ballads, which the Hawkers and Peddlers carry into all portions of the Country" ("Diary," Sept. 27, 1713, in *Massachusetts Historical Society Collections*, VIII, 242). It is another period from that of the early ballads, and we do not find these later songs in the South.

THE SQUIRE OF EDINBURGH TOWN

(Cf. Child 221)

A.

TAKEN down, August, 1927, from the recitation of Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford, who learned it when a child, living in Waterford, Ireland.

- 1 There was a squire in Edinboro town,
And a squire of high degree;
He fell in love with a country girl,
And a comely girl was she.
- 2 Till at length her father came to her,
And an angry man was he;
He requested of his daughter dear
To shun his company.

("Then she promises to wed some one else.")
- 3 She wrote her love a letter
And sealed it with a ring,
Saying she was to be wed
All to a farmer's son.
- 4 The very first line of this letter he read
He smiled and thus did say:
"I might deprive him of his bride
All on his wedding day."
- 5 He wrote her back an answer and told her
To be sure to dress in green,
"And a suit of that same I will put on
For your wedding I will prepare;
For my dearest dear, with you I'll wed
In spite of all that's there."
- 6 He rode east, he rode west,
And he rode all around his land
Until he found out eightscore men
All in for his clan.*
- 7 He mounted them on milk-white steeds,
[And a single man rode he]
Until he came to the wedding house door,
With his company dressed in green.

* "All of the Scottish clan."

- 8 "You are welcome, you are welcome,
Where have you been all day?
Or have you seen those gentlemen
That rode along the way?"
- 9 He looked at her, he laughed at her,
And thus to her* did say:
"They might have been those fairy troops
That rode along the way."
- 10 'Tis he filled him a glass of new port wine
And drank to the company round,
Saying, "Happy is the man
Who enjoys the tender bride,
For another might like her as well as he,
And take her from his side."
- 11 Up spoke the intended groom,
[And an angry man was he]:
"If it was to fight that you came here,
I am the man for thee."
- 12 "It was not for to fight that I came here,
But friendship for to show,
And give me one kiss from your bonny, bonny bride
And away from thee I'll go."
- 13 He took her by the middle small,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
He took her out of the wedding house door
And his company asked no leave.
- 14 [The drums did beat, the trumpets sound,
Most glorious to be seen,
And they are away to Edinburgh gone,
With his company dressed in green.]

* "To them," thrice, in broadside.

B.

"A SCOTCH DITTY." Taken down from the recitation of Mr. J. P. A. Nesbitt of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, October, 1927.

- 1 There was a lord and a wealthy lord,
A lord of high renown;
He courted a North Country lass
Until he had her won.
And when her parents came to know
Quite angry they grew;
It was their delight, both day and night,
To keep her from off his view.
- 2 She wrote her love a letter,
She wrote it with her own hand,
She told him she was to be wed
To a farmer's son.
The very first word that he did read
He unto himself did say:
"I will deprive him of his bride
All on his wedding day."
- 3 He wrote his love a letter,
He wrote it sharp and keen,
He told her on her wedding day
For to be dressed in green.
"The suit of the same I will put on,
To your wedding I will prepare,
And I will take you from his side
In spite of all that is there."
- 4 He travelled east, he travelled west
All over the Highland land,
Until he got an army of men,
They were called the Highland clan.
A steed for them all he did prepare,
And he dressed them all in green,
And now to the weddin' he is gone
As far as he can glen.

- 5 When he got to his true-love's house
He walked them all around.
They said, "Did you see that army of men
Come a-marchin' to the stound?"
He laughed at them, he scoffed at them,
And unto them did say:
"I suppose it was a fayry troops
Come marchin' long this way."
- 6 Now he says, "Come fill up your bumpers
With Merryport wine,
And drink a health all round,
Sayin', "Happy, happy is the man,
The man you call the groom,
But far more happy is the man
The man who shall enjoy the bride;
If she loves me as I love thee,
I'll take her from his side."
- 7 Then up steps the groom's best man,
And an angry man was he,
"If it was for fighting you came here,
I am the man for thee."
"It wasn't for fighting I came here,
Good fellowship to show;
Give me one kiss for barbonny* bride
And away from you I'll go."
- 8 He took her by the lily-white hand
And by her gauze-green sleeve,
He led her out of the house
Without asking any leave.
He placed her on beside him
With his merry men all dressed in green,
And as they rode to yon green grove,
She shone like any queen.

* From your bonny.

- 9 Come all you North Country gentlemen,
 Take warning now by me,
 And don't be tricked as I have been,
 All on my weddin' day;
 Don't be tricked as I have been,
 All on my weddin' day,
 For instead of flesh I was catchin' fish
 And I always had foul play.

C.

MELODY, recorded from the singing of Mr. John Sprague, Milltown, New Brunswick, October, 1928.



A version of this ballad, from Mrs. A. Welch of Brunswick is in the MS Collection of Phillips Barry, deposited in the Harvard University Library. Mr. Ernest Sprague of Milltown, New Brunswick, recalled a few scattered lines.

According to Professor Child (IV, 216-218), "Katherine Jaffray was first published by Sir Walter Scott, under the title 'The Laird of Laminton,' in the first edition of the *Minstrelsy* (1802), I, 216." Scott's own "Young Lochinvar" was an adaptation, and Professor Child regarded "The Squire of Edinburgh Town" as another remodeling of the story of Katherine Jaffray.

Two of Professor Child's texts of "Katherine Jaffray," one Irish, the other Scottish, are analogous to our Maine texts. The Scottish text, L, came from Kirkcudbrightshire, and is sufficiently similar to our B-text. The Irish text, "from the recitation of a young Irishwoman living in Taunton, Massachusetts (learned from print, I suppose, and imperfectly remembered), puts the scene of the story in Edenborough

town." This Irish text is the same as our A-text and both must have come from the same original.

That original we found in the Williams Collection of Irish Broad-sides in the Public Library of Providence, R. I., in a text so near to Mrs. Morse's (which was traditional with her) that it seems unnecessary to reproduce it. Instead, where a line was missing from her text we have supplied it from this broadside; adding also the final stanza, which Mrs. Morse had forgotten. She said, "There was a fight, but the squire got the bride." We see, from the broadside, that what she, as a small child, mistook for a fight, was the fanfare of trumpets and the drums which acclaimed the squire's ruse. Eight lines near the beginning of Mrs. Morse's text we have not undertaken to replace, since the B-text gives them closely enough.

Just how old is the broadside in the Williams Collection we cannot tell. Few Irish broadsides bear any imprint. The Williams Collection of 513 sheets, including duplicates, bears the inscription in Mr. Williams' hand writing: "Alfred M. Williams, Providence, R. I. These Irish street ballads were collected by myself in Cork and Dublin in 1865-66 and sent me by Sir Samuel Ferguson in 1879. Additions contributed by Miss Mary Banim in 1886. A further collection made by myself in Dublin in 1887 and 1891." But some of them were printed much earlier than the year in which they were purchased.

The particular point of interest about this ballad is that in Maine we have found both the Irish and the Scottish texts.

THE YORKSHIRE BITE

(Cf. Child 283)

A.

"THE YORKSHIRE BOY." Taken down in May, 1925, from the recitation of Mr. Justin DeCoster of Buckfield.

- 1 In London there lived a mason by trade,
He had for his servants a man and a maid;
A Yorkshire boy he had for his man
For to do his business, and his name it was John.

CHORUS

Whack fol de diddle de dol,
Whack fol de diddle de day.

- 2 One morning he called for Johnny to come,
Johnny heard his master and quickly he did run;
He says, "Take this cow and drive her to the fair,
For she is in good order and she's all I have to spare."
- 3 Johnny took the cow out of the barn
To drive her to the fair, as you shall soon l'arn;
Upon his way there he met with a man,
Johnny sold him the cow for six pound and ten.
- 4 He stopped in a tavern for to get a drink;
'Twas there the good old farmer paid him down the chink.
Thus Johnny to the landlady did say,
"What shall I do with my money, I pray?"
- 5 "I will sew it in your coat lining," says she,
"For fear you'll be robbed while on the highway."
A highwayman standing by a-drinking of the wine,
He said to himself, "That money shall be mine."
- 6 Johnny started for to go,
The highwayman following him also,
And as he came up to Johnny he did say,
"You're well overtaken while on the highway."
- 7 "How far are you going?" The highwayman replied,
"Four or five miles, as far as I do know."
Then he jumped in behind him
And away they did go.
- 8 They rode till they came to a dark lane,
The highwayman says, "I'll tell you in words that are plain,
Just hand out that money without fear or strife,
Or in these dark woods I'll take your sweet life."

- 9 Johnny seeing there was no time to be lost,
Quickly he dismounted off from his horse,
Out of his coat lining pulled the money out,
And in the tall grass he strewed it all about.
- 10 The highwayman, thinking it would be no loss,
He, too, quickly jumped from his horse;
While he was a-picking up the money by his side
Johnny jumped on the highwayman's horse and quickly he did
ride.
- 11 The highwayman called out for Johnny to stop,
Johnny didn't mind him but quickly rode away;
Horse to his master Johnny he did bring,
Horse, saddle and bridle and many a pretty thing.
- 12 The servant, seeing Johnny returning home,
He went and told the master who was in the other room;
He went to the door and spoke to him thus:
"What in the devil! has my cow become a horse?"
- 13 "Oh, no, kind master," Johnny says, "I pray,
I've been robbed while in the highway;
While he was a-picking up the money in his purse
To make your demands I come off with his horse."
- 14 The bags they were opened, the money all told,
Four hundred pounds in silver and gold,
A pair of pocket pistols,—Johnny says, "I vow,
I think, my dear master, I sold well your cow."
- 15 "I think for a boy you've done very rare,
Half of this money you shall have for your share,
And as for the villain, you served him just right,
And the trick you played upon him was a Yorkshire bite."

* A Yorkshire bite was a shrewd trick played on a person, such as Yorkshire people were supposed to think of.

B.

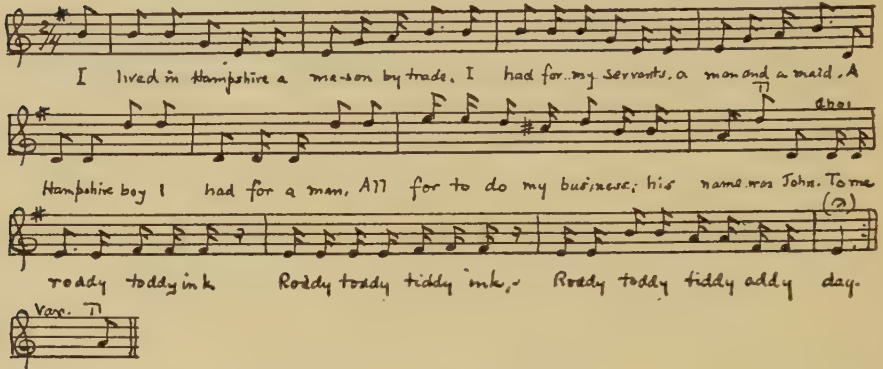
"JACK AND THE HIGHWAYMAN." Sent in, September, 1926, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston of West Gouldsboro.

- 1 Early one Monday morning the Master called to John;
John, hearing his good master, quick did run.
"Oh, Johnny take the cow, and drive her to the Fair,
For she is in good order and it is all I have to spare."
To me rol tol teedle, to me teedle, teedle, teedle,
To me rol tol teedle lol de da.
- 2 John took the cow all out of the barn
And drove her to the Fair, as you will soon larn;
A short time after he met with a man
To whom he sold his cow for six pound ten.
- 3 "How far are you going, Johnny pop-in-ri?"
"How far are you going?" John replied:
"Down to my Master's dwelling, as you can plainly see,
."
- 4 John, returning home, came to a long, dark lane,
There sat the highwayman, I'll tell you very plain.
"Deliver up your money, without any strife,
Or in this lonesome valley I will quickly take your life."
- 5 John seeing no chance for fear or dispute,
Out of his coat pockets the money he pulled out:
Out of his coat pockets the money he pulled out,
And all among the tall grass he strewed it all about.
- 6 While he was picking up the money
Jack has strewed in the grass,
O, Jack jumped a-straddle and rode off with his horse.
So Jack jumped a-straddle, and away rode he,
To me rol tol teedle, to me teedle, teedle, teedle,
To me rol tol teedle lol de da.

C.

"THE NEW HAMPSHIRE BITE." From the manuscript book of Mrs. Susie Carr Young, Brewer (one of her Grandmother Carr's songs).

Dorian Mode.



- 1 I lived in Hampshire, a mason by trade,
I had for my servants a man and a maid,
A Hampshire boy I had for a man,
All for to do my business—his name was John.
 To me roddy, todody ink,
 Rod, tod, tiddy ink.
 Rod tod tiddy oddy day.
- 2 Early one morning I called for John,
Hearing his master he quickly did come,
Saying, "Take this cow and drive her to the fair,
For she's in good order, the one I have to spare."
 To me roddy, todody ink, etc.
- 3 John took the cow out of the barn,
And drove her on the highway, as we do learn;
He hadn't drove 'er far 'fore he met three men
And he sold his cow for six pound ten.
 To me roddy, todody, ink, etc.

- 4 They called to the tavern to get some drink,
The three old farmers paid down the chink,
And unto the landlady he did say,
"O what shall I do with this money, I pray?"
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 5 "I'll put it in your coat-lining," said she,
"For fear on the highway, O robbed you might be."
There sat the robber, looking very fine;
So he said to himself, "That money shall be mine."
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 6 John took his leave and away he did go,
The highwayman followed after also;
He overtook the boy all on the highway,
"You're well overtaken, young man," he did say.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 7 "Jump up behind me and you can ride.
How far are you going, boy?" He replied,
"About four miles, as far as—I dunno!"
So he jumped up behind and away they did go.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 8 They rode till they came to a long dark lane,
"And now," said the robber, "I'll tell you plain,
Deliver up your money without any strife,
Or I will sure take your sweet life."
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 9 John then thought [it] no time to dispute,
He jumped off the horse without fear or doubt,
And out of his coat-lining he pulled the money out
And among the tall weeds he strewed it all about.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.

- 10 The robber, jumping off his horse,
O little did he think it would be for his loss,
Picking up the money along the roadside;
O John jumped on and away he did ride.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 11 The robber called for John to stay,
He did not mind, but he still rode away,
And unto his master he did bring
Horse, saddle and bridle and many a fine thing.
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 12 The maid looked out of the window and seeing John come
She called to her master all in the other room.
The master came to the door, and looking very cross,
Said he, "'S my cow turned into a horse?"
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 13 Out of the saddle bags then was told
A hundred pounds in silver and gold,
Beside a pair of pistols. John made a bow,
Saying, "I think, good master, I've well sold your cow."
To me roddy, toddy ink, etc.
- 14 "O yes, for a boy you have done very rare,
Two thirds of this money you shall have for your share,
And as for the rogue, you have served him just right,
For I think you put upon him a New Hampshire bite."
To me roddy, toddy ink,
Rod tod tiddy ink,
Rod tod tiddy oddy day.

Here another English song has been taken bodily and left on the doorstep of a near neighbor, for no other reason save that, to the Maine man, there was no Hampshire but New Hampshire. Old York County lay contiguous to New Hampshire; "Yorkshire" did not sound quite right for York County, so New Hampshire was adopted instead.

Such would seem to be the rather muddled course of reasoning which might account locally for the change.

A West Virginia text, printed by Combs in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, p. 149, makes the servants to have been negroes—the man, a native of South Carolina, is said to have put upon the thief “a South Carolina bite.”

HIGH BARBARY

(Cf. Child 285)

A.

SENT in by Capt. Lewis F. Gott, Bernard, in 1925, who probably learned it of Capt. John Dawes.

- 1 There were two lofty ships from Old England came,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
One was the *Queen of Russia* and the other *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.
- 2 “Aloft there, aloft!” our jolly boatswain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
“Look ahead, look astarn, look aweather, look allee,
Look down along the coast of the High Barbaree.”
- 3 “There’s nought upon the stern, there’s nought upon the lee,”
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
“But there’s a lofty ship to windward and she’s sailing fast and
free,
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.”
- 4 “Oh, hail her, oh, hail her!” our gallant captain cried,
Blow high, blow low and so sailed we;
“Are you a man-of-war, or a privateer,” said he,
“Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree?”

- 5 "Oh, I'm not a man-of-war, nor a privateer," said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But I'm a salt-sea pirate a-looking for a fee,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree."
- 6 Oh, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Until the *Queen of Russia* shot the pirate's mast away,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.
- 7 "Oh, quarter, oh, quarter!" those pirates then did cry
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But the quarter that we gave them, we sunk them in the sea,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

This will be seen to be distinctly better than the version published in the *American Songster* (Philip J. Cozzens, New York, no date). A text in *The Forget-me-not Songster* (Turner and Fisher, Philadelphia and New York, about 1840-1850) is fairly close to Captain Gott's and is the probable source of most of the texts in oral circulation. But *The Forget-me-not Songster* published by J. S. Locke of Boston, about 1842, does not contain this song; hence there is a chance that Captain Gott's words are truly traditional. The Locke songster was the song-book most widely known in Maine, with more influence upon our texts than any other printed book. Yet it is noteworthy that families which had their own traditional texts did not give them up, even after they came to own a copy of *The Forget-me-not Songster*. One of our singers, who has owned an incomplete copy of the book—and all we have examined have been in tatters—for over fifty years, still sings her songs as she learned them from her grandmother, who probably learned them from her grandmother. Traditional songs are much less influenced by print than is commonly supposed; for the singer invariably insists that his is "right" and all other texts must be wrong.

"High Barbary," it will be remembered, is based upon the Child ballad of "The George Aloe and the Sweepstake," which recounts an early fight between the French and the English. The two ballads have little in common but the idea of an alternating line of refrain and the phrase "coast of Barbary." "High Barbary" seems distinct enough to

have been accorded a place of its own in Professor Child's collection. How old the song is no one can tell; but when the aggressions of the Algerine pirates in the late eighteenth century brought the phrase "coast of Barbary" to a definite meaning, sailors revived an old song and sang it with a will. Steele's *List of the Royal Navy* (London, 1812), mentions the *Prince of Wales*, built in 1794. We may recall with pride that it was our own Admiral Stephen Decatur who, in 1815, after we had suffered much from these Algerine pirates and had paid them tribute since 1795, defeated them so decisively that they never again troubled our ships. The revival of the old song probably dates back to about this period of piratical depredations upon commerce.

Captain Gott's text resembles one given by F. J. Harvey-Darton in *The Soul of Dorset* (1922), p. 250, taken down by himself from the singing of an English sailor and approved by Mr. John Masefield as of great age. Mr. Masefield thought this version "older than his [own]—probably going back, by oral tradition, almost to the seventeenth century, when the 'noble pirate' from the coast of New Barbaree was a real and present menace."

For comparison we may quote the text from the *American Songster* which ends with the magnificent lines lacking in Captain Gott's texts, and also the text from *The Forget-me-not Songster*.

B.

"THE COAST OF BARBARY." From the *American Songster* (no date; printed by Philip J. Cozzens, New York).

- 1 There was two ships from England set sail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail'd we,
One was the *King of Prussia*, and the other the *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising down the coast of Barbary.
- 2 There is nothing ahead, and nothing astern,
Blow high, blow low and so sail'd we,
But a lofty ship to windward and towards us bearing way,
Cruising down the coast of Barbary.

- 3 Then hail her, O hail her, our noble captain cried,
Blow high, blow low and so sail'd we,
Are you a man-of-war, or a privateer, said he,
Cruising down the coast of Barbary.
- 4 I am no man-of-war or privateer, said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail'd we,
But I am that saucy pirate that is seeking for my prey,
Cruising down the coast of Barbary.
- 5 Then broadside to broadside these two ships did go,
Blow high, blow low and so sail'd we,
Till at last the saucy English, the pirate mast did blow away,
Cruising down the coast of Barbary.
- 6 For better than two hours this battle lasted as you see,
Blow high, blow low and so sail'd we,
The ship it was their coffin, and their grave it was the sea,
Cruising down the coast of Barbary.

C.

"COAST OF BARBARY." From the *Forget-me-not Songster* (printed by Turner and Fisher, 15 North Sixth St., Philadelphia, 70 Chatham St., New York), p. 215.

- 1 Two lofty ships from Old England came,
Blow high, and blow low, and so sailed we;
One was the *Prince of Luther*, and the other *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary.
- 2 Up aloft, up aloft, the jolly boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
Look ahead, look astern, look the weather and the lee,
Look along down on the coast of Barbary.

- 3 There's none upon the stern, there's none upon the lee,
Blow high, and blow low, and so sailed we,
But there is a ship at windward, a lofty ship at sea,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary.
- 4 Oh, hail, oh hail, that lofty tall ship,
Blow high, and blow low, and so sailed we,
Are you a man of war, or a privateer, said she,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary.
- 5 Oh, I am no man of war or privateer, said she,
Blow high, and blow low, and so sailed we,
But I'm a jolly pirate, a-looking for my fee,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary.
- 6 Broadside and broadside a long time they lay,
Blow high, and blow low, and so sailed we,
Till the *Prince of Luther* shot all the pirate's mast away,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary.
- 7 Oh, quarters! oh, quarters! these pirates did cry,
Blow high, and blow low, and so sailed we,
But the quarters that we gave them, we sank them in the sea,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary.

D.

"THE COAST OF BARBARY." Woodcut of a ship. From a photostat of a very old broadside, in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Printed by courtesy of Mr. J. H. Tuttle, Librarian.

- 1 [Two galla]nt ships from England did sail,
[Blow] high, blow low, and so sailed we,
[The] one the prince of Luther, the other prince of Wales,
Cruising down on the coast of Barbary.

- 2 Up aloft, up aloft, our merry boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
Look ahead, look astern, look a weather and a lee,
Look around on the coast of Barbary.
- 3 I 'spied on ahead, I 'spied on astern,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
I 'spied a rock at windward, or lofty ship at sea,
Cruizing down on the coast of Barbary.
- 4 Sail on, sail on, our merry boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
With a heavy press of sail and along side came we,
Cruizing down on the coast of Barbary.
- 5 Broadside and broadside, so boldly we did play,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
'Till the Prince of Luther fir'd all those pirates masts away,
Cruizing down on the coast of Barbary.
- 6 For quarters, for quarters, our merry pirates cry'd,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But the quarters that we gave them, we sunk them in the sea,
Cruizing down on the coast of Barbary.

The foregoing copy of the ballad is the oldest that we have seen, and is doubtless close to the original text. On the same sheet with it, is printed *Black-Ey'd Susan*, the well-known song by John Gay. The broadside is listed, Ford 3026. It has no imprint or date.

SALLY AND HER TRUE-LOVE BILLY

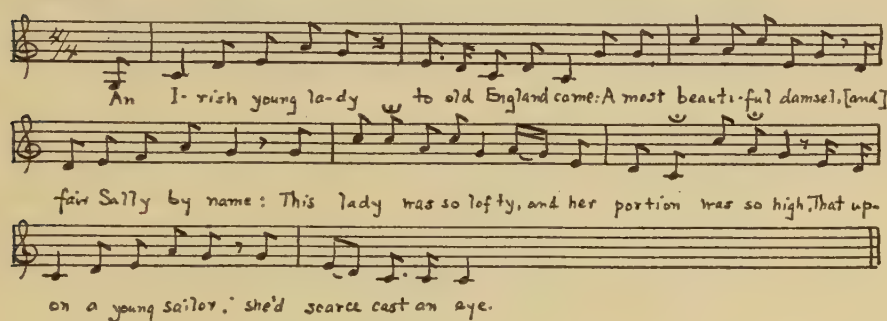
(Cf. Child 295)

A.

"AN IRISH YOUNG LADY." Sent in, 1924, by Dr. Robert L. Grindle, of Mount Desert, aged 82, who writes of this and other songs contributed

by him: "I think probably these old English songs were introduced by American sailors who had sung them in the forecastle. Every woman living on the Maine coast seventy-five or a hundred years ago came in contact with sailors in her own family or among her neighbors. And probably my grandmother learned this song by hearing some sailor sing it. I say my grandmother, because my mother learned it in her childhood and it is more likely that her mother taught it to her than that she learned it elsewhere." Air recorded, September, 1928, by Mr. George Herzog.

$\frac{1}{4} = 80$.



- 1 An Irish young lady to old England came,
 A most beautiful damsel, fair Sally by name;
 This lady was so lofty and her portion so high
 That upon a young sailor she'd scarcely cast an eye.
- 2 She said, "I do not hate you nor any other man,
 But as for to love you I'm sure I never can,
 So leave off your attentions and hold your discourse,
 For I never will marry you unless I am forced."
- 3 This lady was sick and she went to her bed;
 The thought of this young man came into her head;
 She was taken sick in love and she knew not just why,
 So she sent for this young man she'd slighted so high.

- 4 "O am I the young man you've sent for?" said he,
 "O am I the doctor who can cure thee?"
 "O yes, you're the doctor can either kill or cure,
 And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure."
- 5 "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally!" said he,
 "O don't you remember when I came to court thee,
 You most scornfully denied me and bade me be gone?
 And so now I'll reward you for what you have done."
- 6 "O times past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
 And grant me a little more time for to live."
 "O times past and gone I'll neither forget nor forgive,
 But I'll dance on your grave all the days I may live."
- 7 "Adieu to my father, adieu to my mother,
 Adieu to my sister and likewise my brother,
 Adieu to this young man who can't pity me,
 O then ten thousand times over my folly I see."
- 8 "Cheer up, love, cheer up, love," said he,
 "Cheer up, love, cheer up, love, and married we'll be."
 And married they were and they lived in unity,
 And were as happy a couple as ever you did see.

B.

"FAIR SALLY." From the manuscript book of Mrs. Susie Carr Young, one of her Grandmother Carr's songs.

$\frac{3}{4}$ = 108.

There was a rich la-dy, from England she came, Fair Sal-ly, she was call'd, and fair

Sal-ly was her name; Her riches were more than the world e'er possessed, And her

wit and her beauty was more than the rest.

Tr. Variat. sent in by Mrs. Young. Oct. 29. 1828.

- 1 There was a rich lady, from England she came,
Fair Sally she was called and Fair Sally was her name;
Her riches were more than the world e'er possessed,
And her wit and her beauty were more than the rest.
- 2 There was a rich squire worth ten thousand pounds a year,
And for to court this lady away he did steer,
She being a lady so lofty and so high
That upon this young gentleman she scarce cast her eye.
- 3 "O Sally, Fair Sally, O, Sally," says he,
"Isn't it a pity you and I can't agree?
For though I do love you, I know you don't me,
Ten thousand times ten thousand my follies I see."
- 4 When six weeks were over, all over, gone and past,
At length this fair damsel grew lovesick at last;
She being sick and was like for to die,
She sent for this young gentleman whom she did deny.
- 5 "O Sally, Fair Sally, O Sally," says he,
"O am I a doctor that you sent for me?"
"Yes, you are the one that can kill or can cure,
And without your assistance I am ruined evermore."
- 6 "O Sally, Fair Sally, O Sally," said he,
"Don't you remember when you slighted me?
'Twas when I did ask you, you answered me with scorn,
And now I'll reward you for what's past and gone."
- 7 "For what's past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little longer that in this world I may live."
"No, I never will forgive you while during of my breath,
But I'll dance o'er your grave when you're cold in the earth."
- 8 Then off from her finger [she] pulled diamond rings three,
Saying: "Keep these in remembrance while dancing o'er me;
For I can forgive you, although you won't me,
Ten thousand times ten thousand my follies I see."

- 9 And now she is dead, as we do suppose,
 And left some other lady dressed in her fine clothes.
 Come all you pretty fair maids, your sweethearts don't slight,
 But be always condescending; so I wish you good night.

Mrs. Young says she learned the song of her Grandmother Carr, who died in 1869, so that it is one of the earliest she knew. The air, however, she probably derived from her mother's singing.

C.

"SALLY AND HER TRUE LOVE BILLY." Broadside in Yale University Library. Claude Lovat Fraser Collection, 2:5. With "The Robin's Petition." No imprint. Printed by permission of the Yale University Library Committee.

'Tis of a young sailor, from Dover he came,
 He courted pretty Sally, pretty Sally was her name,
 But she was so lofty, and her portion so high,
 That she on a sailor would scarce cast an eye.

O Sally! O Sally! O Sally! says he,
 I fear that your false heart my ruin will be,
 Unless that your hatred should turn into love,
 I'm afraid that your false heart my ruin will prove.

My hatred's not to you or any other man,
 But to say that I love you is more than I can;
 So keep your intention, and hold your discourse,
 For I never will [love] you unless I am forc'd.

When seven long weeks were gone and past,
 This pretty maid fell sick at last,
 Entangled in love, and she knew not for why,
 So sent for the sailor whom she deny'd.

O I am the Doctor, and you sent for me,
 O I am the young man that you wish'd to see;
 O yes, your the Doctor that can kill or cure
 The pain that I feel, love is hard to endure.

O Sally! O Sally! O Sally! says he,
Pray don't you remember how you slighted me,
How you slighted my love and treated me with scorn,
So now I'll reward you for what you have done.

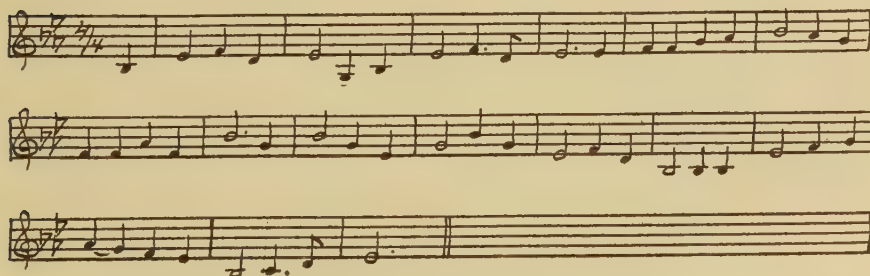
For what is gone and past, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little while longer to live;
O no my dearest Sally as long as I have breath,
I'll dance upon the grave when you lay underneath.

She took rings from her fingers, by one, two, and three,
Saying here my dearest Billy, in remembrance of me,
In remembrance of me my love when I am dead and gone,
Perhaps you may be sorry for what you have done.

So adieu to my daddy, my mammy, and friends,
And adieu to the young sailor for he will make no amends
Likewise this young sailor he will not pity me,
Ten thousand times now my folly I see.

D.

SENT in, October 23, 1928, by Mrs. Susie Carr Young of Brewer. "The second air has just come to me from a distant past—probably Grand-mother's tune. The first air is the one I use (probably my mother's)."



E.

"FAIR SALLY." Broadside in Brown University Library, Providence; on same sheet with "Jack Munroe." Not listed by Ford. Imprint, "E. Mills, 6 Market Sq., Boston."

- 1 An English fair lady to Old England came,
A beautiful creature, sweet Sally by name;
Her riches were more than a king could possess,
Her wit and her beauty exceeded the rest.
- 2 A noble young squire that lived in the place,
Would have courted this young girl of beauty and grace,
But she, being so gay, so lofty and high,
That on this young squire she would scarce cast an eye.
- 3 O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
I'm sorry that your love and mine can't agree;
Unless that your hatred is turned into love,
I'm sure that your beauty my ruin will prove.
- 4 I have no hatred for you nor for any other man,
But as for to love you is more than I can;
Therefore I would have you now end your discourse,
For I never will have you unless I am forced.
- 5 When six weeks were gone and a little more was past,
This beautiful damsel was taken sick at last,
She was crossed for love and she knew not for why,
So she sent for the squire whom she had denied.
- 6 O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
Am I a doctor that you sent for me;
Yes, you are the doctor that can either kill or cure,
And without your assistance I'm ruined I am sure.
- 7 O where is your pain, is it in your head;
O where is your pain, is it in your side?
O no, answered Sally, the right you haven't guessed,
For the pain it is love, it lies in my heart.

- 8 O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
O don't you remember how you treated me?
When I came to court you, you treated me with scorn,
'Tis now I'll reward you for things past and gone.
- 9 For things past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
O spare me a little time longer to live:
O no, I won't Sally, so long as I've breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth.
- 10 She took from her fingers, it was diamond rings three,
Saying, take them and view them when dancing on me;
I'll freely forgive you, I know you wont me,
So farewell to this earth for 'tis all vanity.
- 11 Farewell to my friends, farewell to my foes,
Farewell to this young man with sorrow and woes,
I'll freely forgive him, I know he wont me,
So farewell to this world for 'tis all vanity.
- 12 He took from his fingers, 'twas diamond rings three,
Saying, take them and keep them and be wedded to me;
Come cheer up your spirits and married we will be,
And none shall live happier than Sally and me.

The two broadsides, C and E, are important as showing that the happy and the unhappy endings of the ballad, represented respectively in Maine A and Maine B, did not originate in Maine. A western text (printed by P.B., JAFLL, XXVII, 74) makes Willie relent and die of grief, after Sally's death. In recent Scottish tradition, "Glenlogie," or "Bonnie Jean of Bethelnie" (Child 238), has been crossed with the present ballad. Two of Gavin Greig's texts of "Glenlogie" (*Folk-Songs of the North-East*, pp. 190-191) have the stanza corresponding to E, 7.

The melodies to A and B (cf. also Campbell and Sharp, "The Brown Girl," A-E, but especially D), are variants of the "Lord Randall-Vilikins" air.

Traces and Jury-Texts

TRACES AND JURY-TEXTS

ONE thing which the ballad-hunter early learns is to preserve all the fragments he happens upon; for they may prove to be his best discoveries.

And even more trivial than the fragments are the traces of old ballads and songs, of which not a single line remains in memory to be quoted, but only a name, a story, or an impression. Many times such a trace of a song has put us upon the track of recovering a more or less complete text.

There remain, however, many traces which thus far we have been unable to turn into Texts. They are too important to be thrown one side; yet at the same time, the name alone means nothing except to one trained in folk-song study. That they may be preserved by anyone who knows of them, amateur or expert, we here give what we know of the occurrence of the ballad and often some standard text representing what has been recalled but could not be repeated. In a few instances we have given a text of an important item on the probability that it will be recovered in Maine.

These texts we have called Jury-Texts, because like the jury-mast of a disabled vessel, they take the place of the real mast, lost in a storm, and serve a useful purpose though admittedly a substitute. To prevent their being mistaken for genuine Maine texts we have placed all this group of material by itself, so that it cannot be confounded with the authentic Maine texts given previously. It should prove to be one of the most useful parts of the book; for each title marks a spot and says, "Dig here!" Like the wise men of Gotham, whose tale would have been longer had their boat been stronger, if we had had more time at command, we could have dug successfully ourselves for a number of the old ballads in the subjoined group.

RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

(Child 1)

WHAT seems to be a trace of this first ballad in the Child Collection was found in New Brunswick, close to the border.

In questioning Mr. George H. O'Mar of Oak Hill, St. Stephen, about "Captain Wedderburn," he seemed to know better the other set of riddles connected with "Riddles Wisely Expounded." Checking up by a copy in Child's Ballads, we found he recognized the refrains of Child A,

Lay the bent to the bonny broom
and
Fa la la la, fa la la la ra re.

Two refrains in connection are usually good ground for identification. He also knew from Child A, stanzas 11, 14, 15, and 18:

If thou canst answer me questions three,
This very day will I marry thee.

.

Or what is louder than the horn,
Or what is sharper than a thorn?

Or what is greener than the grass,
Or what is worse than a woman was?

.

And poyson is greener than the grass,
And the Devil is worse than woman was.

It happens that the riddles in this ballad are so much like those in "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" that by themselves they could hardly constitute a claim to an occurrence, unless the air went with them, and the air did not happen to be known in this instance. Yet in "Captain Wedderburn," it is six questions, not three which are asked; they are asked by the lady but in this ballad by the knight; and the word "poison" never occurs in the ballad.

"Riddles Wisely Expounded" is found in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, which was so well known in New England that this forms an additional point in favor of presuming that Mr. O'Mar knew some lines of Child 1. The ballad has recently been recorded from tradition in the South (Virginia Folk-Lore Society, *Bulletin*, XI, 5).

THE CRUEL BROTHER

(Child 11)

THOUGH we have found no text of "The Cruel Brother" in Maine, we have found several who said that a ballad by that name used to be sung here. Upon Great Gott Island, Mrs. Oliver P. Joyce said her husband used to sing it, and upon the border the title was recognized. The following text, with the air, "as sung by E.S.P., Boston, Mass., in whose family it has been traditional for three generations," which was printed by P.B. in JAFI, XXVIII (1915), 300-301, is reprinted both to call attention to any fragments of it which may be recovered and to serve to distinguish it from "The Two Brothers" and "The Cruel Mother," for which amateur collectors might mistake it.

THE BALLAD OF THE CRUEL BROTHER

BY PHILLIPS BARRY

THE record of British ballads current in America continues to increase, while yet many a treasure awaits those who love and would preserve the folk-songs of our common race. To the number already at hand may now be added "The Cruel Brother," represented by the following sterling version:

Three Ladies played at cup and ball: With a hey! and my lily gay: Three

Knights there came a... mong them all: The rose it smells so sweetly.

- 1 Three Ladies played at cup and ball,—
 (With a hey! and my lily gay!)
 Three Knights there came among them all.
 (The rose it smells so sweetly!)
- 2 And one of them was dressed in green,—
 He asked me to be his queen.

- 3 And one of them was dressed in yellow,—
He asked me to be his fellow.
- 4 And one of them was dressed in red,—
He asked me with him to wed.
- 5 “But you must ask my father the King,
And you must ask my mother the Queen,—
- 6 “And you must ask my sister Anne,
And you must ask my brother John.”
- 7 “Oh, I have asked your father the King,
And I have asked your mother the Queen,—
- 8 “And I have asked your sister Anne,
And I have asked your brother John.”
- 9 Her father led her down the stairs,
Her mother led her down the hall.
- 10 Her sister Anne led her down the walk,
Her brother John put her on her horse.
- 11 And as she stooped to give him a kiss,
He stuck a penknife into her breast.
- 12 “Ride up, ride up, my foremost man!
Methinks my lady looks pale and wan!”
- 13 “Oh what will you leave to your father the King?”
“The golden coach that I ride in.”
- 14 “And what will you leave to your mother the Queen?”
“The golden chair that I sat in.”
- 15 “And what will you leave to your sister Anne?”
“My silver brooch and golden fan.”

- 16 "And what will you leave to your brother John?"
 "A pair of gallows to hang him on."
- 17 "And what will you leave to your brother John's wife?"
 "Grief and misfortune all of her life."

The texts hitherto known—excluding, of course, those obviously defective—agree, in that the bride is killed by her brother because his consent to the wedding has not been sought. In the present version the situation is unique, the brother acting as the agent of his wife's ill will. A motive for the curse in the final stanza is thus clear.

EDWARD

(Child 13)

UNLIMITED effort has thus far failed to secure us a traditional copy of this ballad; but we have found several who say that they had heard it sung. Mrs. James McGill of Chamcook, New Brunswick, goes enough farther to positively identify the first lines of Child A as the form she had heard:

"What bluid's that on thy coat lap,
 Son Davie, son Davie?
 What bluid's that on thy coat lap?
 And the truth come tell to me."

This is the Scotch form, in which the name Davie replaces Edward, used in the English form. We think the Scotch more likely to be the form which will eventually be found in Maine.

The story of the ballad is that the mother, seeing blood upon her son's sword (in the English form), or coat (in the Scotch), questions him closely. At first he says it is the blood of his hawk. But "Hawk's blood was ne'er so red," says she. Then he says it was hound's blood (in the Scotch), or his horse's (in English). But when the mother still declares his answer false, he confesses that he has killed his brother John (in the Scotch) or his father (in the English form). The penance that she places upon him, his bequests to wife and family, and his final curse of his mother as the partner, or instigator, of his crime, vary in the two versions, but are found in both, and make it one of the most dramatic of ballads as well as one of the most tragic.

SIR LIONEL

(Child 18)

CAPT. CHARLES L. DONOVAN of Jonesport was very familiar with "Sir Lionel" as in Child's A version. The vocabulary was carefully gone over with him and the words as written did not look strange to him. The spelling has, therefore, been retained as in Child.

Verses 1-3 were not recognized at all.

- 4 And as he rode over the plaine,
There he saw a knight lay slaine.
- 5 And as he rode still on the plaine,
He saw a lady sitt in a graine.
- 6 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou me,
What blood shedd heere has bee.'
.
- 10 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou mee,
How long thou wilt sitt in *that** tree.'
- 11 She said, 'I will sitt in this tree
Till my friends doe feitch me.'
- 12 'Tell me, lady, and doe not misse,
Where that *your* friends dwellings is.'
- 13 'Downe,' shee said, 'in yonder towne,
There dwells my freinds of great renowne.'
- 14 Says, 'Lady, Ile ryde into yonder towne
And see wether *your* friends beene bowne.
- 15 'I myself wilbe the formost man
That shall come, lady, to feitch you home.'

* Three letters in "that" missing in Percy MS are filled in by italics.

- 16 But as he rode then by the way,
He thought it shame to goe away;
- 17 And vmbethought him of a wile,
How he might that wilde bore beguile.

At this point Captain Donovan could recall no more of the story.

This ballad has been found by Miss McGill in Kentucky and by Campbell and Sharp in North Carolina. In the South, where it is called "Bangum and the Boar," it is often fragmentary and much degraded, the knight, in one text, attacking the boar—around whose den are "the bones of a thousand men"—with no better weapon than a "wooden knife." For records of American texts, see Kittredge, *JAFL*, XXX, 291.

We can present no text of this, for Captain Donovan had to identify what he could remember of his sailors' singing by reference to a printed copy. But Captain Donovan is entirely sure when his texts are "right," even though he does not know the songs to repeat them, and we have much confidence in his identification. Captain Donovan was born in Jonesport sixty-six years ago (statement of October 17, 1927), and is of mixed English, Scotch, and Irish ancestry. His great-grandfather came to America as a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was Irish on his father's side. After the war, he settled in the "woods of Maine" and here married a Scotch woman, named MacDonald, the great-grandmother of Captain Donovan. On his mother's side Captain Donovan is Irish. He has commanded seven vessels, making foreign voyages and employing sailors of many nationalities. He feels sure that what he remembers of these old songs came to him, not from his own family, but from seamen who sailed under him, which explains why he recognizes only the outlines of the story and does not know the text.

THE THREE RAVENS

(Child 26)

THOUGH we do not claim the text, as it was not actually taken down, Capt. Charles L. Donovan of Jonesport knew the old form of this bal-

lad. When shown the copy in Child, taken from Ravenscroft's *Melismata* (London, 1611), out of the ten stanzas he recognized the first seven, given below:

- 1 There were three rauens sat on a tree,
 Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe
 There were three rauens sat on a tree,
 With a downe
 There were three rauens sat on a tree,
 They were as blacke as they might be.
 With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.
- 2 The one of them said to his mate,
 'Where shall we our breakefast take?'
- 3 'Downe in yonder greene field,
 There lies a knight slain vnder his shield.
- 4 'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
 So well they can their master keepe.
- 5 'His hawkes they flie so eagerly,
 There's no fowle dare him come nie.'
- 6 Downe there comes a fallow doe,
 As great with yong as she might goe.
- 7 She lift vp his bloody hed,
 And kist his wounds that were so red.

The last three stanzas about the doe carrying the knight off upon her back and burying him, herself dying before "euen-song time," he did not recall. Captain Donovan said that, as he heard it, the song ended differently. It told how the ravens directed the knight's friends, who bore the man to a hut and fed and tended him, and it included a line,

'Follow me,' quoth the raven.

However, it had the burden of "downe a downe" and the "derry downe," as given in *Melismata*.

The modern form of this song Capt. John T. White of Brewer sang to two very different airs, "Bonny Doon" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The words were precisely like those given by Professor Cox from West Virginia and are far too recent to be of value as traditional texts.

A text in the Barry Collection (deposited in the Harvard University Library), differing verbally from the Southern text, was "sung before 1870, by school children at Fort Kent, Maine," as recollected by M.L.F., of Portland. The air, imperfectly recalled, suggests "Bonnie Doon"; it was customary, among the children who sang it, to "line out" each verse.

THE WHUMMIL BORE

(Child 27)

THIS brief song of the youth who looked through an auger hole (whummil bore), and saw the king's daughter being attired by her maidens, is given by Child from Motherwell's manuscript. The only other copy known in print is a quite dissimilar version in JAFL, XX (1907), 156, which was obtained in Wisconsin, in 1906, from a visitor at Lake Mills, Mrs. McLeod of Dumfries, Scotland, who had learned it of her parents.

To our surprise, Capt. Charles L. Donovan of Jonesport said that he had heard it sung by sailors. He could not recall the words, but he recognized the chorus as given by Motherwell, and said that he never could understand what it meant by

"With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,
Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally."

Mr. John Sprague of Milltown, New Brunswick, said that he, too, had heard the chorus of "The Whummil Bore."

The discovery of the Wisconsin version, with its very different burden, may open up the matter of the recovery of more fragments of this old ballad, which possibly has a connection with the ballad of "Hind

Horn," in which also, in some texts (Child B 1, F 3), the lover sees the king's daughter through an auger hole. The Wisconsin text begins:

"Eighteen lang years hae I sarved the king,
Fa fa limpy fa, dilly down day,
And my ee on his daughter but once did I fling,
Wi' leddle do, willy am, tally down day."

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

(Child 43)

THIS brief ballad has not yet been found in Maine, but it is important to include a text, that it may be diligently sought for. It has been obtained from tradition in the Appalachian Highlands. There is reason to expect that it still survives in the North.

Professor Child found six texts, all Scotch except one broadside in the Douce Collection, which is entitled "The Merry Broomfield, or the West Country Wager." This text, an eighteenth century white-letter copy, admits a degree of coarseness offensive to Child, yet has scarcely more of Grub Street vogue than the average run of early broadside prints of traditional ballads. It is doubtless based on an original of earlier date than any surviving traditional text.

The connection of this ballad with the song "brume brume on hil," quoted in *The Complaynt of Scotland* (by title only), together with "the battal of hayrlaw," "the huntis of chevet," and "the persse and the montgumrye met" (Child 163, 162, 161), as one of the "sueit melodius sangis of natural music of antiquite" (*Early English Texts Society*, XVII, 64-65), is based on very slight evidence. Walter Scott first noted the parallel in his notes to "The Broomfield Hill" (*Minstrelsy*, II, 233): "A more sanguine antiquary than the Editor might perhaps endeavor to identify this poem, which is of undoubted antiquity, with the *Broom, Broom on Hill* mentioned by Lane, in his *Progress of Queen Elizabeth into Warwickshire*, as forming part of Captain Cox's collection so much envied by the black-letter antiquaries of the present day." The same "brume brume on hil" is quoted, as Scott knew from Ritson's *Dissertation*, prefixed to his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, I, lxxxiii, in William Wager's comedy, *The Longer Thou livest*,

the more fool thou art. In the play, Moros, the Fool, enters, singing "the foote of many Songes, as fooles were wont,"

Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill, hill,
Brome, Brome on Hive Hill,
The gentle Brome on Hive hill,
The Brome stands on Hive Hill a,
Robin lende to me thy Bowe, thy Bowe,
Robin the bow, Robin lend to me thy bowe a,

and so on, through a number of similar snatches, obviously introduced to satirize the popular taste in song. The list is a miscellaneous one; unlike the list in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, titles of known popular ballads are quite conspicuous by their total absence. The full text of the round, "Robin lend to me thy bow," is reprinted by Ritson (*Ancient Songs*, II, 69), from "Musicks Miscellanie. Or Mixed varietie of Pleasant Rounde layes and delightfull Catches." The obsolete musical term "foot," meant either a drone bass, or the refrain of a song,—as Idleness says to Moros in the play:

Thou hast songs good stoare, sing one,
And we three the *foote* will beare.

The wording, however, of "Broom, broom on hill" is less suggestive of a refrain than of the form of a catch, or round. The lines in Scott's copy of the ballad,

She pu'd the broom flower on Hive-hill,
And strew'd on's white halse bone,

if not evidence, as Child already suspected (II, 390) of a tampered text, prove at most, nothing more than that the ballad and the catch had been crossed in tradition. Professor Child knew that "The Broom-field Hill" had been reprinted in an American songster, which he was unable to identify, though he quotes three stanzas reprinted in Graham's *Illustrated Magazine*, September, 1858 (Child, I, 390). It so happened that years after Professor Child's death, Mr. Barry discovered this songster and reprinted the ballad in JAFI, XXIV (1911), 14. We quote it entire.

THE BALLAD OF THE BROOMFIELD HILL

BY PHILLIPS BARRY

Six versions of "The Broomfield Hill" are to be found in Professor Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (No. 43). The ballad is still current in England (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, IV, 110-116), and cannot have been extinct in America in 1846, when the following version appeared in a printed songbook. (*The Pearl Songster*, New York, C. P. Huestis, Publisher, 104 Nassau St., corner of Ann, 1846, p. 34.) This version must be ascribed to oral tradition. One naturally expects to find, in songbooks and broadsides, such versions of popular ballads as have fallen under the influence of Grub Street; but sometimes, as in the present instance, one meets with a folk-singer's version quite untouched by the pen of the shoddy minstrel.

GREEN BROOM FIELD

- 1 I'll lay you down five hundred pounds,
Five hundred pounds to ten,
That a maid can't go to the green broom field,
And a maid return again.
- 2 Then quickly speaks a pretty girl,
Her age was scarce sixteen,
Saying, a maid I'll go to the green broom field,
And a maid I'll still be seen.
- 3 Then when she went to the green broom field,
Where her love was fast asleep,
With a grey goose hawk and a green laurel bough,
And a green broom under his feet.
- 4 She then plucked a sprig from out the green broom,
And smelt'd of it so sweet,
She sprinkled a handful over his head,
And another under his feet.
- 5 And when she had done what she thought to do,
She turned her steps away,
She hid herself in a bunch of green brooms,
To hear what her true love would say.

- 6 And when he awoke from out of his sleep,
 An angry man was he,
He looked to the east and he looked to the west
 And he wept for his sweetheart to see.
- 7 Oh! where was you, my grey goose hawk,
 The hawk that I lov'd so dear,
That you did not awake me from out of my sleep,
 When my sweetheart was so near.
- 8 Come saddle me my milk-white steed,
 Come saddle me my brown,
Come saddle me the fleetest horse,
 That ever rode through town.
- 9 You need not saddle your milk-white steed,
 You need not saddle your brown,
For a hare never ran through the street so fast
 As the maid ran through the town.
- 10 If my hawk had awaked me when I was asleep,
 Of her I would had my will,
Or the vultures that fly in the wood by night,
 Of her flesh should have had their fill.

“Goosehawk” is a correct folk-etymology of “goshawk,” the name of a large, fierce hawk, flown at the largest birds. The “vultures” of the last stanza seem more like an American addition to the song, introduced in the South, where the turkey buzzard is familiar; for in Walter Scott’s version, the angry and awful threat of the last stanza above, is made to the milk-white steed in case he cannot overtake the maid, and does not name the bird.

But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
 To come the maiden till,
Or a’ the birds of gude green wood
 Of your flesh shall have their fill.

In five of the six Child texts, as in this, the song begins with a wager. The sprinkling of the broom upon the lover, inducing deeper sleep, was

a charm, and Scott's text says that it was imparted by a "witch woman" who overheard the maiden talking with her mother. In most of the Child texts, it is not alone the hawk, but also the horse, the hound (or the serving man), who are reproached by their angry master for not having awakened him. They all reply that they did their best, by shaking bells, by stamping and making the bridle ring and by patting with their paws, to awaken him while the maid was there. At this point the American version is abbreviated.

Combs, in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, 127-129, prints a text differing but slightly from the one in the *Pearl Songster*. A feature of this text is the line:

Or the *buzzards* that fly high over the sky.

The hawk is a "gay goshork," an indication that the "goose hawk" and the vulture also, probably, of the songster text, have been substituted by the printer. Yet if the latter text cannot be said to be "untouched," it is at least unspoiled.

THE TWO MAGICIANS

(Child 44)

TEXT from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 24 (Child 44). Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford, on being shown this text, said that she knew the song "exactly as it is here," but was unable to repeat it.

- 1 The lady stands in her bower door,
 As straight as willow wand;
 The blacksmith stood a little forebye,
 Wi hammer in his hand.

- 2 'Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,
 Into your robes o red;
 Before the morn at this same time,
 I'll gain your maidenhead.'

- 3 'Awa, awa, ye coal-black smith,
 Woud ye do me the wrang
To think to gain my maidenhead,
 That I hae kept sae lang!'

- 4 Then she has hadden up her hand,
 And she sware by the mold,
'I wudna be a blacksmith's wife
 For the full o a chest o gold.

- 5 'I'd rather I were dead and gone,
 And my body laid in grave,
Ere a rusty stock o coal-black smith
 My maidenhead shoud have.'

- 6 But he has hadden up his hand,
 And he sware by the mass,
'I'll cause ye be my light leman
 For the hauf o that and less.'
 O bide, lady, bide,
 And aye he bade her bide;
 The rusty smith your leman shall be,
 For a' your muckle pride.

- 7 Then she became a turtle dow,
 To fly up in the air,
And he became another dow,
 And they flew pair and pair.
 O bide, lady, bide, &c.

- 8 She turnd hersell into an eel,
 To swim into yon burn,
And he became a speckled trout,
 To gie the eel a turn.
 O bide, lady, bide, &c.

- 9 Then she became a duck, a duck,
To puddle in a peel,
And he became a rose-kaimd drake
To gie the duck a dreel.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.
- 10 She turnd hersell into a hare,
To rin upon yon hill,
And he became a gude grey-hound,
And boldly he did fill.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.
- 11 Then she became a gay grey mare,
And stood in yonder slack,
And he became a gilt saddle,
And sat upon her back.
Was she wae, he held her sae,
And still he bade her bide;
The rusty smith her leman was,
For a' her muckle pride.
- 12 Then she became a het girdle,
And he became a cake,
And a' the ways she turnd hersell,
The blacksmith was her make.
Was she wae, &c.
- 13 She turnd hersell into a ship,
To sail out o'er the flood;
He ca'ed a nail intill her tail,
And syne the ship she stood.
Was she wae, &c.
- 14 Then she became a silken plaid,
And stretchd upon a bed,
And he became a green covering,
And gaird her maidenhead.
Was she wae, &c.

Mrs. Morse says that she particularly remembers the "ship and the nail" stanza. She had heard the song mentioned, but not sung, by someone in this country. In Ireland, Old Andy and Tommy Hearn, the fiddler, who used to sing, in English, Scotch, and Irish, the songs they picked up in their wanderings through the three countries, used to sing this. "A blacksmith named Barron, who had been a smith in the English army, used to get mad when he heard this sung. All his family were terrible drunkards, and he seemed to regard this song as a personal insult and would argue with Tommy Hearn, the fiddler, about it. He spoke half English and half Irish, hard to understand."

Professor Child knew but one version of the song. However, it had English forms, one of which is given, with the music, in *Folk-Songs, Chanteys and Singing Games*, by Charles H. Farnsworth and Cecil J. Sharp (Novello, and Company, Ltd., London). It is very unlike the Scotch form. It has a long chorus, declaring that she would die a maid rather than have "such a nasty, husky, dusky, musty, fussy coal-black-smith."

A secondary form of "The Two Magicians" is well known to Irish Singers. In the Barry Collection (deposited in the Harvard University Library), is a text of this secondary form, obtained with the air, in Boston, from a native of County Tyrone. The first stanza is:

If fair maids were hares, they'd run o'er the mountains,
If fair maids were hares, they'd run o'er the mountains,
Young men, to be hounds, they'd soon follow after,
To me fol the deedle lol tol lol lol tol lol lee.

Compare "The Two Magicians," stanza 10.

KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP

(Child 45)

AN excellent melody and a partial text obtained in Providence, R. I., in 1907, by Mr. Barry, was contributed to JAFI, XXI (1908), 57. Though we have not found a text, not having looked assiduously for one, we were told by Mr. John Sprague of Milltown, New Brunswick, that he had heard the song sung, though he did not know it himself.

THE CHERRY TREE CAROL

(Child 54)

THE brief and well-known carol beginning,

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
And he married Mary,
The Queen of Galilee,

was familiar to Mrs. Rose Robbins of Northeast Harbor, Maine, in the same form found by Miss McGill in Kentucky and quoted by Miss Pound in her *American Ballads and Songs*, p. 47. Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford said that she learned substantially the same form in Ireland, only the tree was an apple tree instead of a cherry tree and "Virgin" was placed before the name of Mary, or stood instead of it, as the meter required. The old Irish legend accounted for the low growth of the apple tree by its having bowed down to the Virgin. Mrs. Morse recalled particularly Child A 7, the highest branch bending down. Mrs. Phebe J. Stanley of Baker Island said that she had heard the song sung on the island in her youth. None of those who recognized the song could quote any part of it.

FAIR ANNIE

(Child 62)

A.

CHILD MSS, Harvard University Library, XXIII, 247. Given to Professor Child by Mrs. J. P. Hopkinson, Cambridge, Mass., as sung by her mother (who was my great-aunt. P.B.).

- 1 "Farewell, farewell! fair Anna," he cries,
"You must learn to lie alone,
While I go over the raging seas,
And fetch a new bride home."

- 2 "Who will make your wedding cake,
And who will brew your ale,
And who will welcome the gay lady
That you bring over the gale?"

- 3 "I will make your wedding cake,
And I will brew your ale,
But I will not welcome the gay lady
That you bring over the gale."

- 4 It was a year unto a day,
When he returned to land,
Fair Anna went up into a high tower,
With a spyglass in her hand.

- 5 She called her seven sons to her,
By one, by two by three,
Saying to the oldest of them all,
"Do you see what I do see?"
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- 6 "I have made your wedding cake,
And I have brewed your ale,
And I will welcome the gay lady
That you fetch over the gale."
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.
- 7 "King David is my father,
Queen Esther is my mother,
Prince Edward is my own brother,
And I'm sure *you are my sister.*"

The textual affinities of the foregoing version, which is purely traditional, are with Child D, E, F, but it is independent of all three. The singularly picturesque phrase "over the gale," corresponds to "over the dale" in Child's texts, as in Child I 14, the spyglass has been replaced by a "silken seam."

No text of this ballad has been recorded in Maine. There is no doubt whatever that versions of it will yet be recovered from northern tradi-

tion. An excellent text has been printed by Combs (from West Virginia) in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, pp. 129 ff. A fragment of this ballad, also known as "Lady Eleanor," was printed as a query in "Everybody's Column" of the *Boston Sunday Globe*, April 18, 1920:

"Rise up, rise up, Lady Eleanor," he said,
 "And comb your hair unto your knees,
 That you may look a maiden like,
 The day I come over the main."

LADY MAISRY

(Child 65)

MRS. FRED W. MORSE of Islesford could recall that when she was a young child, old Andy, the strolling singer of ballads in Ireland, used to sing a song which she had overheard by stealth through the floor or when her grandparents were nodding by the fire, about a brother who called his sister a whore. There was something in it about a mother, or father, and a brother and sister, but she could recall nothing but the one objectionable word and she never could understand why the song was barred to the children and could only be heard surreptitiously.

There can be no question but this must have been the old ballad of "Lady Maisry," whose family burned her at the stake because she had loved too well an English lord, who arrived too late to save her and who took dire vengeance upon her kindred. We have no other trace of it as yet. The ballad is traditional in the South (Virginia Folk-Lore Society, *Bulletin*, XI, p. 5); we should expect, therefore, to find it in the North, where "The Cruel Mother" and "Little Matthy Groves" have survived in forms identical with those recorded in the Appalachian Highlands. There are in "Lady Maisry," moreover, certain stanzas which appear also in "Little Matthy Groves." In both, the little page comes running at top speed to his lord, with news, bending his breast and swimming at the rivers, running elsewhere. In both he is greeted with the question:

"O, is my biggins broken, boy?
 Or is my towers won?
 Or is my lady lighter yet
 Of a dear daughter or son?"

The two ballads have so much in common that, if both existed together upon Maine soil, the fragments might have become intermixed. "Lady Maisry" is less likely to be recognized as a separate text by lines remembered than by the detail of her enraged family's harsh condemnation of her and by their cruelty to her, details which may occur in some other song which has been crossed with this.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

(Child 79)

A.

MRS. FRED W. MORSE of Islesford indicated this as the form she had heard in Ireland in her childhood. Of the four texts given in the abridged Child she said that D was nearest the one she knew. This is an American text "communicated, 1896, by Miss Emma M. Backus, of North Carolina, who notes that it has long been sung by the 'poor whites' in the mountains of Polk County in that state." Of the texts given by Cox, Mrs. Morse knew all of A, except the last stanza, for which she substituted B 9.

The following text is Cox A, which has no authenticity of phrase in Maine, though it probably outlines fairly enough the form brought here by Irish emigrants.

- 1 There was a lady, a fair lady,
 And she had fair children three;
 She sent them away to the North country,
 To be taught their grammaree.
- 2 They'd been gone but a short time,
 About three weeks and a day,
 When death, swift death, came hastening along,
 And took those pretty ones away.

- 3 "There's a king in heaven, I know,
A king that wears a crown;
Pray send me down my children dear,
To-night or in the morning soon."
- 4 It was about the New Year's time,
The nights being long and cold,
When lo! she saw her three little ones,
Coming down to their mother's home.
- 5 She spread a table bounteously,
And on it spread bread and wine,
Saying, "Come eat and drink, children dear,
Come eat and drink of mine."
- 6 "We want none of your bread, mother,
And we want none of your wine;
For we are children of the King,
We have food and drink divine."
- 7 She spread a downy bed for them,
And on it spread clean sheets;
And on it she spread a golden spread,
That they might for the better sleep.
- 8 "Take it off, take it off," the oldest said,
" 'Tis vanity and sin;
And woe, woe be to this wicked world,
Since pride has so entered in!"

Mrs. Morse said that it was at Christmas the children returned, not at New Year.

B.

MRS. FRED W. MORSE also gave a second version, or at least stanzas given by Cox from another source, most of which fill in gaps in the first form to complete the ballad. From an old lady named Mearn, born in

Ireland, but reared in England and coming later to Nova Scotia, she had heard the following stanzas from Cox B 7 and 8 and D 6, 7, 8, the last quoted here as the beginning of this text. In stanza 5 Mrs. Morse said "cocks," instead of "chickens" as in Cox.

- 1 She sprang to fold them in her arms,
The tears flowing fastly away;
"Stand back, stand back, dear mother,
Our Saviour we must obey."
- 2 "What news, what news, my dear little babes,
What news have you brought to me?
What news have you brought, my dear little babes,
From the foreign country?"
- 3 "Green grass grows at our head, dear mother,
Cold clay lays at our feet;
Every tear that rolls down your cheek,
Wets our winding sheet."
- 4 "Take it off, take it off," said the oldest one,
"Take it off, take it off, I say;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear
And to him we must return.
- 5 "Rise up, rise up," said the oldest one,
"The cocks are crowing for day;
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
And him we must obey."

That these two copies are parts of the same ballad, making a more complete version if joined together, is easily seen. Instead of uniting the two, as we should be justified in doing in a jury-text (if we may impress a nautical term, to indicate a substitute), we have kept the two apart to show how Mrs. Morse's (our A) text resembles the American Child D, from the South. The two are closely similar except for the last stanza of the Child text, which appears as the third of Mrs. Mearn's form.

LADY ALICE

(Child 85)

"GILES COLLIN." Child's C version of "Lady Alice" was one of the songs well known to Captain Charles L. Donovan of Jonesport, as sung by sailors on board vessels he commanded many years ago.

- 1 Giles Collin he said to his mother one day,
 'Oh, mother, come bind up my head!
 For tomorrow morning before it is day
 I'm sure I shall be dead.
- 2 'Oh, mother, oh mother, if I should die,
 And I am sure I shall,
 I will not be buried in our churchyard,
 But under Lady Alice's wall.'
- 3 His mother she made him some water-gruel,
 And stirred it up with a spoon;
 Giles Collin he ate but one spoonful,
 And died before it was noon.

- 5 'What bear ye there, ye six tall men?
 What bear ye on your shourn?'
 'We bear the body of Giles Collin,
 Who was a true lover of yourn.'
- 6 'Down with him, down with him, upon the grass,
 The grass that grows so green;
 For tomorrow morning before it is day
 My body shall lie by him.'

- 8 Giles Collin was laid in the lower chancel,
 Lady Alice all in the higher;
 There grew up a rose from Lady Alice's breast,
 And from Giles Collin's a briar.

- 9 And they grew, and they grew, to the very church-top,
 Until they could grow no higher,
 And twisted and twined in a true lover's knot,
 Which made all the parish admire.

Three texts from Mississippi were printed in JAFL, XXXIX, 102-105. See also Kittredge, in JAFL, XXX, 317-318.

YOUNG BENJIE

(Child 86)

THE story of the rather unfamiliar ballad of "Young Benjie," recorded by Scott in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, is that fair Marjorie is drowned by her false lover and her body is found later by her brothers, who recognize it by a mole upon the chin. In the middle of the night the cock crows and the corpse begins to show signs of life. The brothers, watching by it, ask, "Who has done you wrong, sister?" The corpse replies, "Young Benjie was the first man I laid my love upon, and he threw me over the linn."—"Shall we behead young Benjie, sister? or shall we hang him? or shall we put out his two gray eyes?"—"Ye shall not behead Benjie, brother, ye shall not hang Benjie, but ye must put out his two gray eyes, and punish him before he goes; and let the best man about your house wait upon him."

Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford recognized this song as one which she had heard sung in Ireland in her childhood; but she did not say by whom it was sung nor in what dialect. Many of the songs she heard were in English, others in Scotch dialect, and others in Gaelic.

PRINCE ROBERT

(Child 87)

THE story of "Prince Robert" is that he has secretly wedded a lady whom he does not bring home. He asks his mother's blessing, but instead she gives him a curse and proffers him a cup of poisoned wine of which he drinks, while she merely touches it to her lips. Realizing that he has

been poisoned, he sends a page to bring his bride, but she does not arrive until after his death. The bride says she cares for none of his gold nor lands, but she would like the ring from his smallest finger. The mother-in-law denies her that. The bride dies at once of heart-break and the two are buried together in St. Mary's Church. The familiar birch and briar spring from their graves and intertwine as a sign that "they were two lovers dear."

Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford knew this ballad. She recognized every stanza of Child A, except stanza 11. Undoubtedly she had heard it sung in Ireland in her childhood. It may have been brought in textual form to this country by some family from southeastern Ireland, but we have found no other trace of it in Maine.

"Prince Robert" was found by Dr. Josiah H. Combs in West Virginia. The text is given in his *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, a thesis for a doctor's degree at the University of Paris, France, 1925.

WILLIE O DOUGLAS DALE

(Child 101)

THIS is the story of Willie of Douglas Dale, who served at the King of England's court and won the love of the King's daughter, Dame Oliphant. Before her child is born she goes with Willie to Scotland. Apparently the child is born while on the way thither, and she leaves the baby with a shepherd's daughter to nurse while she and Willie go to his earldom of Douglas Dale.

Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford recognized the whole of this ballad. Though she could repeat none of it, she went through the version in the abridged edition of Child's Ballads and said that she knew the whole of it as printed there.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT

(Child 112)

CAPT. CHARLES L. DONOVAN of Jonesport recognized this as one of the songs sung on his sailing vessels, but he distinctly remembered that

verse seven was different from Child's version, and was able to supply the two lines that differed. We take the lines from Child A (from Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*), excepting the two last.

- 1 Yonder comes a courteous knight,
Lustely raking ouer the lay;
He was wel ware of a bonny lasse,
As she came wandring ouer the way.
Then she sang downe a downe, hey downe derry (*bis*)
- 2 'Ioue you speed, fayre lady,' he said,
'Among the leaves that be so greene;
If I were a king, and wore a crowne,
Full soone, fair lady, shouldst thou be a queen.'
- 4 Then he lookt east, then he lookt west,
Hee lookt north, so did he south;
He could not find a priuy place,
For all lay in the diuel's mouth.
- 5 'If you will carry me, gentle sir,
A mayde unto my father's hall,
Then you shall haue your will of me,
Vnder purple and vnder paule.'
- 7 When she came to her father's hall,
It was well walled round about;
She rode till she came to her own cottage door,
'Twas there she went within and left the knight without.

This song was certainly very familiar in Maine under the name of "Katie Morey." Shoemaker's *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, p. 125, has a good modernized copy called "Kitty Maury."

Variations of this theme were very common in the old black-letter ballads. Ebsworth, in *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 437, says: "The earliest known version is in *Deuteromelia*, 1609." Richard Clymsall had a ver-

sion, 1637, entitled "The Politick Maid." In this she deceived the knight whose dishonorable intentions she wished to evade. In a second part, when he still pursues her, she dumps him into the river by a stratagem. In a third part, she hobbles him by pulling his boots halfway off and leaving him unable to chase after her. And in a fourth part, she induces him to cross the moat of her father's castle upon a plank partly sawed in two, which breaks beneath his weight. It was the continued story of the ballad mongers.

Late in the same century the ever popular ballad was taken up again in new forms. Tom D'Urfey wrote one which was licensed by Roger Pocock, 1685-1687, entitled, "The Northern Ditty; or the Scotchman outwitted by the Country Damsel. To an excellent new Scotch Tune of 'Cold and Raw the North did blow.' " This was followed by "An Answer to 'Cold and Raw,' " and by "The Third Merry Ditty of Cold and Raw," and last of all by "Roger's Renown," all to the same tune of "Cold and Raw." Roger is the husband of Kate, the heroine of the series. All these ballads are given in *Roxburghe*, VII, 233-237.

Other examples of the theme in *Roxburghe* are, VII, 426, "The Witty Maid of the West, or the Miller well thrashed by Robin the Ploughman," date about 1685-1688; and "The West Country Lawyer, or the Witty Maid's Good Fortune. To the tune of The Baffled Knight," *Roxburghe*, VII, 428 (date before 1693). But it should be noted that "The False Knight Outwitted," *Roxburghe*, VII, 383, is the old ballad of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight," in no way connected with the present series of tales.

The tune of "Cold and Raw" was known by a number of names, such as "Stingo" and "Oil of Barley," and may be found in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. In this country a song called "The Farmer's Daughter, or the Barley Maid," was printed as a broadside by Nathaniel Coverly, Jr., before 1813. (Ford: *The Isaiah Thomas Collection*, 86.) It may be regarded as a derivative of "The Baffled Knight"; but, as in all old songs having to do with barley or having a refrain of "Whack fol de rol," the seeker for it is forewarned what to expect.

THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD

(Child 132)

TEXT from *The American Songster*, p. 207, published by Philip J. Cozens, 107 Nassau Street, New York City, no date, but before 1850.

- 1 There chanced to be a pedlar bold,
A pedlar bold he chanced to be,
He put his pack on his back,
And so merrily trudg'd o'er the lee.
- 2 By chance he met two troublesome men,
Two troublesome men they chanced to be,
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
And the other was Little John so free.
- 3 Oh, pedlar, pedlar, what is in thy pack.
Come speedily and tell to me,
I've several suits of the gay green silks,
And silken bow strings by two or three.
- 4 If you have several suits of the gay green silks,
And silken bow-strings two or three,
Then its by my body cries Little John,
One half your pack shall belong to me.
- 5 Oh nay, oh nay, says the pedlar bold,
Oh nay that never can be,
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham
Can take one half my pack from me.
- 6 Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack,
And he put it a little below his knee,
Saying if you do move me one perch* from this
My pack and all shall gang with thee.

* Perch—rod.

- 7 Then litle John he drew his sword,
The pedlar by his pack did stand,
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried pedlar pray hold your hand.
- 8 The Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartily,
Saying I could find a man of smaller scale,
Could thrash the pedlar and also thee.
- 9 Go try, master, says Litle John,
Go try master most speedily,
Or by my body says little John,
I am sure this night you will know.*
- 10 Then noble Robin he drew his sword,
And the pedlar by his pack did stand,
They fought until the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cry'd Pedlar pray hold your hand.
- 11 Oh Pedlar, Pedlar what is thy name,
Come speedily and tell it to me,
My name my name I ne'er will tell,
Till both your names you have told to me.
- 12 The one of us bold Robin Hood,
And the other is little John so free,
Now says the Pedlar it lays to my good will,
Whether my name I choose to tell to thee.
- 13 I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travell'd far beyond the sea,
For killing a man in my father's land,
And from my country was forc'd to flee.

* For, "I am sure this night you will not know me."

- 14 If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travell'd far beyond the sea,
You are my mother's own sister's son,
What nearer cousins then can we be.
- 15 They sheathed their swords with friendly words
So merrily they did agree,
They went to a tavern and there they dined,
And cracked bottles most merrily.

No text of this old ballad has as yet been recovered, though it is sure to be found in Maine; but for a special reason it seems important to include it. In the *American Songster* published by Cozzens (there being at least four other *American Songsters* known to us, none of them with sufficient means of identification), it appears next to "Robin Hood Rescuing the Three Squires," there called "Bold Robin Hood." Both seem to be from stall copies, apparently English, if we may judge by the spelling of "pedlar." We have found a good traditional copy of the rescue of the squires, and it will be only a question of search to locate this song.

Yet it is not this text which should be sought for diligently, although this is the one printed by Professor Child, from Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (1846). Dixon says that he got his text from an aged woman in Bermondsey, Surrey, "who informed him that she had often heard her grandmother sing it, and that it never was in print." However, he says that he "has of late met several common stall copies." *The American Songster* must have been printed about the same time as Dixon's book. No one copying from his text would have changed it to this illiterate form, although they run parallel, verse for verse and line for line. (The spelling "litle" for "little," by the way, probably marks the old pronunciation "leetle," well remembered by one of the editors as very common in New England.) The form of the songster text indicates a stall copy of about the second quarter of the nineteenth century. If the ballad came to America by way of this broadside, it must have been of comparatively late introduction.

But what the collector should seek with diligence is not the text of this ballad, but of the older underlying one, "Robin Hood Newly Re-

vived" (Child 128). This is the same story of Robin Hood's contest with his own nephew, Will Gamwell, who becomes "Gamble Gold," perhaps by way of being Gamwell Bold. He is not peddling with a pack; but, attired like a gentleman, is escaping the law with a leisureliness which must have caused gratification even to his redoubtable uncle.

For killing of my own father's steward,
I am forced to this English wood,
And for to seek an uncle of mine;
Some call him Robin Hood, (Stanza 18)

is his explanation when the fighting with broadswords—which Robin regarded as less deadly than the bow—is over. Robin Hood was walking at midday in the forest and

There was he met of a deft young man
As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet it was of silk, he said,
His stockings like scarlet shone,
And he walkt on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown. (Stanzas 3, 4)

Robin Hood's well-meant offer to make the stranger one of his yeomen is rejected with scorn and a challenge to fight, in which the stranger proves the better man. Explanations follow in which Young Gamwell, hereafter known as Will Scarlet, learns that he has found the relation he was seeking.

But Lord! what kissing and courting was there,
When these two cousins did greet!
And they went all that summers day,
And Little John did meet. (Stanza 20)

This is no baseborn ballad. Professor Child says, "The story seems to have been built up on a portion of the ruins of the fine tale of Gamelyn. (See Skeat's *Chaucer*, IV, 645 ff.)" At least it existed in old broadsheets. Anthony à Wood and Pepys had it in their collections, according to Professor Child, and it was in the *Robin Hood Garland* of 1663 and 1670, and has been reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*,

II, 426. It is a wholesome, merry tale, and by good rights should have come to America when the other old songs of the same period were brought over. There is at least a chance that it may yet be found in this country. The ballad should be sought for, especially in view of the fact that "Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon" (Child 129), the so-called *second part* of "Robin Hood Newly Revived," has been recorded by us as traditional in New Brunswick. Both ballads, when printed in seventeenth-century broadsides, were set to the same air.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD

(Child 135)

MRS. FRED W. MORSE of Islesford recalled having heard this old ballad in Ireland in her childhood, and marked the following stanzas of the Child text as familiar: 1, 4-7, 11, 13-20, 22-23, 25, 28. It is probable that the descendants of emigrants from Waterford and Wexford may still recall at least fragments of this old song and possibly the air to which it was sung.

SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

(Child 155)

No text of this has been found in Maine, but Mrs. Fred W. Morse of Islesford said that she had heard the song sung in Ireland—"but not of a Jew!" We infer that Protestants might have done the foul deed.

Little Sir Hugh, while playing, knocked his ball through a Jew's window. He sees the Jew's daughter looking out of the castle window and asks her to throw him his ball; but she refuses, saying he must come to her first. As he is afraid to enter the castle, she goes down to the garden and entices the child in with a bright red apple. Then she kills him and throws his body into a well. His mother, missing him, sets out to find him. When she calls, he answers from the well and tells her to go home and prepare his winding sheet and he will meet her in the morning at the back of merry Lincoln.

Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,
 Made him a winding sheet,
 And at the back o merry Lincoln
 The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o merry Lincoln
 Without men's hands were rung,
 And a' the books o merry Lincoln
 Were read without man's tongue,
 And ne'er was such a burial
 Sin Adam's days begun.

(Child A, stanzas 16, 17)

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION

(Child 156)

MRS. FRED W. MORSE of Islesford who has lived in this country for many years, distinctly remembers hearing this song sung in her childhood in Ireland by "Old Andy," the beggar who used to come to her grandfather's house, and she learned it from him just as it is given in Child A. She says that her grandfather, a Roman Catholic, was provoked because the song says that *two* friars heard a confession, which made him call the song foolish, and remark, "That's what the Protestants of England used to do." Inasmuch as Mrs. Morse knew every word just as given in Child A, this text is here reproduced.

- 1 Queen Elenor was a sick woman,
 And afraid that she should dye;
 Then she sent for two fryars of France,
 For to speak with them speedily.
- 2 The King calld down his nobles all,
 By one, by two, and by three,
 And sent away for Earl Martial,
 For to speak with him speedily.

- 3 When that he came before the King,
 He fell on his bended knee;
 ‘A boon, a boon! our gracious King,
 That you sent so hastily.’
- 4 ‘I’ll pawn my living and my lands,
 My septer and my crown,
 That whatever Queen Elenor says,
 I will not write it down.
- 5 ‘Do you put on one fryar’s coat,
 And I’ll put on another,
 And we will to Queen Elenor go,
 One fryar like another.’
- 6 Thus both attired then they go;
 When they came to Whitehall,
 The bells they did ring, and the quiristers sing,
 And the torches did light them all.
- 7 When that they came before the Queen,
 They fell on their bended knee:
 ‘A boon, a boon! our gracious queen,
 That you sent so hastily.’
- 8 ‘Are you two fryars of France?’ she said,
 ‘Which I suppose you to be;
 But if you are two English fryars,
 Then hanged shall you be.’
- 9 ‘We are two fryars of France,’ they said,
 ‘As you suppose we be;
 We have not been at any mass
 Since we came from the sea.’
- 10 ‘The first vile thing that ere I did
 I will to you unfold;
 Earl Martial had my maidenhead,
 Underneath this cloath of gold.’

- 11 'That is a vile sin,' then said the king,
 'God may forgive it thee!'
 'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
 With a heavy heart then spoke he.
- 12 'The next vile thing that ere I did
 To you I'll not deny;
I made a box of poyson strong,
 To poyson King Henry.'
- 13 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,
 'God may forgive it thee!'
 'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
 'And I wish it so may be.'
- 14 'The next vile thing that ere I did
 To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamond,
 All in fair Woodstock bower.'
- 15 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,
 'God may forgive it thee!'
 'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
 'And I wish it so may be.'
- 16 'Do you see yonders little boy,
 A tossing of that ball?
That is Earl Martial['s] eldest son,
 And I love him the best of all.
- 17 'Do you see yonders little boy,
 A catching of the ball?
That is King Henry's son,' she said,
 'And I love him the worst of all.
- 18 'His head is like unto a bull,
 His nose is like a boar;'
 'No matter for that,' King Henry said,
 'I love him the better therefore.'

- 19 The King pulld of his fryar's coat,
 And appeard all in red;
 She shriekd and she cry'd, she wrong her hands,
 And said she was betrayd.
- 20 The King lookd over his left shoulder,
 And a grim look looked he,
 And said, Earl Martial, but for my oath,
 Then hanged shouldst thou be.

GUDE WALLACE

(Child 157)

THIS characteristically Scotch ballad was known to Capt. Charles L. Donovan of Jonesport, although he could not quote it. Captain Donovan, while in port, used to spend his spare time in libraries and book-stores, making English history his special study. He was so well read in English and Scottish history that a ballad with Wallace for its hero was easily recognized by him. He knew parts of Child A and G, but more of the latter, as follows:

- 1 Woud ye hear of William Wallace,
 An sek him as he goes,
 Into the lan of Lanark,
 Amang his mortel faes?

- 4 'This verra nicht at seven,
 Brave Wallace will come in,
 And he'll come to my chamber-door,
 Without or dread or din.'
- 5 The fyften English sogers
 Around the house did wait,
 And four brave southron foragers
 Stood hie upon the gait.

- 6 That verra nicht at seven
 Brave Wallace he came in,
 And he came to his ladie's bouir,
 Withouten dread or din.
- 7 When she beheld him Wallace,
 She star'd him in the face;
 'Ohon, alas!' said that ladie,
 'This is a woful case.'
- 8 'For I this nicht have sold you,
 This nicht you must be taen,
 And I'm to be wedded to a lord,
 The best in Christendeem.'

From Child A, Captain Donovan recognized only stanza 17:

'Rise up, goodwife,' said Wallace then,
 'And give me something for to eat;
 For it's near two days to an end
 Since I tasted one bit of meat.'

In Child's A version, the story starts with the episode related in G 18-22. G 1-17 prefixes, as Child says, another adventure of Wallace, the story of his putting on his wife's clothes and going to the well, where he is mistaken for one of her maidens. When the foragers arrive he throws down his pitchers and suddenly slays them all. Verses 23 to the end of G relate that Wallace changes clothes with a beggar and kills those who come to kill him.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

(Child 170)

MRS. FRED W. MORSE knew the whole of Child's version A, but did not recognize version B at all. The song refers to Jane Seymour, wife of Henry VIII, who died in 1537, soon after the birth of her son, who became King Edward VI.

KING JAMES AND BROWN

(Child 180)

CAPT. CHARLES L. DONOVAN of Jonesport had heard this and indicated the first seven stanzas of Child's version as familiar. They are, modernized:

- 1 As I did walk myself alone,
And by one garden green,
I heard a young prince make great moan
Which did turn my heart to teene.
- 2 "O Lord!" he said then unto me,
"Why have I lived so long?
For yonder comes a cruel Scot,"
Quoth he, "that will do me some wrong."
- 3 And then came traitor Douglas there,
He came for to betray his king;
Some they brought bills and some they brought bows,
And some they brought other things.
- 4 The king was above in a gallery,
With a heavy heart;
Unto his body was set about
With swords and spears so sharp.
- 5 "Be you the lords of Scotland," he said,
"That hither for counsel seek to me?
Or be you traitors to my crown,
My blood that you would see?"
- 6 "We are the lords of Scotland," they said,
"Nothing we come to crave of thee;
But we be traitors to thy crown,
Thy blood that we will see."
- 7 "O, fie upon you, you false Scots!
For you never all true will be;
My grandfather you have slain,
And caused my mother to flee."

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

(Child 181)

CAPT. CHARLES L. DONOVAN of Jonesport recognized parts of both versions in the abridged edition of *Child's Ballads* as lines he had heard sung. Those he indicated were:

A.

- 1 Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they layd him on the green.
- 2 Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi you
But forbade you him to slay.
- 3 He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O, he might have been a king!

B.

- 1 Open the gates,
and let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
he'll do him nae harm.
 - 2 The gates they were opent,
they let him come in,
But fause traitor Huntly,
he did him great harm.
 - 3 He's ben and ben
and ben to his bed,
And with a sharp rapier
he stabbed him dead.
-

- 6 "Where hae ye been,
and how hae ye sped?"
"I've killed the Earl of Murray,
dead in his bed."
- 7 "Foul fa you, Huntly!
and why did ye so?
You might have taen the Earl o Murray
and saved his life too."

It remains to be seen whether anyone else will know this song in some version which combines these two parts, though they are metrically unlike. Captain Donovan called the song "The Treachery of Huntley." The text printed by Professor Beatty (JAFL, XX, 156), from the recitation of Mrs. McLeod of Dumfries, Scotland, of four stanzas, in the meter of Child A, has the first two stanzas corresponding to A 1, 2; the fourth to B 9; while the third is nearer to B 4, than to A 6. It should perhaps be noted that the meter of Child B, and some of the words not given above, are very close to "Bonny George Campbell."

JAMIE DOUGLAS

(Child 204)

"O WALY, WALY." Sent in by Mrs. James McGill, Chamcook, New Brunswick.

- 1 When I was young, I was weel beloved,
By all young men in this countrie,
When I was bloomin' all in my blossom,
A fause young man he deceived me.

CHORUS

O waly, waly up yon bank,
An waly, waly down yon brae,
O waly by yon burnie side,
Where me an' my true love were wont to gae.

- 2 I did not know he was going to leave me,
Till the next mornin' when he came in,—
He sat doon an' began a talkin',
O then my sorrows they did begin.
- 3 I lean'd my back unto an oak,
An' thocht it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent an' syne it broke,
An' sae did my fause love tae me.
- 4 I left my father, I left my mother,
I left my sisters an' brothers too,
I left my frien's an' myne all relations,
I've left them all to go wi' you.
- 5 O why for should I busk my goon,
Or why for should I kame my hair,
For my true love's forsaken me,
An' says he'll never loo'e me mair.
- 6 When we cam' in by Glesca' toon,
We were a bonnie sicht tae see,
My love was dressed in velvet black,
An' I mysel' in silken cramisie.
- 7 But had I wist afore I kissed,
That love had been sae ill tae win,
I'd locked my heart in a case o' gold,
An' sealed it in wi' a silver pin.
- 8 I wish my baby it were born,
An' set upon its nurse's knee,
An I mysel' was dead an gone,
An' the green grass growin' over me.
- 9 O Martinmas win', when wilt thou blaw,
An' shake the green leaves off the tree,
O gentle Death, when wilt thou com'?
For o' my life I am wearie.

Child notes (IV, 92) that thirteen of his texts of "Jamie Douglas" have "from one stanza to four of a beautiful song, known from the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and printed fifty years earlier than any copy of the ballad. This song is the lament of an unmarried woman for a lover who has proved false, and, as we find by the last stanza, has left her with an unborn babe. A, C, have this stanza, although the lady has borne three children (as she has in every version except the fragmentary E)." A text of this song is printed by Child in IV, 92-93, from Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*: in it, stanzas 2, 4, 8, 9, 10 (in part), 6, and 1, correspond to our A 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and *chorus*. Though Child inclines to the view that the stanzas which are common to the ballad and the song belong to the latter, he adds in a footnote, that "stanza 8, 'When we came in by Glasgow town,' etc., hardly suits the song, and would be entirely appropriate to the ballad (as it is in A 2). It may have been taken up from this ballad (which must date from the last quarter of the seventeenth century), or from some other."

As a ballad, "Jamie Douglas" compares unfavorably even with late stuff, let alone such treasures of the best popular poetry as "The Cruel Mother" or "Fair Annie." Its conflate character is evident, even upon a superficial examination. The two best lines in it are in the stanza corresponding to our A 3 (Ramsay 2) which have been lifted from "The Cruel Mother." Child E 6 of "Jamie Douglas" has:

"But I'll cast aff my robes o red,
And I'll put on my robes o blue,"

of which the first is in "Hind Horn" (Child A 21, B 21). A stanza of "The Demon Lover" (Child 243, F 12):

"O, hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you where the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy,"

has in several versions of "Jamie Douglas" been expanded into two (compare C 12-13, E 4, F 15-16, G 14-15, etc.). The result of such obvious borrowings leads in C to utter absurdity: the woman is at the same time an unmarried mother who wishes her baby born and herself

dead, and a deserted wife with three children, escorted by soldiers to the home of her father, who proposes to enter a suit for divorce:

"Hold your tongue, daughter," my father said,
 "And with your weeping let me be;
 And we'll get out a bill of divorce,
 And I'll get a far better lord to thee."

"O hold your tongue, father" she says,
 "And with your talking let me be;
 I wad na gie a kiss o my ain lord's lips
 For a' the men in the west country."

"Oh, an I had my baby born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I myself were dead and gone,
 For a maid again I will never be."

(Stanzas 12-14, Child IV, 96)

In several texts of the ballad, Jamie Douglas deserts his wife because of slanderous charges against her. The slanderer is a person to be cursed, and what better curse could the balladist put into her mouth than the one from "The Lowlands of Holland"? Thus in Child E, she says:

"There shall na wash come on my face,
 There shall na kaim come on my hair,
 There shall neither coal nor candle light
 Be seen intil my bouer na mair,

"O wae be to thee, Blackwood,
 And an ill death may ye dee!
 For ye've been the haill occasion
 Of parting my lord and me."

(Stanzas 7, 8, Child IV, 97)

No one will maintain in that these stanzas are an improvement on the lines of "The Lowlands of Holland," sung by a Prince Edward islander in 1914:

"There will ne'er a sash go round my waist, nor comb go in my hair
 Neither fire, coal, nor candlelight to show my beauty fair.
 My curse rest on that captain that parted my love and me!

"And neither will I married be until the day I dee,
Since stormy winds and cruel waves have parted my love and me.
My curse rest on that captain that parted my love and me!"

(F. H. Eckstorm and M. W. Smyth, *Minstrelsy of Maine*, p. 139)

Of Mrs. McGill's text, which is to be referred to Ramsay's song, rather than to the ballad, but which is here printed on the chance that it may awaken some memories of a full text of "Jamie Douglas," stanzas 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the chorus, are in various texts of the ballad, as printed by Child. Stanzas 1, 2, 4, are not in "Jamie Douglas" or in "Waly Waly." In a ditty of little plot, entitled "The Flower Garden," sung to a pleasant archaic melody of Irish type, the opening stanza is nearly identical with that of Mrs. McGill's "O Waly, waly." A copy is in the Barry Collection, deposited in the Harvard University Library.

CAPT. CHARLES L. DONOVAN of Jonesport was well acquainted with the story of the Earl of Mar and his daughter Lady Barbara Erskine. He recognized verses 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 12, 15, and 16 of Child's A version of "Jamie Douglas," but said that as his sailors used to sing it, there was a duel between Douglas and the alleged lover, in which neither was killed but Douglas was wounded, and Lady Barbara nursed him back to health before she left him and went home. As Captain Donovan could not sing, he was unable to recite any of the verses as he used to hear them, but he knew the song so well that the stanzas he picked out as familiar are here reproduced from Child's A version. Captain Donovan was accustomed to the Scottish dialect as he was of Scotch-Irish descent.

- 1 I was a lady of high renown
As lived in the north countrie;
I was a lady of high renown
Whan Earl Douglas loved me.

- 2 Whan we cam through Glasgow toun,
 We war a comely sight to see;
 My gude lord in velvet green,
 And I myself in cramasie.
- 3 Whan we cam to Douglas toun,
 We war a fine sight to behold;
 My gude lord in cramasie,
 And I myself in shining gold.

- 7 There cam anither to this house,
 And a bad friend he was to me;
 He put Jamie's shoon below my bed-stock,
 And bade my gude lord come and see.
- 8 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,
 And ae an ill death may ye dee!
 For ye was the first man and the foremost man
 That parted my gude lord and me.

- 12 'Whan cockle-shells turn silver bells,
 And mussels they bud on a tree,
 Whan frost and snaw turns fire to burn,
 Then I'll sit down and dine wi thee.'

- 15 That morning before I did go,
 My bonny palace for to leave,
 I went into my gude lord's room,
 But alas! he wad na speak to me.
- 16 'Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!
 Fare thee well, my ever dear to me!
 Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!
 Be kind to the three babes I've born to thee.'

GEORDIE

(Child 209)

No text has as yet been found in Maine, but Mrs. Rose Robbins of Northeast Harbor said that she learned the song from her mother while a child, and identified it beyond doubt from the text in Cox. Professor Cox refers his own text to the black-letter broadside "George of Oxford," an English form of the ballad, printed in *Roxburghe*, VII, 70, and we presume that Maine texts of early date would derive from this instead of from the Scotch variants.

Whether strictly historical or not, the ballad is an attractive one, telling of a wife's loyalty in securing the release of her husband, who has been condemned to die for a crime about whose nature the balladist is uncertain, as it ranges from having killed a man to having stolen sixteen of the king's milk-white steeds. The action of the king in refusing to commute the sentence upon the wife's plea, yet allowing the condemned to be bought off by a voluntary contribution of money from the bystanders, is typically Stuartian.

We agree with Professor Cox in believing the American texts to come from an original earlier than the printed broadside, though similar, since that is an eighteenth-century broadsheet.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

(Child 279)

THE following version of "The Jolly Beggar" attributed to King James V, without sufficient proof, was printed in the *Goose Hangs High Songster*, about the time of the Civil War. The text is very close to Child B a (from Herd's *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*). Stanzas 1 to 4, and 5 to 7 correspond, respectively, to stanzas 1 to 4, and 12 to 14 of Herd's text; the stanzas numbered 5 to 11 in Herd, were left out, no doubt intentionally, by the publisher of the *Songster*. The refrain in the *Songster* text, too, is different from the refrain in Herd's copy; it is found in two of Gavin Greig's texts of "The Jolly Beggar" (*Last Leaves*, pp. 222, 276).

No copy of "The Jolly Beggar" has been sought for, but the ballad may possibly be current in Maine. An old sailor song "The Maid of Amsterdam," is well known in Maine; it is in the same meter as "The Jolly Beggar," and has a refrain similar to the refrain in the *Songster* text of the latter ballad.

- 1 There was a jolly beggar man, and a-beggin' he was boun ;
 And he took up his quarters into a land'art toun.
 And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', a rovin' in the nicht,
 And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', boys,
 Let the moon shine ne'er sae bricht,
 And we'll gang nae mair a-roving.
- 2 He wad neither lie in barn, nae yet would he in byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door, or yet before the fire.
- 3 The beggar's bed was made at e'en, in gude clean straw an' hay ;
 And in ahint the ha' door, an' there the beggar lay.
- 4 Uprose the gudeman's dochter, and for to bar the door ;
 And then she saw the beggar man a-standing in the floor.
- 5 He took a horn from his side, and blew both long and shrill,
 And four and twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.
- 6 Then out he took his wee bit knife, let a' his duddies fa',
 And he stood forth a gentleman, the bravest of them a'.
- 7 The beggar was a clever loun, and he lap souther hicht,
 And aye, for siccan quarters, as I gat yester nicht.

A County Tyrone version of "The Jolly Beggar," recorded in Boston, Mass., is in the Manuscript Collection of Phillips Barry, deposited in the Harvard University Library.

THE CRAFTY FARMER

(Child 283)

VERSES, as printed by Child, recognized at once by Capt. C. L. Donovan of Jonesport as having been sung by sailors on vessels commanded by him.

- 1 The song that I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man,
That was going to pay his rent.
- 2 As he was riding along,
Along all on the highway,
A gentleman-thief overtook him,
And thus to him did say.
- 3 'Well overtaken!' said the thief,
'Well overtaken!' said he;
And 'Well overtaken!' said the old man,
'If thou be good company.'
- 4 'How far are you going this way?'
Which made the old man for to smile;
'By my faith,' said the old man,
'I'm going just two mile.
- 5 'I am a poor farmer,' he said
'And I farm a piece of ground,
And my half-year's rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.
- 6 'And my landlord has not been at home,
I've not seen him this twelvemonth or more,
Which make my rent be large;
I've to pay him just fourscore.'

- 7 'Thou shouldst not have told any body,
For thieves there's ganging many;
If any should light on thee,
They'll rob thee of thy money.'
- 8 'O never mind,' said the old man,
'Thieves I fear on no side,
For the money is safe in my bags,
On the saddle on which I ride.'
- 11 The thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search for the old man's bag,
And gave him his horse to hold.

"The Crafty Farmer" has been so difficult to obtain that we have come no nearer than this occurrence, noted by Captain Donovan. So far as we know, the only American text of it ever reported was one from West Virginia printed by Professor Cox. It is certain, however, that the ballad was known in Massachusetts at the close of the eighteenth century. See the "Anecdote of Rev. Ivory Hovey," with notes by P.B., in *JAFL*, XXIII, pp. 451-453.

Yet while "The Crafty Farmer" has hitherto proved an impossibility, there is no limit to the number of copies obtainable of the derived, and very similar song, "The Yorkshire Bite." We have found a number of texts and could have had many more, as it was very popular in Maine. It is the song often called "Saddle to Rags." There is also a parallel story of the girl who outwits the highwayman, which we have not found in Maine.

Addenda

HIND HORN

(Child 17)

D.

"THE BEGGAR-MAN." Fragments of the plot and text recalled by Capt. Charles L. Donovan of Jonesport, March 24-25, 1929. "It was sung by sailors, but not on shore."

In Captain Donovan's own words, the narrative runs as follows:

"This is the story of *The Beggar-Man*. There was a Prince, and he was dressed as a peasant, or a beggar. He met a girl, perhaps a long way from home, perhaps hunting, or on an expedition. He met her, and was talking with her when her own lover came along. The lover took her to do for talking with a beggar on the road and giving him a drink. So the lover insulted the beggar. He said:

'If you weren't a man of meanly birth,
I would run you through.'

The beggar wasn't a beggar, you see, but a Prince. And he said:

'Perhaps sir, you don't know
That I have a sword of my own.'

Then he pulled out his sword from under his clothes,—perhaps he had it down his pants' leg; they fought and the beggar killed the lover. The lady mourned, and she took the beggar to do, but in the end, she went off with him. She found that he was a Prince and not a beggar; so she married him.

"There was something in it about the birds (or the leaves) singing (or moving) above, and the waters (or the violets) moving below. I think it was:

The leaves were moving overhead,
The waters moving down below.

Then it said:

The bloom was on her cheeks,
The rose was in her bosom (or in her hair).

"I don't remember anything about a ring growing dim."

Whereas in 1927, Captain Donovan's memory of the ring-motif was quite distinct, it is most likely that he was then remembering some version of the usual tradition of the ballad of "Hind Horn," which in Maine is called "The Old Beggar Man."

"The Beggar-Man," however, as recalled by Captain Donovan, seems less a relic of a text of "Hind Horn" than a fragment of a ballad, otherwise unknown in English, based on a different episode of the Horn story. This episode forms the conclusion of the Middle English romance of *King Horn*. The treacherous Fikenild carries off Rimenild, the betrothed of Horn, to his castle in the sea. Horn is warned by a dream, and comes in his ship to the castle.

And toȝ him to felawe
Knyhtes of þe beste
þat he ever hede of weste,
Ouen o þe shirte
Hue gурden huem wiþ suerde,

(*King Horn*, edited by J. Hall, Oxford, 1901, lines 1483 ff.)

Being taken for harpers, they are invited to harp at the wedding. Horn sings a lay; Rimenild swoons. Thereupon Horn rises up, kills Fikenild and overcomes his men. He takes Rimenild with him to his own country, and makes her his queen.

One detail of this story, apart from the duel, is significant: the concealing of the weapons under the clothes of the warriors.* In the lost ballad, likewise, the disguised prince had his sword "under his pants' leg." Captain Donovan did not mention the incident of the harping, or

* Compare lines 1221 ff.,—

For þer buēþ myne knyhte,
Worþi men & lyhte,
Armed under cloþe.

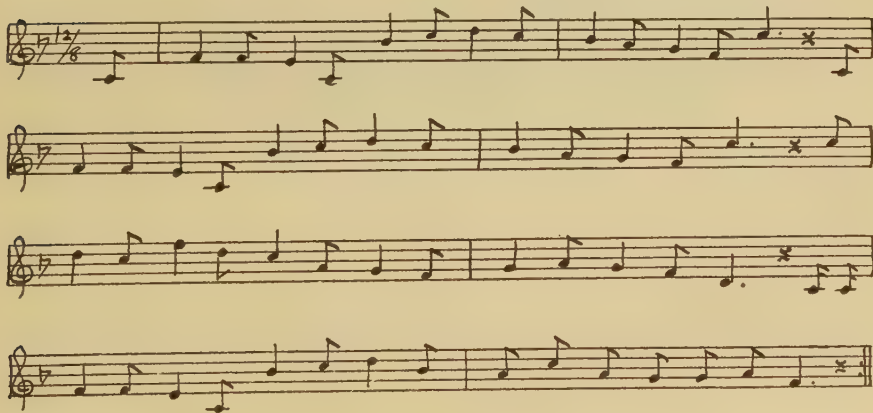
the song by Horn. The disguise as a musician is found in "King Estmere" (Child 60), but it is absent from another close parallel to "The Beggar Man," namely, the Swedish ballad "Herr Lagman och Herr Thore" (A. I. Arwidsson, *Svenska Vornsånger*, I, 165 ff.). The unique text Arwidsson C, of this ballad, makes Lagman steal his lady-love Inga, in the midst of the wedding festivities: the rival, who in the other texts submits, pursues him. The king commands that they decide the issue by single combat. Lagman kills Thore and weds Inga.

"It takes several people," says Captain Donovan, "to sing a good sailor song. The best singers will sing with each other, and all the rest will come in on the chorus. They repeat the last line of every verse. You will think you have heard a long song, a beautiful song, but you will find it is only two or three verses repeated over and over. One must be a good singer to lead."

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP

(Child 46)

MELODY to "Bold Robbington," written down and sent in June 28, 1929, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston of West Gouldsboro.



The total number of melodies to this ballad, including variants, is now brought up to fourteen. Child knew of but two; one printed by Christie (II, 48), the other from the Harris MS, (Child V, 414). Gavin Greig (*Last Leaves*, 36), published two other airs, the first in three variants, and related to Christie's. There are two airs in the *Complete Petrie Collection of Irish Music* (777, 778), and another in the Hudson MS (JAFL, XXIV, 337). Of our four, one, as we have said (p. 98), is related to Mackenzie's Nova Scotia melody. Mrs. Marston's tune is the same air of which a worn down form, reduced to a single phrase, was sung by Mr. Nelson.

LORD LOVEL

(Child 75)

THE earliest known printed copy of "Lord Lovel" is in *The New England Songster*, Portsmouth, N. H., Nathaniel March and Co., 1832, pp. 86-88. This text, except for slight verbal differences, is identical with Cox A. The text of the Ditson copy also, is closely similar, but has an additional stanza.

A playbill of the Warren Theater, Boston, in the Harvard Theater Collection, dated December 17, 1834, has the item:

"COMIC SONG, 'Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell,' H. EBERLE." The singer was the noted comedian, Henry Eberle, formerly of the Lafayette Theater, New York (début, Philadelphia, 1823, died, 1842).

The parody, "Sukey Soapsuds," the first of many on "Lord Lovel," was first printed in *Hadaway's Select Songster*, copyright 1839, Philadelphia, pp. 75-76, with the note: "an original song, sung by Mr. Hadaway, in the character of Peter Pensive, in 'The Fatal Prophecies.'"

SIR ANDREW BARTON

(Child 167)

MELODY to "Andrew Battam," written down by Mrs. Annie V. Marston, and sent in June 14, 1929.

There were three brothers in Merry Scotland: Three loving brothers were they: They
all drew lots, to see which should go A - - - - robbing all on the salt sea - - - -

The musical notation is on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a 15/8 time signature, changes to 12/8, then to 10/8, and ends with a double bar line. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes.

THE GALLOWS TREE

(Cf. The Maid Freed from the Gallows, Child 95)

A.

MELODY sent in July 2, 1929, by Mrs. Annie V. Marston of West Gouldsboro.

The musical notation is on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a 7/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Appendix

IT was planned to end this volume with an essay upon "The Problems of Balladry," balancing Mr. Barry's opening study of ballad melodies by a corresponding study of ballad texts, which were to be illustrated by three studies of Child 10, 20, and 81, comparing all known texts of these ballads, published and unpublished, with an evaluation of the American texts. It was to show how scientific methods, applied to ballad study, produce results which could not have been anticipated by mere theorizing. But when finished—which was not until most of the book was in type—the material so far exceeded both in length and in importance the place and part assigned to it in this volume, that it has been withheld. Our conclusions regarding the American ballad texts cannot be properly summarized without some explanations of the way in which they were reached. We would merely say that many of the American texts prove to be very old. Their importance can be realized only by comparative study.

While we wished to present the value of the historical method of inquiry and our own methods of work in the field, the only point we would emphasize just now is the importance of genealogical work in connection with text-collecting. Ballads run in families. Often it is important to know the family connections of a singer and to hunt among the cousins several degrees remote to find a missing air or text. Not infrequently some part of an old song may be recovered from a kinsman in the Middle West, or even more frequently on the Pacific Coast, when the part of the family which remained in its old home has entirely forgotten it. Accurate knowledge of family lines is of great importance in ballad-collecting. So also is an inquiry into the racial ancestry of a singer. In the texts here printed, such investigation proves that each one of our three chief contributors has Irish blood. Further study brought out the prominence of the Irish element in eastern Maine, where we found most of our texts. The re-

sult is that we are able to account for our finding so rich a field for ballad-collecting where everyone had supposed there was nothing worth hunting.

The Settlement of New England

In very brief form we give the answer to the question which we submitted to Col. Charles E. Banks, M.D., historian and genealogist, as to the parts of England which sent settlers to early New England.

Colonel Banks replied that most of what he knew could be found in his own study of "The English Sources of Emigration to the New England Colonies,"* in which he analyzed the records of 2,158 emigrants who arrived in New England prior to 1650. Colonel Banks finds the largest numbers of emigrants coming from two groups of English counties. Six counties from the West Country, including Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, sent 504 persons, or 24 per cent of the whole. The three counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, known as East Anglia, sent 537 persons, or 25 per cent of the total 2,158 emigrants. "But the destination of these two groups was quite different. The East Anglian group almost exclusively settled in Massachusetts and trekked into Connecticut. The West Country group generally selected the Provinces of Maine and New Hampshire for their future home, doubtless influenced by the paramount interest of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was himself a West Countryman."

Some of the best Cape Cod stock also was from the West Country, and to this day their descendants retain West Country words and sayings.

The Settlement of Eastern Maine

Western Maine was very early settled under English patents; but eastern Maine, or "the territory of Sagadahoc" as it was called, was

* In the *Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings*, LX (May-June, 1927), 366-373. Most of the passenger sailing lists for New England have been lost and the sources of information are limited.

disputed ground. Until the close of the French and Indian War in 1759, the inhabitants of eastern Maine were French and Indians, and no Englishman could come there in safety. After the cessation of actual warfare (the peace not being official until 1763), English settlers poured into the present counties of Penobscot, Hancock, and Washington, taking up mill sites and arable lands. Most of them came by sea and remained upon the coast or near the mouths of the rivers; but the interior was partly settled by some who came overland, making slower progression. Some even came on snowshoes over the crusts of March, drawing upon hand sleds all their worldly goods.

As a rule, a group from the same town, often related by blood, would come to the same locality. Before 1800 the tidewater shores of Penobscot River and Bay were lined with settlers from Cape Cod. Until recently Joseph Lincoln's novels might have been located in any of these Penobscot towns and, except for the scenic background of sand, lighthouses, and the sea, no one would guess that they were not written of Maine. But there were also fishermen from the towns of Essex County, woodsmen and farmers from the Great Bay of the Piscataqua and from southwestern Maine, and troops of Revolutionary soldiers, who having received land in pay for their services, came down to occupy it.

East of the Penobscot the characteristic Cape Cod family names are replaced by those of Essex County and the western Maine coast. Babb, Bateman, Chadbourne, Cleaves, Cousins, Godfrey, Jordan, Littlefield, and Libby, speak of Old York. More inland, Drew, Edgerly, Bickford, Chesley, Burnham, and others, are frontiersmen from north of the Great Bay. The sprinkling of Treworgys throughout Hancock County marks the Cornish element so strong in Portsmouth, N. H.

In western Maine there was a small group of Highland Scotch, sent over as prisoners after the Jacobite rebellions; to whom were added a few Highlanders who deserted from the English army when eastern Maine was under military law, both in the Revolution and in 1812. First and last, the population of Maine has been considerably

increased by many young men, English, Irish, and Scotch, who deserted from the English army and navy and found safety in the Maine woods. The native inhabitants protected them and they usually married here and raised families, thus having an influence out of proportion to their actual numbers. We know that at least five of our singers have among their ancestors men of this class, who made good citizens.

Another strong racial element in eastern Maine was the Scotch-Irish. They were largely brought here, from 1728 onward, by Col. Paul Dunbar, the Surveyor-General of the King's Woods, as his reserves in a "timber war." From the Merrimac River, where the towns of Derry, Londonderry, and Antrim testify to their numbers, they moved on into Maine (Belfast speaking for them), drifting into the eastern parts, where the names of Campbell, Dunning, Nickels, Dunlop, Stark, Knox, and Boyd have been prominent. Gen. Samuel Waldo attempted a counterstroke in his colony of Germans, planted on the Muscongus Patent, who are still known as "the Waldoborough Dutch."

But Irish from the east and south of Ireland were among the most numerous settlers in eastern Maine. They began to come early in the eighteenth century to the coast west of the Penobscot and, as soon as it was safe to do so, they landed directly upon the eastern coast. Many also came to St. John, New Brunswick, and worked westward into Maine. Some were sailors, some were craftsmen, some were shipwrecked men; but they were hardy, capable, and independent; they mingled on an equality with the first comers, married among them, and contributed a large and valuable element to the making of the state. Whitneyville, Machias, Jonesport, and Mount Desert, not to mention other places, all have a strong and very early Irish element. Donnell, Donovan, and Donworth, O'Brien, Sullivan, and Geary were all names early in eastern Maine. At Mount Desert there were three Richardsons, who came from Londonderry, N. H., in 1762 and married three Gott girls. Later came Carroll, from Borris-O' Leagh in Tipperary, Bulger, Long, and Lawler, all from

the southeast of Ireland, and Gilley from the northeast. All married native girls, and their descendants are numerous.

The Irish element in eastern Maine is much greater and much earlier than it generally is supposed to be. We do not mean to assign it a preponderating part in building the state, but it has done more than its share in preserving the old songs. Our own observation is necessarily limited, but so far as it goes we find the old Cape Cod stock having small influence upon the traditional singing. We have recovered nothing from it so far as we know, and, moreover, in a lifetime's acquaintance with their descendants we have never known one who sang the old songs. Nothing has been obtained from Cornish, Highland, or German stock (with one exception), though something distinctive may still exist. Old Mr. DeCoster claimed to be of French descent, his grandfather having been a sailor. Scotch songs have been found in Maine chiefly among mill workers, who had introduced them recently. Upon the border they were found in abundance, and they must exist in Maine somewhere in fairly early form. It is from singers with some Irish blood that we have obtained the most songs.

This is probably not wholly an accident. The songs and the airs are so largely English that it would seem that the young Irishmen who came here found the songs in their wives' families, learned them because unfamiliar, and passed them along to their children with a new lease of life when otherwise they would have been "sung out" and forgotten.

The Ancestry of Our Singers

The singers of our ballads fall into three regional groups—from Penobscot County, near Bangor, headed by the extensive contributions of Mrs. Susie Carr Young and Mrs. Annie Viola Marston (who now lives in Hancock County); from Hancock County, chiefly upon or near Mount Desert Island, by a group of singers largely interrelated by marriages in former generations; from Washington County, scattered songs, often old and very good, but few attributable to any one person; with a strong contribution from Charlotte

County, New Brunswick, headed by the songs of Mrs. James McGill. The New Brunswick songs were taken because it was an opportunity to preserve some choice old airs and to supply the Scottish element lacking in our Maine collections. Some of those from whom we obtained the songs had worked much in Maine, so that without doubt they had sung the songs in Maine and had probably taught them to others here.

Mrs. James McGill writes of her songs: "I can tell you very little about my ancestry. My father came from Greenock, and his father, I think, belonged to the Lothians, up in the Midlands of Scotland. His mother was a Highland woman. Her people came from the Isles of Bute, and that is where my father was born, at the home of his mother's people. My mother was a Galloway woman, but Galloway includes most of the south part of Scotland. Her father belonged to the Gatehouse side, but her mother's people belonged originally to Ireland, as I have heard her say that her mother's father—(and that would be my great grandfather)—came over to Scotland during some rising in Ireland, to Wigton or Stramaer. It was mostly of my mother that I got a lot of those old songs, 'The Hills o' Glenshee,' 'Lord Barnswell's Lady,' 'Bonnie Glenshee,' and 'Lord Ronald.' My father was all for Robert Burns; he could recite by the hour poems by Burns. I got 'Bonnie Hoose o' Earlie' from him. . . . 'Lord Ronald' and 'Lord Barnswell's Lady' I never heard sung by anyone outside our own house. I've been everywhere where there was company singing and I never heard either of them, so they are real old family heirlooms of a by-gone day. 'The Fause Knight upon the Road' is not a long song, only a rhyme. I never heard anyone sing it, but have heard it rhymed over at the fireside many a time."

Mrs. Annie V. Marston writes of herself, that her father, Otis Smith, was born in Dixmont, April 5, 1810; her mother, Hannah Gould, in Unity, June 4, 1812. Otis Smith was the son of one Otis Smith and the grandson of another, whose father came over from Ireland about 1750, probably one of the Scotch-Irish emigrants of that period. The name Otis was given in fulfilment of a pact made by the emigrant with a young man named Otis with whom he had

formed a friendship on shipboard. Each agreed that, if he married, he would name his first son for the other. The names of the wives of the emigrant and of his friend are unknown. The second Otis Smith married Lydia Boyd, daughter of Colonel Boyd. "I do not know where he got the title of 'Colonel,' but I believe it was in the Revolutionary War. Anyway, Boyd Lake in Orneville was named for him. On my mother's side my grandfather was Levi Gould, my grandmother was Lois Scribner. Beyond this I do not know. They were all Penobscot County people. I was born in the little town of Charleston. My mother's ancestors were English, my father's Irish, and I am a State of Maine Yankee."

It is important to state, though not in connection with any song in this volume, that Mrs. Marston's father, though he was over fifty years old when the Civil War broke out, enlisted and served until disabled for active duty. Unwilling to quit the service, he got an appointment to Camp Distribution, Fairfax County, Va., three miles from Washington, where his wife and ten-year-old daughter joined him and stayed from September, 1863, until October 15, 1865. There, within the circle of forts protecting Washington, the child found comrades in other children and disabled soldiers and learned songs which we have not found elsewhere in Maine. Though Mrs. Marston is a Maine woman, thirty-three years of her life, from 1873 to 1906, were spent in Cambridge, Mass.

Our greatest help in getting the old songs has come from Mrs. Susie Carr Young, whose family history has been worked out with unusual thoroughness by Mrs. Florence Cobb Abbott. Only a brief survey is possible here.

On her father's side Mrs. Young is the ninth generation from George Carr of London, born 1599. The line runs through a son, probably George 2, to Samuel 3, Benjamin 4, Benjamin 5, John Baxter 6, Hugh Hill 7, Elisha Soper 8, Susie Cotton Carr 9. Successive marriages with the Cotton, Moody, Baxter, and Currier families show by the names how the Carr family moved continually eastward from Ipswich, Newbury, Hampton, and Kennebunkport to the Penobscot, where all of the seventh generation found homes. Yet the

Carr family appear to have had no songs. All the songs Mrs. Young has given us she has inherited from the Sopers, tributary upon both sword and distaff sides.

Of the Sopers the family tradition is that three brothers, Samuel, Joseph, and Salter Soper, from Soper's Lane, London, came to Massachusetts in the eighteenth century. There was a Soper's Lane, now New Queen Street, and the family may have lived there, but much earlier than the traditional date. The evident age of the family songs pointed so strongly to their having been early introduced into America, that it seemed important to undertake an original investigation of town, church, and probate records. This investigation, made by Mr. Barry, has enabled us to trace the American Sopers back to the middle of the seventeenth century, with the possibility by no means excluded that the first Sopers arrived in Massachusetts in the great immigration of about 1630. But resting on what has actually been discovered, we learn that Joseph (1) Soper, a mariner and householder in Boston, was on May 6, 1656, married by Gov. John Endicott to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Alcocke. He died in 1678, survived by his widow, Elizabeth, and five children, the eldest being John (2) Soper, "cordwainer," of Hull (Suffolk Deeds, Lib. XIII, 463-465).

John (2) Soper and his wife Mary had eleven children, of whom Samuel (3) born February 20, 1685, was the eldest. The eighth child, Justus (in records, *Justes* and *Justus*), born August 15, 1704, settled in Milton as a "weaver," where he married Susanna Sumner, April 4, 1727. His will, dated June 25, 1779, a year before his death, mentions no children, and it is evident that he left no issue.

The direct ancestor of the Orland, Maine, Sopers was a Samuel Soper, who on June 23, 1731, in West Bridgewater, married Esther Littlefield, by whom he had eleven children. We cannot identify this Samuel Soper with absolute certainty. He was probably not the same as the Samuel Soper, supposed to have been the grandson of Joseph (1) Soper, born in Boston, October 3, 1709, and who may or may not have been the Samuel Soper whose estate was filed for administration in Boston in 1800. There is not the slightest doubt, however,

that he was a direct descendant of Joseph (1) Soper, as the unusual name *Justus* occurring among his descendants, bears witness. Lacking any other of suitable age, he would appear to have been the eldest son of John Soper of Hull, and brother of Justus. Of his eleven children, the fourth was Samuel (4) Soper, baptized May 16, 1736. The family tradition makes a *Salter Soper* a younger brother of Samuel: the eighth child of Samuel (3) Soper was named *Salter*, but there was no Joseph in this family.

Samuel (4) Soper, son of Samuel and Esther, married Katharine Ruggles of Milton in 1760, and died in Georgetown, Maine, October 8, 1807, aged 71 years. By Katharine Ruggles, he had three children: Justus, born August 3, 1760, Katharine, who died young, and Esther, born November 18, 1765, who never married. The first wife died in 1766, and the same year, Samuel married Elizabeth Vose, daughter of Robert and Abigail Vose, by whom he had five children, the last three born in what is now Orland, Maine. His third wife was Martha Butler of Georgetown, Maine.

Justus (5) Soper (1760-1851) came to Maine when very young, and lived somewhere on the Doshun Shore, now West Penobscot, just below Orland. His wife was Elizabeth Viles (1765-1850), the daughter of Joseph Viles of Orland, also from Milton, Mass., but coming several years earlier. The Bible record of Robert Cotton, given below, shows the children by this marriage.

	<i>Born</i>	<i>Married</i>
Esther	1785	Samuel Emerson, Hampden
Justus	1787	
Elizabeth	1789	John Foster, Dorchester, Mass.
Hannah	1791	Fisher Starr, Milton, Mass.
Elisha	1793	Ann Steele
Catherine	1795	Edmund Currier Carr
Mary	1797	Hugh Hill Carr
John R.	1799	Margaret Steele
Eleanor	1802	Robert Cotton
Elvira	1806	Joseph Gray
Nancy	1808	—— White

The oldest child, Esther, was the great-grandmother of Mrs. Young on her mother's side, and the daughter Mary was the grandmother on the father's side. Mrs. Young is thus descended from two sisters of the Soper family.

The exact relationship is interesting because one of Professor Child's important texts, the Tiranti-text of "Lord Randall," came from this family and we finally obtained the air to it by following down the genealogical lines until we at last found a descendant of Justus Soper who could sing the old air to it. In a faded letter among Professor Child's manuscripts in the Harvard College Library, we found that Mrs. Lily Wesselhoeft stated that she learned the song from her grandmother Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, who was born in Maine in 1789 and was the daughter of Justus Soper. Given that name, we were at last able to obtain the old air.

There is still some difficulty as to where the Soper family acquired the Tiranti-text. In 1797, the year Mary Soper, whose portrait is our frontispiece, was born, the house of Justus Soper on the Doshun Shore was burned. Through lack of a home the family was in distress and the daughter Elizabeth, too young to be a help, and the still younger Hannah were taken to Massachusetts, where Elizabeth was brought up by her maiden aunt Esther Soper of Dorchester, and Hannah by John and Betsy Ruggles of Milton. As Child's Tiranti-text of "Lord Ronald" was obtained of Elizabeth's granddaughter, it may have been learned in Massachusetts. Yet it is quite as likely that her mother, Elizabeth Viles, may have learned it as a girl of twelve from British soldiers quartered at Castine during the Revolution, since the Revolutionary veteran Hutchings, who lived to the age of 104 years, is recorded as saying that the English officers from Castine fort used to visit the family of Joseph Viles of Orland. The quest of the Tiranti-text of "Lord Randall" is not yet finished, but it is of interest because the text contributes the oldest bit of folklore found in any of the "Lord Randall" texts.

The Sopers and the Carrs seem to be of pure English stock; but the strain of Irish blood which is almost certain to be found in Maine ballad singers came in on the mother's side of Mrs. Young's ancestry.

Justus Soper's oldest child Esther, born 1785, married Samuel Emerson of Hampden, son of Samuel King Emerson, born Sheffield, England, July 22, 1746, and his wife Naomi Blaisdell, born July 18, 1750, who came as a child to Orland. Their daughter Hannah Starr Emerson married Benjamin Fowler of Clinton (1796-1865), son of Samuel and Sarah C. Fowler. Samuel Fowler was born in Dublin, 1769, the fifth child of Bartholomew Fowler, whose three sons, Samuel, Thomas, and Benjamin, came with him to this country and settled in Massachusetts, Maine, and New Brunswick. Mary Diana Fowler, daughter of Benjamin and Hannah, in 1855 married her cousin once removed, Elisha Soper Carr of Orland; and Susie Cotton Carr, their fourth child, who later became Mrs. Young, was born March 10, 1862. She was seven years old, lacking one day, when her Grandmother Carr died. Thus the songs of the Soper and Viles family came down to her in two different family lines, which sometimes sang the same song in different ways. About 1900, when her mother was still living, Mrs. Young undertook to write down in a book the words of the family songs, that she might preserve them before they were entirely lost. In this way she recalled and wrote down ninety-eight songs. Many of the airs she also wrote down herself and others were recorded by Mr. George Herzog from her singing.

Thus the Soper tradition is remarkably valuable. It is as old as anything in eastern Maine can be, having come in with some of the earliest settlers; it is extensive; it is accurately recorded, both words and melodies; it was the ballad-mode of a very large family, widely scattered, so that it may yet be possible, following down the genealogical lines, to pick up more of the texts and tunes among families of the same blood but different names. Emerson, Foster, Starr, Gray, White, Cotton, Turner, Quimby, Osgood, Fowler, Page, and Freeze are some of the names among which the old Soper songs might be found, not only in New England but in states far to the west.

THE Editors will be deeply grateful to readers of this volume for any additional Maine texts or melodies of Child Ballads, later ballads, sea songs, or woods songs. They wish particularly to obtain traditional versions of the Soper Family songs, from Maine and from other states where descendants of the first Sopers have settled.

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The purpose of this Bibliography is to assist the student of balladry to trace the source of every known version, both as to text and melody, of every Child ballad recorded from American singers, or printed in early American broadsides or songbooks. It should be noted that Child ballads were not extensively printed in America. The old broadside of "Lord Bakeman" (c. 1790) is the oldest print known to us, though "Chevy-Chase" may have been printed still earlier. There are no Child ballads in the earliest "songsters."

Owing to lack of space, it has been found impossible to list here every item by itself. We have, therefore, adopted the device of *secondary reference*, to direct the reader to the bibliographical records compiled by previous editors of American texts of Child ballads. Such records are here marked by an asterisk (*), prefixed to the titles of books or articles in which they may be consulted.

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JAFL, Journal of American Folk-Lore, New York, *q.v.*

JFSS, Journal of the Folk-Song Society, London, *q.v.*

PMLA, Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, *q.v.*

P.B. See Barry, Phillips

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Definition of *vulgate* text—the ordinary form

conflate text—one intentionally patched up from two or more independent texts

crossed text (or *crossing*)—unintentional combination of texts of the same or different ballads

intrusions—lines or stanzas from other texts or ballads; sometimes the same as “crossing,” sometimes not

ballad commonplaces—stock lines, frequently employed

jury-texts—texts from print used to help the discovery of traditional texts

black-letter broadsides—early sheets in blackface Old English type.

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Errata

- Page xxiii, seventh bar of melody, last two notes should be sixteenths.
Page 156, third bar of melody, third note should be a quarter note.
Page 212, line 6, *read* "Island"; line 11, *read* "beco'."
Page 282, third bar from end of melody, second note should be a quarter note.
Page 313, *read* "Baskervill."
Page 320, sign 1) should be over first note of melody.
Page 323, third bar from end of melody, last note should be an eighth.
Occasional differences between the words in the music score and in the text
as printed separately (compare p. 19) are due to the singer's variations.

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